

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

June, 1932

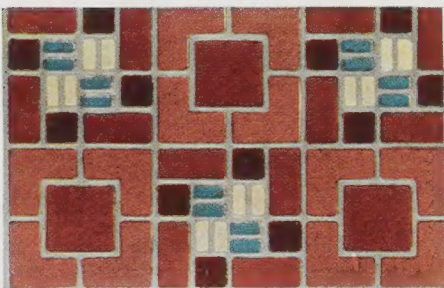
10c a Copy



"CANADA'S GREATEST MAGAZINE"



This Marble Tile Inlaid Pattern No. 7303 would make an excellent alternative for floor of kitchen at left.



Marble Tile Inlaid Pattern 7627 is shown on kitchen floor above. For those who prefer contrasting colours this Embossed Inlaid Pattern 8510 would be very effective.

Beautify your home with TILE FLOORS in charming Dominion Inlaids

What colour, what originality, what distinction, these new Tile Floors afford . . . lovely Embossed or Straight Line Inlaids . . . in the smartest modern designs or interpreting Old-World tile floor masterpieces.

The rich mosaics, broken tiles and bold, colourful flagstones of Continental manor houses; equally distinguished creations in modern motifs: there are floors for every room and every taste in these warm, resilient, supremely comfortable linoleums. And at surprisingly modest prices, too.

Dominion Inlaid Linoleums are permanent and have the famous soft-lustre Domolac Finish, for added loveliness and easy cleaning. Ask your floor covering dealer to show you the many new and interesting designs.

DOMINION Inlaid LINOLEUM



"IT MEANS TWO MONTHS just dropped out of my life"

LIFE is almost useless during those long weeks between the old teeth and the new ones. You are not exactly "dropped" by your friends . . . you drop *yourself* . . . afraid to talk . . . afraid to laugh . . . nothing can more quickly sow the seeds of an inferiority complex.

What causes this mental anguish? Nothing except the simple fact that lost teeth are usually *your own fault*. If your dentist wanted to be absolutely frank and not spare your feelings, that is just what he would tell you: "*It's your own fault.*"

Why must we lose sound-looking teeth?

Some teeth are lost through accident. Some are lost through decay. But the great surprise is when the dentist brings the word "pyorrhea" into the conversation. Because pyorrhea is a

disease of the gums—a disease that works beneath the surface. Sometimes it works for five or even ten years before its effects are known. Teeth lost through pyorrhea are likely to be sound, healthy teeth so far as the eye can see. *That is the great shock of pyorrhea.*

Pyorrhea causes half the losses

Now you can see why it is so important to give your dentist an opportunity to check up regularly, because only the dentist can detect pyorrhea in its early stages. Don't keep your dentist tied down to repair work. Give him a fair chance at *prevention*.

More than half the losses of adult teeth are due to pyorrhea, so you may be sure every reputable dentist is thoroughly versed in the treatment of the disease. In fact, thousands of dentists from coast to coast today are using at

their chairs the special pyorrhea treatment of Dr. R. J. Forhan. That is his *professional* formula. His *home* formula is embodied in *Forhan's Toothpaste*, and it cannot be obtained by the public in any other way. You can't have healthy teeth in unhealthy gums, and Forhan's is really a double-duty toothpaste. Use it twice a day for both teeth *and* gums.

It's worth taking seriously.

Bleeding gums may warn you too late

Preserve your natural teeth. Don't wait for warnings. See your dentist twice a year. Use Forhan's faithfully—the whole family. It's a supremely fine toothpaste, and then besides there is the big *protection-plus* of the Forhan home formula. Remember that. And read the directions on the big brown tube. At all drug stores. Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.



Ethyl

IS TO GASOLINE *what*
VITAMINS *are to* **FOOD**

DOCTORS SAY, "Give your children fruit. It adds needed vitamins to the nourishment they get from other foods."

Oil companies say, "Give your car Ethyl. It evens the explosions of gasoline inside the engine; delivers more of gasoline's energy to your motor as *power*, leaves less of it as *waste* heat."

But oil companies go one step farther. They add Ethyl to *good* gasoline—and sell you Ethyl Gasoline already mixed in the right proportion.

And this month, oil companies are

announcing an even higher standard of quality for Ethyl Gasoline—offering you still greater value for your gasoline money.

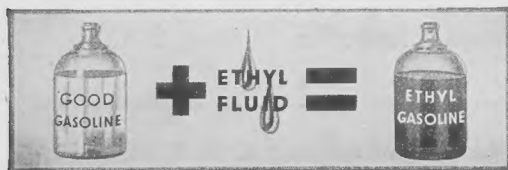
The new high compression cars, built by automobile companies to take advantage of Ethyl's universal distribution, *require* this better motor fuel. Older cars find Ethyl a real economy because it prevents harmful knock, overheating and power-loss.

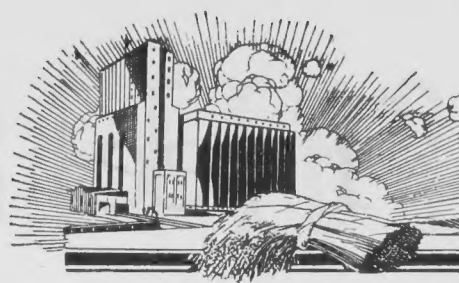
Stop at the Ethyl pump tomorrow. You'll notice the difference immediately. Ethyl Gasoline gives you more power on hills, faster pick-up and less gear-shifting in traffic, a smoother, more responsive motor. It is the correct motor fuel for your car. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

Buy **ETHYL**



GASOLINE





EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXIII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 6

The Tragedy of Idleness

FROM the schools and colleges of Canada there go out into the world this summer one hundred thousand young people—more or less—who are prepared to work and willing to work, but there is nothing for them to do. The real tragedy is not that they cannot become producers, and earn enough to keep themselves alive, but that they are condemned to pass their lives uselessly—their ambitions and hopes unrealized. It is bad enough for one to try and to fail, but it is infinitely more discouraging to be denied a chance to fail. So life to our young people is not alluring.

Yet there are some who cannot see that this unemployment is a life tragedy. They do not think in terms of life. It is the gold standard and not the life standard that is their worry. And it is this concern for monetary wealth rather than for human welfare that is the source of all world misery past and present. Truly, "the love of money is the root of all evil."

Two firms in the city of Winnipeg had to meet the problem of reduced income and reduced production. The first dismissed a large number of its men—married men at that; the second said: "These men have been with us many years. They have been faithful. If we made money, they deserve most of the credit. We shall begin by placing a levy on our reserve, or our profit during good times. The first consideration is not the cash book but the men and women in our employ."

Two councils met in Canada. One said: "Let us pare by reducing expenditure on education;" the other said: "Let us spend less on material things. Let us punish ourselves rather than our children."

The first question for any parent, any business man, any country to ask, when embarking on a new venture is, "How will it influence posterity?" If a man undertakes to improve his business by introducing new machinery, he should first inquire how the move will affect the workers under whom the business has been built up. The same is true of nations that commit themselves to war. It is true everywhere.

The time is coming when hoarders of wealth, witnessing the degradation of neglected youth, will count it glory to throw all their savings into the common pot. The saving of property is a small thing, the saving of life is everything. There is hope for a people who will work out their destiny after this fashion.

The Failure of Parliament

THE most saddening thing in the life of Canada at the present time is not the decline in the price of farm commodities, the spread of unemployment, the lessening of trade. All of these are related directly to world conditions, and they are largely unavoidable. But there is a spirit in public life that is unworthy of a self-respecting people, and this is illustrated in its worst form in the body to which we should look for wisdom, sanity and self control. The behavior of the members of Parliament causes Canadians "to blush with humiliation."

This thought has been fittingly expressed by the *Ottawa Journal*, a newspaper that is not particularly unfriendly to any class or party and certainly not unfriendly to the Government now in power.

"Parliament's capacity for folly and futility amounts to a national scandal. In two months it has done little but make a holy show of itself, has exhibited such a pathetic sterility of common sense as to make the average Canadian or any believer in representative government blush in humiliation."

"All over Canada business interests look for leadership or action. In every town and city clear across the country thousands of men are unemployed. Everywhere municipalities and social agencies are striving to house and feed and employ hungry, workless men and women. And often they don't succeed. Yet while this is going on, while thousands of the distressed plead for aid, we have the spectacle of Parliament in a pitiable sort of buffoonery, so impotent and so hopeless, that people have come to regard it as little but a grim joke. In two months it has done practically nothing but talk."

"The Journal says this to Mr. King and Mr. Bennett: That if they half realized or suspected what the ordinary man in the street thinks of their cheap theatricalism, of all this whole stupid sham fight, they wouldn't take themselves so seriously. For the man in the street doesn't give a tinker's curse whether relief money is provided by a vote of Parliament or by a 'blank cheque.' And neither does the country. The day of hero-worshippers in Canada is not now."

"There may be those in Parliament who think that the people are watching this spectacle of 'Grits' and 'Tories.' Well, they are not. There are some hopeless partisans left, and a few journalistic sycophants, but the majority of the people, we think, are 'fed up' on this play-acting, disillusioned and disgusted at the spectacle of a lot of grown men behaving like a group of children, lacking a sense of direction or much of any other sense. It is a libel on parliamentary government."

"What is really wrong on Parliament Hill is this: That the party leaders—and most of their followers—are hopelessly and pathetically out of touch with what the average man in this country is feeling and thinking and sometimes suffering. They are thinking in terms of legal sophistries and statistics instead of in terms of human beings."

"Victims of their self-importance and their complacency, they appear to believe that the country is interested in their personal political fortunes, that it is watching their careers with breathless interest, that it thinks they are making history."

These words will find a response in the minds of many. It would be well if the legislators could realize the attitude of the public. There would be less talking and jockeying for position, and more earnestness in meeting and solving national problems.

It is not enough that the leader of the House should have a ready flow of language and an unbounded self-assurance. He should be able to think nationally rather than as leader of a party, should be willing to vision the needs of the common people and able to disregard the needs and wishes of the moneyed interests. Nor is it enough that the leader of the Opposition should indulge in those interminable harangues, which would be more effective if served as pellets or at least sweetened with the spice of moderation. He should be able to forget or overcome his chagrin because he is no longer in command, and should learn that the best way to explain the shortcomings and blunders of his own following is not to hurl accusations at his opponents. And as for the members generally, surely they can recognize that what is needed these days is public service, and not party warfare. As a matter of fact there is no longer any possibility of dividing people along the old political lines. All the whip-cracking in the world will not prevent Canadians from facing the real problems that confront them, unemployment, unequal distribution of wealth, loss of trade, increase of taxation, and above all the domination of the many by the very few in finance, in government and in public life. If these few were the most worthy it would not be so bad, but there is a growing conception, based on experience, that what is being offered to us as pure gold is but a cheap alloy.

The Control of Radio

IT SHOULD not be difficult for Parliament to settle the problem of radio control. With one or two exceptions the nations of the world have adopted the same policy as Great Britain. The United States is now waging a war to end the misery it is compelled to endure because of the power secured by private corporations. It is only under State control that a country can have programmes that will meet the needs and wishes of all the people. The Christian Science Monitor, commenting upon conditions in America, has this to say:

"The assertion that stations arrange programmes to attract all groups is open to question. They may wish to do so. But advertising-sponsored radio must arrange its programmes to suit advertisers, and to appeal, therefore, to what is supposed to be the greatest reachable purchasing power. Just now, radio

advertisers evidently believe that that power lies largely with those listeners who can tolerate hour after hour of raucous rhythm, interspersed with lengthy dissertations on the advertisers' products."

"As for the much-used comparison of radio to newspapers and magazines, this seems hardly more acceptable than would be a comparison between printed entertainment and the motion-picture screen. The news or magazine reader may choose to give or not to give his time to advertising matter. If, however, he wishes to hear a programme on the air he must sit through long periods of 'blurb.' The time required for turning to page so-and-so to finish a magazine story is in no wise comparable to that spent in waiting for the interrupted radio programme to continue."

"No doubt there are persons on the staffs of radio stations who would like to put better programmes on the air. Nearly every defence of these well-meaning persons, however, becomes a criticism of overcommercialized control of 'the air.'"

"There are some excellent programmes—though all too few—being given under the present system. They serve as an indication of what radio could be if properly handled. Up to now the possibilities of radio seem hardly touched. But that the public has some idea of these possibilities seems evident from the growing demand for better taste in programmes."

Under a system of national control there is no reason why advertisers should be debarred from the privilege of broadcasting. Care would be taken that the advertising would do justice to Canadian enterprise. Any move to place broadcasting within the power of private interests in Canada means the control by the great companies that now have possession of the field in the United States. Indeed, the great drive for private control in Canada derives its backing from that quarter. Nor can the suggestion of Mr. Beatty to entrust broadcasting to the Railways be considered favorably. No private institution, commercial, educational, theatrical or musical should have any monopoly. The air should be free. Nearly all our possessions have now been disposed of to private parties—power, mining, timber, fishing. Can we not be allowed to control the means of entertainment and education? In this the provinces have constitutional rights. After all, the parties most concerned are the users. Yet we have grave doubts as to the decision that will be made. There seems to be no opportunity lost to give away a public privilege or utility. Just observe what will happen.

Home Banking

WE ARE not forgetting that recently the farmers in LeRoy, Saskatchewan, taught the world a lesson in high finance. When the banks refused to lend them money they made their own. They wanted to reopen a cheese factory which had been closed when wheat prices were good and when it did not pay to milk cows. They asked the bank to advance money to aid them, offering the cheese as security. It takes a little time for cheese to mature and the banks would take no risk. The farmers then printed coupons paying fifty cents per 100 pounds of milk, with a promise of redemption when the cheese was sold. It turned out in the end that the total payment of 97.9 cents per hundred pounds was made. All coupons were redeemed within two weeks after the cheese was sold, and in the meantime the coupons circulated as currency in the district.

Now let us see if provincial currency to meet the wheat situation cannot be devised. If the banks are going to refuse to lend to farmers they cannot very well prevent the circulation and use of home-made convenience currency. Anyway, LeRoy has furnished Western Canada and indeed communities everywhere with an idea. This idea comes just at the right time. There are grave doubts as to the acceptance any longer of the banks' standard—which is gold. Why not use the farmer's standard—a bushel of wheat or the workman's standard—an hour of work? Some system of exchange could be arranged that would leave the world independent of the gold supply now in the vaults at Washington and Paris.

Tackling the Great Tyee

By JACK PATERSON

A BOAT TRIP from Vancouver to Nanaimo, and a hundred-mile motor jaunt, will land you at the mouth of the Campbell River, 180 miles north of Victoria, on Vancouver Island's inner edge. Here, in a tiny hamlet named for the river and supported by the logging industry, is located the official headquarters of the Tyee Club of British Columbia.

Although not organized until 1924 the club membership roll already boasts men, and women, from every world country and from every walk of life, including members of the Peerage, members of the Made-a-Million class, and members of logging companies' cook-house staffs. Here a Colonel differs not a tittle from his batman, and his chances of becoming a member of this exclusive club are just as bright and no brighter.

No amount of money or prestige will assist in gaining entry. A prospective member must present himself at the club fishing grounds and there, with the help of a rod and line of approved dimensions, capture a salmon whose actual weight is not less than thirty pounds. It is every man for himself, one man to a fish. Club rules are rigidly enforced; and there's one thing that makes Tyee fishing in Canada one of the most fascinating of world sports.

Many who fish are not experts, but when the boats leave shore all men are automatically raised to the level of good sportsmen. Incidentally, an official Steward of the Water accompanies the flotilla to see that there is no backsliding. When a strike is made, the angler, whether he be millionaire or pauper, old-timer or novice, does the same things albeit in totally different ways. Etiquette demands that all other lines be immediately taken in, and in the interests of good clean entertainment this move seems only sensible. A rip-snorting 50-pounder on a line of only 26 pounds breaking strain calls for some ticklish manipulation. And here we arrive at one of the great truths in connection with Tyee fishing: The acrobatic antics of a hooked 50-pound Tyee are surpassed by those of only one other of our wild things—the person who has hooked him.

"TYEE" is Siwash lingo for Chief, or King, applied to the larger members of the Spring Salmon tribe. In August or September these fish leave the salt water and go up the rivers to spawn. They spawn but once, then die. The young fish hatch in the spring and after a year around their freshwater home go far out to sea. After several years they return to their birthplace—to the identical spot in the identical stream—and there spawn and die.

The Tyee is a game fish only when he first returns. To quote a Tyee Club authority: "Each incoming

tide brings its 'run'. Curiously enough one day's run will average nearly all very large fish; the next the fish may be mostly smaller. Possibly these two schools started a month or two before, a thousand miles apart. Conditions of feed and environment had been more favorable to one than to the other. However, during the first three weeks in August each year—and the date of the first arrivals never varies more than three or four days—those Tyee Salmon afford sportsmen some of the wildest fishing on light tackle in the world." It might be added that many of the sportsmen provide the same for the fish.

Although many West-Coast points have runs of these big fish, they are in most cases found only at depths that deny the use of light tackle. The sea-bed formation, shallows, and sheltered waters off the mouth of Campbell River offer the exception. Here the Tyee may be taken at convenient depths of from ten to twenty feet. Hence the club's location.

Its objects are, in part: "To foster interest in Canada's greatest game fish, and to emphasize the ideals of sportsmanship as distinguished from slaughter. To standardize fishing tackle, and to authenticate and record weights of fish taken with specified tackle in Club waters, under the code of ethics as promulgated by the Club."

Rules state that an applicant for membership must be an amateur angler. He must bring his fish to gaff unaided, but is allowed one assistant in gaffing and killing. Any other person touching rod, reel or line, ruins everybody's day. The Official Weigher must sign the weight certificate, and the method of capture must be certified by the boatman or guide. A broken rod, hand-lining a fish, failure to comply with tackle specifications, throwing gaff at fish, the use of more than one hook at one time, harpooning, or lily-ironing, disqualifies a catch.

Strict enforcement of all rules is carried out so that—to quote the official rule book—"our brave Tyee may have a fair fight, and that men whom we meet wearing the coveted emblem of Tyee Club shall be known as worthy champions of the rod."

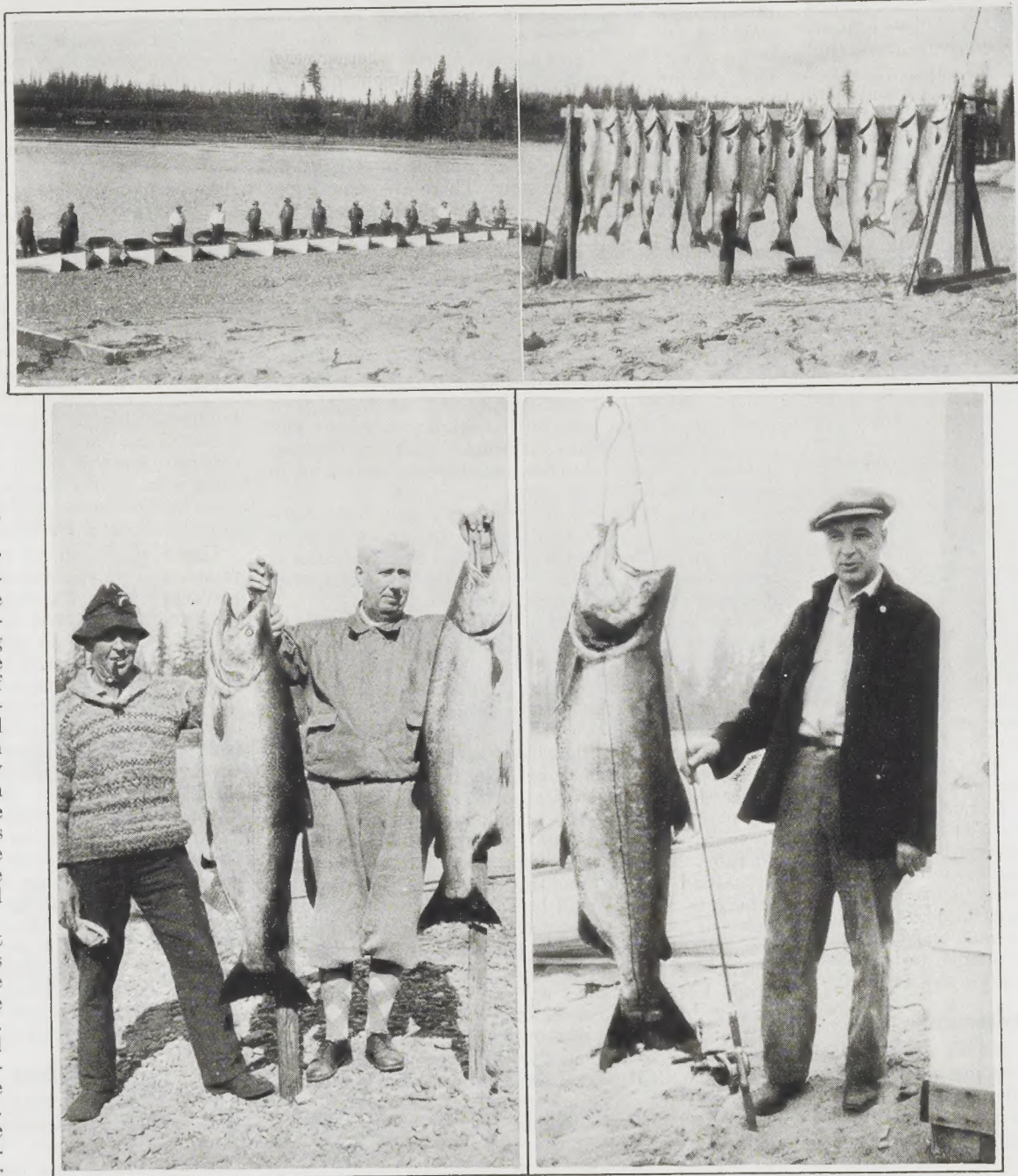
FISH 30 pounds or over entitles a member to a bronze button, 40 pounds or over wins a silver, 50 a gold, and a 60-pound fish, a diamond button. A Championship Medallion, with the title "Tyee Man," is each year awarded the taker of the season's largest fish, and is the club's highest honor. The initiation fee of \$5 entitles a member to compete for valuable prizes in connection with tournaments held from time to time. In all competitions, as for membership, club rules must be strictly observed.

At that it is surprising what strange tactics one may employ to land a big one and still qualify for

membership. A certain internationally known money mogul, enroute from Alaska to Los Angeles, dropped his yacht anchor in the bay one evening and came ashore with his wife and son. Everywhere he heard Tyee talk. He became interested. "By George, Mother, I'm going to land one of those fellows!" he boomed.

The yacht lay in harbor a week. The mogul—a Tyee of a man, official weight 280—spent many fishless hours in the bay. Time after time he changed guides, hoping to change his luck. "I'll not set foot in the good old U.S.A. until I beat one of these Canuck fish!" he told the world. One evening he appeared with his boy. "You hop in there, Son," he instructed, "and row that boat. We'll break this jinx right now." He settled his huge bulk in the stern. Making valiant efforts to bite in with the oars from his perch high off the water, the boy started from shore.

[Continued on page 24]

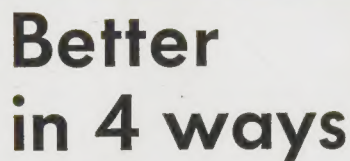


(Upper Left) A squadron of boats and guides of the British Columbia Tyee Club, Campbell River. (Upper Right) An early morning catch on August 11th. (Lower Left) 1930 Club President James G. Potts of Vancouver, with Gold Button Tyee, 50¾ pounds. The guide is George Pidcock. (Lower Right) A big one, played 2½ hours, Tyee Club, Campbell River.

. . . . no matter
what cut you buy

The largest selling
ham in the world

ham
Overnized



FIRMER, it saves you loss in cooking, is more economical because it's Ovenized.

Swift's Premium *Ovenized* Ham is better even in the part that costs least, as you'll find next time you boil a shank end with vegetables.

Premium Ham, moreover, is still smoked long and thoroughly over hardwood fires. But it is smoked in ovens.

So you have four good reasons for making sure that you get Swift's Premium — the ham that's *Ovenized*. Ask your dealer for it the very next time you buy ham.

Every night except Saturday and Sunday on N.B.C. Networks. See papers for local station and time.

Swift Canadian Co., Limited
Purveyors of Fine Foods

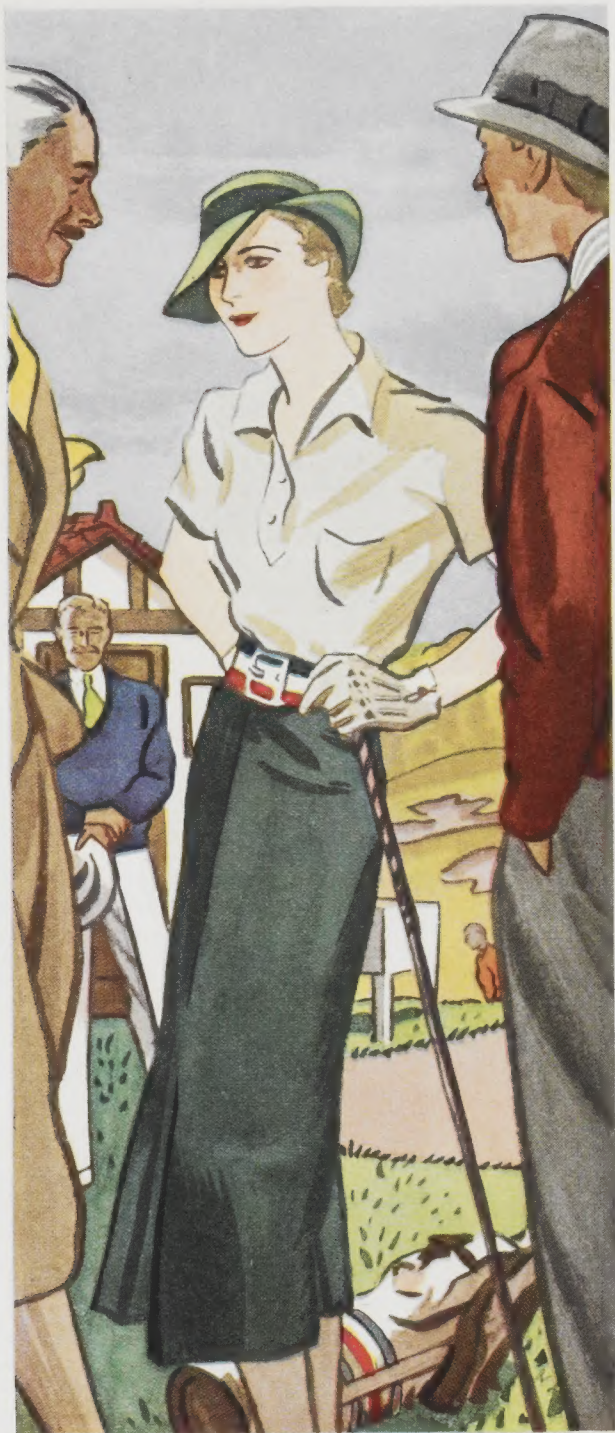


Swift's Premium

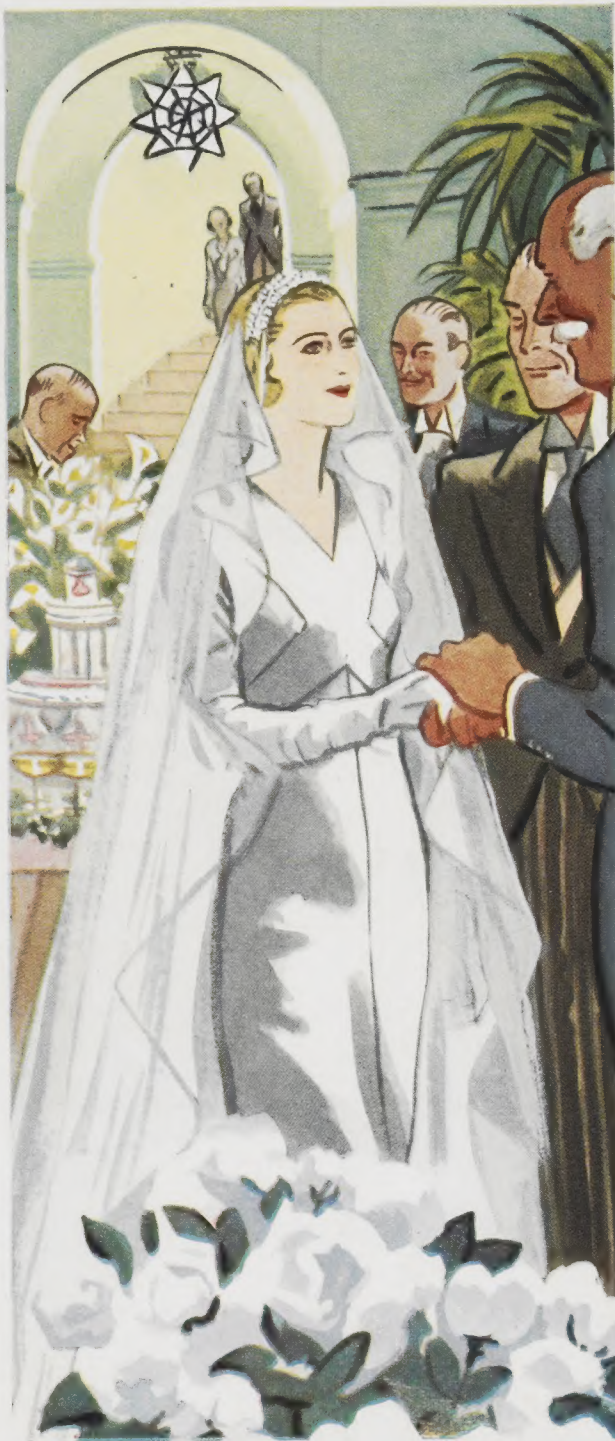
Overized

Hams and Bacon

You can win Life's Beauty Contest with Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women



A Beauty Contest on a golf course! Certainly! Wherever you are, someone's eyes are judging you. Passing on your beauty—your charm—your skin. Win their approval! Score with a skin that's always fresh and lovely. Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can help you.



This lovely bride is pictured at a moment of high triumph in the greatest Beauty Contest of her life! Her precious veil and her crown of orange blossoms are no lovelier than the texture of her exquisite skin. Keep your skin exquisite by guarding it with gentle Calay.

Every day you compete in many Beauty Contests. A lovely skin will help you win the admiration of men and the applause of other women. Get a dozen cakes of this creamy-white beauty soap today. Care for your skin with its gentle lather. Remember—a lovely skin attracts romance!



Cherish your beauty—keep your skin fresh and glowing by the simple soap-and-water treatment. But choose your beauty soap with care! Use Calay!



This is Calay—the creamy-white beauty soap. Luxurious, delicately fragrant, gentle—safe for that precious skin of yours.

The soap you use can make or mar the texture and beauty of your skin! The moment the soft and gentle lather of Calay touches your cheek you will know why Calay is called the "Soap of Beautiful Women." Calay is so safe—so gently cleansing—so creamy-white and pure—free from coloring and from the

"chalkiness" that is drying to many skins. 73 leading skin doctors commend Calay to guard precious complexions! One brief minute with Calay's luxurious lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin is exquisitely clean—soft as the loveliest bride's. Win each day's Beauty Contest with Calay!

Made in Canada

CALAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

The Thing That Couldn't

By MARGARET CAMERON

Author of "The Cat and the Canary," "The Involuntary Chaperon,"
"The Bachelor and the Baby," Etc.

Illustrated by B. V. V. Matteson

TRENT, who was a lawyer, had been detained at his office, and when he finally reached home his wife hurried him up to his room, softly expostulating the while.

"And it never occurred to you, I suppose," she concluded, "that if I had wanted Payton Cotes, I should have asked him myself!"

"Why didn't you, then?"

"Because I didn't—I particularly didn't want him!"

"Well, I'm sorry, dear. But when you 'phone me in the midst of a busy day to fill a sudden vacancy in a dinner-party, if you have any antipathies like this you'd better mention them, for naturally I'm going to ask the first eligible chap I see. Anyway, what's the matter with Cotes? He's much in demand as a dinner guest."

"Oh, he's well enough as a dinner guest—if that were all. It's as a brother-in-law that I object to him!"

"As a wha-at?" Trent seemed to find the suggestion humorous, but the face she turned toward him was full of tragedy.

"Bob, I've just discovered—just this morning—that he's been making love to Polly!"

"The deuce he has! To little Polly, eh?" Trent was still smiling.

"Of course it's all embryonic, as yet. I don't think Polly herself realizes, though I could see plainly enough from what she told me—and it's got to stop!"

"Why? What's the matter with Cotes?" he again demanded. "He's one of the cleverest—"

"Oh, clever—yes!" She waved an impatient hand. "He's clever! So is the ventriloquist we saw last week, or the funny little clown at the Trocadero—very clever in his way. But you'd hardly care to have either of them in the family, would you? Bob, do hurry and dress!"

"All right." He turned obediently toward his chiffonier. "But you hold your horses! You don't know Cotes yet."

"I know that he never loses an opportunity to make a gentlemanly sort of clown of himself! He's always telling dialect stories or playing pranks or getting himself into impossible situations—"

"Funny ones," interpolated her husband, with a chuckle.

"Oh yes, funny ones! But who wants a funny husband! He has no dignity, no sense of responsibility, nothing to justify a brilliant girl like Polly in—What's the matter?" An ejaculation from him checked her rapid, indignant speech. He was staring blankly at a legal envelope he had taken from his coat. "What's that?"

"By George, I forgot to send that acceptance to Pierce! Will you call a messenger and send it over

she paled perceptibly, and Cotes saw with apprehension the deepening trouble in her eyes. Later, as the women arose to leave the table, she met his glance fully, and in reply to his delicately lifted brow nodded almost imperceptibly toward the garden. Accordingly, when the men betook themselves and their cigars to a cool side veranda, Cotes quietly strolled on down the steps and disappeared among the shrubbery.

to his house at once, please? And impress it upon the boy that if there should be no one at home he's to return it to me *immediately*. I must be perfectly sure that this reaches Earle Pierce tonight." As for Cotes and Polly, don't you fret! All this effervescence of his is on the surface. The men who do business with him know he's all right."

"Maybe," said she, skeptically. "But Mrs. Ames goes abroad next month, for a year, and Polly goes with her. No, Bob, please don't argue! Mrs. Ames was here this afternoon, and it's practically arranged."

"Does Polly know it?"

"Not yet; but she'll be glad enough to go. This sentimental nonsense is still in the bud, and she won't even see it's being nipped."

Trent wagged his head dubiously, and his wife left him, going at once to the library to telephone for a messenger. He finished dressing, and even had time to tell Polly of the latest developments in local politics, in which she was keenly interested, before the first guests arrived.

LOIS, who had contemplated sending her sister out to dinner with whatever man her husband should provide in this emergency, occupied these moments in shifting plans and place cards; and when the party reached the dining-room, Cotes found himself seated as far from Polly Vance as the big circle of the table would permit.

However, there was nothing to prevent his looking at her, and so, presently, he chanced to see her start and turn sharply toward her sister, opening her lips as if to speak. At the moment, Mrs. Trent was talking to the learned Justice in whose honor the dinner was given, and after an uncertain glance at Trent, Polly apparently relinquished her purpose; but



In the next ten seconds he saw an appalling panorama of the things that probably would happen should he be caught in Pierce's cellar.

She was there before him, and as he approached, called softly:

"Oh, hurry! How long you were! What is it?"

"Was I? I'm sorry. What—?"

"You know Earle Pierce?"

"Not personally. By reputation, of course. Who doesn't?"

Earle Pierce was the owner and managing editor of the city's most pernicious newspaper, the *Beacon*, which, in addition to pandering to morbid and sensational appetites and intensifying class hatred after the manner of its kind, was the recognized organ of the unscrupulous political ring that held the city in an ever-tightening grasp.

"Well, an awful thing has happened! Lois has sent him the wrong envelope!"

"I don't understand."

"Oh, listen! Bob brought home some sort of a paper, in a long legal envelope, that he had forgotten to send to Pierce, and it had to go to him tonight."

"I know about that," he interjected. "We had a meeting of the committee this morning, and decided at the eleventh hour to buy Pierce's property—for the club, you know." She nodded. "The option expires tonight, Trent is secretary, and—there you are!"

"Tomorrow wouldn't do?"

He shook his head. "Pierce is a pretty slippery proposition. Might repudiate his option."

"Let him! Do you know about the gas bill?"

"Whose gas bill?"

"No, no, not that kind! Bob brought home tonight a copy of a bill that is to be sprung on the Board of Aldermen tomorrow night," instinctively she lowered her voice and drew nearer to him, "providing for eighty-cent gas. Do you understand?"

"Eighty-cent gas—and this Board!" he scoffed.

"Sh! Listen! It is known that for reasons of their own every alderman will be at that meeting tomorrow night." The explanation came in a breathless torrent. "The scheme was to spring this bill on them without warning. It's so near election, and public feeling is so strong, that they wouldn't dare—they simply wouldn't dare to kill it directly! But of course there are a dozen ways of disposing of it indirectly, if they had warning, and that's what's happened! Don't you see? That's what's happened!"

"You don't mean—you don't mean to say that Mrs. Trent has—"

"Yes, I do! Lois sent the copy of that bill to Pierce—to Pierce—instead of the other paper!"

"How do you know? How could she?"

"She put the envelope Bob had given her on the little stand near the telephone in the library. I saw it lying there addressed to Pierce. Then Bob came in with the copy of the bill, also in a legal envelope—

a blank envelope—do you see? He told me about it, and left it on the desk. The messenger came just as dinner was announced. I was sitting by the door, you know, and I heard Lois telling him to bring it back at once if there was no one there to receive it. Then I heard him ask why it wasn't addressed. Lois said she thought it was, and borrowed his pencil. I didn't think anything of it at the time. But it came over me all at once, at dinner, that I had seen the address on Pierce's envelope, and that the blank one contained the bill! And it did! Here's the other one, addressed to Pierce in Bob's writing!"

"Good Lord! And Pierce has the bill!"

"And do you see what it means?" she cried. "Do you see? Bob had nothing to do with the bill, but he had been asked to look it over and see that it was all right, because he is absolutely above suspicion. There are only half a dozen men who know—they've been so careful—it means so much—and they gave it to Bob because they could trust him!" Her voice broke, and she finished in a quavering whisper.

"Give me that envelope!" said Cotes. "I'm going over to Pierce's. There's just a chance that he hasn't seen the thing yet."

"And if he has?"

"If he has—well, if he's had his eye on it, the game's up! Trent doesn't know yet, does he?"

She shook her head. "Nor Lois, either. I wasn't sure—ought I to tell them? There's this dinner—I hate to make a scene—and I don't know what this will do to Bob! You see, it will look—and they trusted him!"

"Don't do that!" he commanded. "You mustn't cry! And you mustn't tell! Trent has to go into court tomorrow on that Biddle case, and needs all his nerve. Go into the house and keep things moving. I'll be back in fifteen minutes—with the bill!"

"But if he's read it?"

"He hasn't! I'm sure of it! And I'll get it, if I have to break in a door or slide down a chimney!"

His confident tone had instant effect, and she laughed a little as she replied:

"If it comes to that, go in through the cellar. Their door from the kitchen to the cellar doesn't lock. Our new cook worked there, and left last month because they wouldn't fix it."

"All right. Anyhow, I'll get it. Don't worry, Polly dear!"

FOR one brief moment he held her hands; in the next he was running down the street, and the girl, left standing alone in the moonlight, was whispering to herself: "He said 'Polly dear!' And

he looked——" The radiance that never was on sea or land shone around her, and in its glow she turned toward the house, happily confident that in so beautiful a world no evil could befall.

Cotes himself, running steadily toward Pierce's residence, a few blocks away, had no such illusions, and vainly racked his brain for a weapon to use against the man if, as was probable, the paper had already reached his hands.

His heart-beats, quickened by running, nearly suffocated him when he reached the house and found it dark, save for a light in the hall. He paused in a shadow, smoothed his hair and straightened his tie, not to appear too disheveled a messenger, readjusted his eye-glasses, and marched up the steps.

Somewhere in the back of the house he heard the whir of the bell; then silence. He rang again—and again. The sound of a banjo energetically played came across the lawns from a neighboring domicile. A little chill began to creep over Cotes, and he put his finger on the electric button, and kept it there, alternating long pressures with brisk, impatient tattoos. Then he listened again, tense, alert, and heard only the steady plunk of the banjo and the beating of his own heart. He told himself that there must be servants about, if he could only rouse them! He found a side door, with no better results, and another at the back, where he varied his ringing with vigorous pounding, but the silence and darkness within the house remained unbroken. He was returning to the front again when his glance fell on a small cellar window, swinging ajar. Instantly Polly's absurd speech at parting, pure nonsense at the moment, flashed into his mind. The door from the cellar to the kitchen could not be locked! He stopped and looked curiously for a moment at the swinging window before he wandered around to the front again and sat down on the step to think.

The family had evidently not dined at home, or the servants would still be about. The paper had certainly been received and signed for here, since the boy had not returned it to Trent. Ergo, some one, presumably a servant, had received it about eight o'clock and had since gone out, and the bill, upon the rescue of which so much depended, was in this house and probably unread as yet.

But suppose his reasoning had been all wrong? Suppose Pierce had received and read the bill, and was now out among his disreputable associates arranging to frustrate the plan of Trent's friends and to dishonor Trent? Why, then Trent could not know of it too soon! He started up to return to his friend, and instantly checked himself. There was always the possibility that he had been right, and that the paper lay unread in the empty house. If he should desert his post and so place the situation



"Oh what is it? What has happened?" cried Polly. He turned imploringly to Pierce. "No spika d'Inglese! You spika! La signorina no lika Guiseppe Coppini geta da trou! She tella you me non steala—non bada man!"

in Pierce's hands—! Then came a vision of that swinging window, and he caught his breath shortly. "By Jupiter, I'll do it!" he ejaculated. "It involves the least risk of any of 'em!"

THE cellar window, which was at the side of the house, was heavily shaded by a wing, and the darkness within was Stygian. However, he dared not strike a match, lest its light should attract the attention of some vigilant neighbor, so he sat on a ledge of the little window, legs inside braced himself for a struggle in maintaining equilibrium, and dropped. He struck, in a sitting posture, on the winter's supply of furnace coal, that day delivered, and slid down the pile, clawing wildly for any kind of support from the empty air. When he reached the bottom he sat perfectly still for a moment, and then quietly remarked to the surrounding darkness:

"The—Gee—Whiz!"

He picked himself up, made sure that his glasses were not broken, and after feeling his way to a spot farther from the window cautiously struck a match and looked about him. As he had supposed, he was in the division of the cellar containing the furnace and coalbins. He had some difficulty in lighting the next match, for the passage he had now entered was draughty, but eventually he kept one alight long enough to descry a flight of steps a few feet to his right.

"Aha!" said he. "'We are saved!' the Captain shouted. Now we'll proceed to stagger up the stair. The rest is plain sailing."

He gaily climbed the steps, humming under his breath the tune the banjo was playing, and fumbled for the doorknob. He turned it, pushed gently, pushed harder, rattled the knob, and finally set his shoulder against the door, shoving with all his strength. Then he stood off and glared at it through the darkness. It was locked!

He satisfied himself that there was no way of opening the door short of battering it down, which, under the circumstances, he was not prepared to do, and descended again to the cellar, all his cheerfulness fallen from him.

He used most of his matches in the effort to find a door leading to the outer air. Finally he discovered a lantern, and decided, after some reflection, to light it, feeling that a steady illumination, if observed, would be less likely to excite suspicion than the intermittent flashes of matches. Making the round of the cellar again, he discovered the door he sought. It also was locked. After seeking in every conceivable place for the key and vainly trying all of his own, he returned to the furnace-room, set his lantern on the floor, and regarded the window by which he had entered.

"Well," he said, "here we are! Apparently the only way out of this place is up that coalpile!" He glanced at his immaculate pumps, and at his clothes, which were new, and the banjo mocked him from afar. "Yes, and there you are!" he vindictively added.

"I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain;
And when The Thing that Couldn't have occurred,
Give me time to change my leg and go again."

"That's you—and me, too! Only this leg's getting a cramp, and it's time to change! How the deuce am I going to get—I wonder—" He picked up the lantern, screening his eyes from its light with his hand, and peered into the shadows about him. Hanging against the wall, on the other side of the furnace, he espied some garments, which he hastily examined.

"Here we are! Regular jeans, by Jove! Trousers and—yes, and blouse. Oh, I don't know! We may get out of this without calling the patrol-wagon yet!" He deposited the lantern on the floor and proceeded to don the trousers, pulling them over the tails of his evening coat, which the short blouse would not protect. Anyhow, coal won't hurt 'em." He had one arm slipped into a sleeve and was reaching for the other when he heard a feminine voice cautiously calling:

"Mr. Pierce! Oh, Mr. Pierce!"

"Yes?" was the prompt reply.

"There's a man in your cellar!" Although she lowered her voice, Cotes heard every word distinctly, and a chill wrinkled his flesh.

"No! What makes you think so?"

"I've been watching him scratch matches. He's made a light now. I can see it through the window."

"Really?"

"Truly! I didn't know what to do. I'm all alone in the house, and I couldn't—But I've got a police whistle in my hand. Shall I blow it?"

"No! Certainly not!" exclaimed Pierce. "I'll go in and see about it. It's probably one of the servants.



But Cotes did not know, until long after, what was yielded to him in that moment.

If it is, we don't want to make a row, and if it isn't—I've got a gun."

"Oh, don't!"

"I won't," was the laughing response. "It won't be necessary."

"Anyway, I'll watch here with the police whistle, and if anything happens, I'll blow it!"

"All right." He laughed again. "Only, whatever else you do, keep cool! Nothing's going to happen."

THIS philosophical conviction Cotes did not fully share. In the next ten seconds he saw an appalling panorama of the things that probably would happen should he be caught in Pierce's cellar. He saw that he must either tell the truth and involve Trent, which would never do, or he must let it be supposed that he had entered the editor's house for reasons of his own, which would be difficult to explain. He was sufficiently well known socially to make this escapade a rich morsel for the sensational *Beacon*, and he saw his name in its blackest headlines and pictures of himself taken from every conceivable angle. Then his glance fell on a coal shovel. He looked at the coal, which had apparently been dumped in recently, with the intention of distributing it later among the various empty bins, and then down at his worn overalls—and his resolution was taken. He jerked on the blouse, whipped off his glasses and thrust them into his pocket, dishevelled his dark hair, knotted his handkerchief around his neck over his collar, rubbed a handful of coaldust into his face and hands, and fell to shovelling coal into one of the bins, the while he softly caroled an Italian folksong.

Pierce, unable to imagine any possible explanation for such sounds in his cellar at that hour, descended

the stairs quietly and stood for a moment in the doorway watching the apparently unconcerned workman.

*"Sul mare lucida il nostro d'argente,
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia,"*

blithely warbled Cotes, watching the editor out of the corner of his eye and wondering how soon the storm would break. He was not long kept in suspense.

"What the devil does this mean?" demanded Pierce, at the same time switching on an electric light that Cotes had failed to see in the semi-darkness. "Who are you?"

The laborer turned serenely, met the householder's eye without flinching, and showed his teeth in a brilliant smile.

"Buona sera, Signore," said he, genially.

"Where did you come from? What are you doing here?" The tone was not gentle, and Cotes looked puzzled.

"No spika d'Inglese ver' good," he lamented.

"I say who are you? Where'd you come from? What are you doing in my cellar?"

The workman shook his head regretfully. Then a hopeful gleam crossed his face.

"I shova da coal," he suggested.

"Yes, I see you're shovelling coal, but why? What for?"

"A-ah! Whata for shova da coal? Perch—you no wanta shova da coal?" he asked anxiously.

"Who sent you here?"

"Senda—A-ah! Il padrone." Cote's smile indicated that in his opinion they were now getting on famously. "Si, Signore, il padrone."

[Continued on page 25]

WILLIE DRIFTIN'

Illustrated by
John F. Clymer

By
CRICHTON ALSTON THORNE

WILLIE DRIFTIN' dozed in the warm winter's sun on a warehouse porch facing south. He lay with his forehead on his folded arms and sunned like a lizard. Several slouchy men passed him and called out familiarly, "Willie Driftin', ole boy!" But Willie did not reply. He was too near asleep.

Lazy, indolent, careless, Willie Driftin' dreamed his days away or wandered from pillar to post and stamped more indelibly the name of Willie Driftin' upon his own name. He had been baptized with the good name of William Dunbar Merrimacs—but why worry about anything that had happened twenty years ago? He had drifted away from the mother who had so proudly named him. He was not a good mixer with the other drifters, giving them a surly answer for their extended friendliness and eventually he was let alone.

Now in deep appreciation of the spell of good weather Willie Driftin' was sleeping away a warm, luxurious day in January. Perhaps he was dimly aware of the occasional roosters which wailed their thanks for the beauty of warmth across the stretch of empty lots from the hotel coops. If so, he accepted their crows as fitting lullabies and slept on. The toes to his worn brogans were snubbed against the floorboards. His dirty coat lay open upon the floor, and his soft hat was pulled far over his eyes to keep the sun out.

"Hey-ee, Driftin'!" The shrill voice of a boy beat in upon his sleep. "Heah you are, Driftin'." Willie gathered his face into dazed and sleepy wrinkles and sat up. Incidentally he sat up in time to see Cate Greenway passing on the street in front of the hotel. Cate was the town beauty. A cat can still look at a queen. Matched from head to toe she floated by in an amberish tan ensemble that made her creamier than cream. Willie Driftin' had his eyes dazzled with splendor. Whew! such a girl! Her full throat and full lips carried a fearless, mellow, convincing message across the street to a friend. Sure of herself, that girl was. There was an anchor for a drifter. But just then she saw Willie Driftin' staring at her and shied as though in need of legal protection.

Lazily Willie drew his legs back up on the warehouse porch and started to lie down again.

"I say, Driftin'!" the small boy rustled through the tobacco trash around the corner of the warehouse. "Say, Driftin', here's a letter for you." He stuck an envelope into Willie's face and stood back wondering. "Mrs. Boyd, she says to me, 'do you think you'll see anything of Mr. Merrimacs? He's had a letter here for weeks.' 'Sure,' I says, 'he's loafin' somewhere around the warehouse.' Say, Driftin', open it, will you?"

Willie was showing a fair amount of interest. He slid his hat on the back of his head and turned the letter around a number of times before deciding the weakest vantage point. A letter for Willie was nothing short of a miracle. The freckled-faced boy's anxiety gave to Willie the actor's advantage of suspense. He dallied with the time and watched the boy saw from one foot to the other. Then he opened the letter carefully, making scallops with his thumbnail down one side. The letter was a form letter such as is sent out in hundred packs. It began:

Mr. W. D. Merrimacs,
Montgomery,
and then in different colored ink it continued:
Dear Sir:—

Being informed that you are a representative citizen of your city, a man of integrity, winning capacity and sound foresight, we wish to introduce

to you a money-making proposition. This proposition is offered only to men who have ambition, snap and vim and therefore we feel safe in displaying it to your estimable consideration.

As you know, only a choice few are being made this offer. It does not mean that you are not already a most successful man of business (we want only such men), and we want to introduce our products to the public through such men.

You can make \$300.00 a week plus expenses by selling our Imported Magic Dusters at fifty cents each. Knowing that your time is valuable, we will not go into lengthy praises of our Marvellous Products but would only advise that you send \$3.00 immediately for your samples and begin work within a week after making your deposit with us.

Every man needs a little extra money.

We are eagerly waiting to see what you will do with your chances to make a comfortable fortune.

Yours for golden opportunity,
S. L. & C. E. ———s. Producers.

"Well—sir!" said Willie drawing his hand over his chin as though stroking an imaginary Van Dyke beard. "Well!" He straightened his spine, put his hat gently on the porch floor and reread the letter.

"What does it say, Driftin', humph? I brought it to you. What does it say?" The small boy was at the age of believing that hoboos got letters from heiresses and lived happily ever afterwards.

"Go away, will you?" said Willie with a haughty wave of the hand. "It's a business letter."

"Yah! Yah!" yelled the freckled boy with great show of contempt, and obeyed Willie's request.

WILLIE dusted the lint from his frayed trouser legs. He scowled ponderously over the part of the letter about integrity and winning capacity. Then he took a deep breath and light came to him. He was somebody, he was. Somebody in that town. A representative citizen, if you will. He placed the letter tenderly in his inside coat pocket and walked with dignity to a near café.

Recorder's Court Judge was sitting at the café counter stirring a solitary cup of murky coffee. He looked up as Willie entered and advised Willie as to the climatic conditions outside.

"Yeah," answered Willie, "and now since the weather's so fine and all, lend me three dollars, will you, Judge? I am starting a new business and need that amount to straighten things out." Willie was speaking easily, convincingly. There was a kind of charm about Willie; his nonchalance teamed well with his curly hair and direct eyes.

The Judge wheeled about on the white-topped stool. "Three dollars! Why, do you want to ruin Wall Street? Do you think I'm made of money?"

Willie grinned sheepishly and placed the letter before the Judge. The old man put on his spectacles with a deal of ceremony, and picked up the letter. He read it through twice. Astonishment gathered on his face and froze into a stare. "What do you know about that?" he gasped. "Our little driftin' Willie!" and he planked Willie a hearty slap on his shoulders and fished out three greasy one-dollar bills as though rivalling Ben Duke in endowments.

The samples came in a brief case with much literature and many pictures. The dusters would sell like hot cakes, like life savers on a sinking vessel, like headache



"Boy, I never would a known you.
Been crackin' safes, huh? And them
clothes, wh-eee!"



Whew! such a girl! There was an anchor for a drifter. But just then she saw Willie Driftin' staring at her and shied as though in need of legal protection.

powders on New Year's Day. They would sell to every house, every month, every year. The factories couldn't supply the demand for them and Willie was a man of integrity, farsightedness and marvel. A representative citizen. That thought stuck in his mind like a great glowing diamond in the ashes of disappointments piled up by the last twenty years.

However he thought of the advisability of leaving Montgomery to begin business; for, as yet, it had not awakened to the fact of his supreme citizenship. Therefore he chartered a freight with his samples under his arm and drifted into Giddens on a Thursday, his clothes cleaned, patched and creased.

Once on the streets of Giddens he realized his importance immediately. The literature on selling dusters had told him everything. It was for him but to obey directions and the golden wealth would come bounding under his control. He knew no obstacles, no inhibitions. In the years behind, he had dabbled at lumber, mining, road construction and the like. Now he was a full-feathered salesman, alert, promising, a representative citizen.

Numbers of girls and women minced past him on the street. None of them could rival Cate Greenway in carriage, or appearance and, he felt sure, in voice. He thought of girls in terms of amber creaminess

and he turned briskly and professionally into the yard of a large brick house on the main street with rows of mangy box leading to the steps.

A colored maid answered his ring at the door and waited for Willie to speak.

"Ah—hem!" began Willie, "I wish to see the madame of the house."

"She gawn off," replied the colored maid suspiciously, and closed the door decisively on his foot. The literature had advised the precaution of placing one's foot in the door.

"You, Rebecca," called a sharp voice. "Shut that front door. Do you want me to warm the whole town?"

Whereupon Willie walked aggressively by the indignant maid and came face to face with the Mayor-of-Giddens' wife. The said lady had only yesterday a.m. written a feline and scathing letter to Montgomery's Chamber of Commerce in consideration of a disparagement flung at its rival town of Giddens. And at this immediate facing she was still quite red from recoaling the furnace. Unfortunately we have no way of knowing our customers' backgrounds.

"Ah—hem, Madame," began Willie advancing with the samples well out of the case, "I am a

representative citizen of Montgomery, a—er—man of integrity, er—," he had gotten the letter confused with the introductory literature. He turned red, stammered and stopped.

"Young man," said the lady with such sudden approval that Willie forgot for the moment what he was, "I heartily agree with you. You certainly are a representative citizen of Montgomery, and I hope to make myself plain in saying that I believe your honesty and integrity on a par with every other representative citizen of Montgomery. That door, you deliberately—" But she was out of breath.

Willie smiled blandly, and being greatly encouraged proceeded to air the dusters.

"This," he announced waving the fuzzy grey duster near her face, "is the boon of every housewife, the discovery of the ages." He remembered the spiel now, "Dust with ten per cent more efficiency, with one-tenth the effort, worth its price a thousand times," and he went on to explain that the amount of time spent in dusting would have replenished her embroidered linens six fold and her flower beds and the whiteness of her laundry. One would think from the harangue sent out by the Magic Duster Industry that women did nothing but slave twenty-four hours a day at dusting alone. [Cont'd on 59]

Shanghai's Rude Awakening



Chinese sampans against the background of Shanghai's classic Bund, the location of branch establishments of the world's largest banking and shipping concerns.

A Chinese bride's chair borne by eight coolies regally arrayed for the occasion, with a tailoring shop in background which knows it pays to advertise.

CHINA may look far off to most people of the rest of the world. It is not so at all. The world is not large any more, now that quick travel and communication have come to stay, and politically, if not geographically, China is a next-door neighbor to every other nation. Ask your laundryman in the tumble-down shack under the red-and-white sign if this isn't so.

The germs of another World War, staged this time in the Orient, repose in the embroglio between China and Japan. In the heat of passion it may not suffice to remind the participants that the last World War will not be paid for in fifty years, and a repetition of it might wipe out centuries of progress and project us headlong into barbarism.

The long-continued economic depression, spawned by a worn-out system, directs the minds of numerous leaders to war as a way out of a bad situation. War used to provide prosperity of more or less permanent nature to nations which won militarily, while it forged economic and political fetters on the losers. The reason the winners could survive to eat war cake was that the destruction was much less severe than it is now. By the modern method, as was amply proven in the war waged in Europe from 1914 to 1918, winners as well as losers lose after a period of artificial prosperity.

That these truths are now well realized by statesmen and industrial leaders everywhere is the best augury of peace; yet it may avail little for leaders to talk of peace so long as men strike matches with so many firecrackers lying around. The men referred to are of the military, whose shields, chevrons and decorations shine brightest in the glamour of war. Behind the scenes stand the three arch-conspirators which the law of every land recognize as the necessary parts to a conspiracy—the corrupt politician, the scheming financier and the greedy munitions manufacturer—not one of whom will do any fighting at the front. From these general statements involving all mankind, let us get down to cases and speak of the energetic spark which may ignite the powder-keg—colorful, seething, naughty Shanghai on the murky, winding Whangpoo, one of the largest ports in the universe and the key to vast, mysterious, unconquerable China.

TO SPEAK particularly and intimately of Shanghai is to continue some treatment of the Orient as the writer was privileged to present it in

his imperfect references to Manchuria in the March issue of *The Western Home Monthly*. That article was written from the vantage point of Shanghai while the city was at peace and prosperous; this one is indited in what Cowper would call "the midst of

boiled a town as Chicago, and as debonair as Savannah. It will mean nothing to soldiers or others who have experienced much more, but for whatever it may be worth to our indulgent readers who are safely hoarding wheat at home we record here that in ten minutes time seven five-inch Chinese shells passed over our head while our hat was off, and on another occasion we ran into a bombardment area and nearly connected with an exploding missile.

We apprehend that our readers will want some account of personal experiences and our view of what all the fuss is about, since these matters are broached in all the letters that come from Canada and the States. Very well, friends; but before we come to that, let us tell you why Shanghai reminds us of Winnipeg. The banks along the Bund are not essentially different from those of Winnipeg's Main Street. As Winnipeg's banks are branches of the great institutions of Montreal and Toronto, of Hamilton and Nova Scotia, so do Shanghai's branches represent the parent concerns at London, Paris and New York. Shanghai's chief department stores—the Sincere Co., the Sun Sun Co. and the Wing On Co.—are fair imitations on a smaller scale of Eaton's and the Hudson's Bay Co. The exclusive Bubbling Well Road residential section is to Shanghai what Wellington Crescent is to Winnipeg. Nanking Road is compared with Portage Avenue. In bathrooms among foreign



Japanese Bluejackets behind sand bag redoubt and beneath Nipponese flag in attack on Chapei.

alarms," for lo! the thunderbolts of Mars have been loosed right around our ears!

Heading into this international peck of trouble has been our lot; from Winnipeg, where we spent a pleasant and profitable year and a half, to Shanghai, the Paris of the Orient, as hard-

Chinese coolie killed on Range Road in front of Endeavorers' (formerly Free Christian) Church, Shanghai.



By GEORGE M. BATTEY

Feature Writer who is now Stationed in Shanghai on a Special Commission for the Western Home Monthly

owners of modern homes Shanghai leads most cities this writer has seen.

Geographically, the two cities present a striking parallel. The Red River at Winnipeg winds northward and empties into Lake Winnipeg. The Whangpoo winds northward from Shanghai and empties into the mouth of the Yangtse at the point where the Pacific Ocean meets the Yellow Sea; and here are located the Woosung Forts recently captured by the Japanese. If we lay a map of Shanghai over a map of the same scale of Winnipeg, the Wangpoo and Red Rivers and the cities' limits will practically coincide. Siccawei Creek represents Greater Shanghai's southern limit, as the Assiniboine River does for most of Winnipeg. Both cities are on the western side of the principal waterway, while their overflow populations are to the east. Shanghai's eastward overflow is represented by Pootung, while Winnipeg's is St. Boniface.

The Wangpoo is three times as wide as the Red, so if we widen the latter westward and remove the buildings in the neighborhood of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, we have equalized the waterways and practically duplicated the Shanghai Bund along Main Street from Portage Avenue north to the Hotel Royal Alexandra and the Canadian Pacific Railroad Station. We need only to run a creek along Higgins Avenue past the Hotel Royal Alexandra eastward into the Red to simulate Soochow Creek at Shanghai, which divides the International Settlement into two equal parts, the one to the north and east being the former American Concession and the one to the south and west being the former British Concession. The French Concession and the Chinese City are south of the British part.

Now, carrying the similarity a step further, the right-angle bend of the Red at the foot of Higgins Avenue around Whittier Park will represent the right-angle bend of the Whangpoo from the Bund and Soochow Creek eastward to the end of the International Settlement in that direction. In this part of the Settlement is located the Hongkew district, where the Japanese forces landed the night of January 28, while adjoining Hongkew to the northwest is ill-fated Chapei, Chinese territory.

Japanese sentry searching Chinese at investigation of Japanese "ronin" (behind sentry)

Hongkew at Shanghai. The Canadian Pacific Railway enters Winnipeg from the northwest like the Shanghai-Nanking Railway penetrates Shanghai, while the Canadian National on the south will stand for the Shanghai-Hangchow-Ningpo. Winnipeg and Greater Shanghai are approximately thirty square miles in extent each, while the latter, with more than 3,000,000 people, is at least ten times as populous.

Let us visualize these interesting parallels by supposing that a foreign enemy has invaded Canada—driven the inhabitants and an army out of Winnipeg's North End, destroyed, the district with shell, bomb and fire, including the Canadian Pacific Railroad Station. Let us further suppose that Winnipeg is fourteen miles instead of thirty-five south of Lake Winnipeg, and



Above—Japanese armored motor car going to a fire. Armed Japanese "ronin" or reservists on right.

Below—To please the Dragon and to keep himself dry, the Cantonese warrior occasionally seeks shelter beneath an umbrella which was not made for airplane bombs.



Japanese Bluejackets in action during Battle of Chapei, using light field piece.

what has taken place at Shanghai.

THE analogy likewise comprehends these factors: The enemy's flagship lies at anchor in the Red River at the foot of Higgins Avenue, and provides a choice target for the field guns of the defending force, which send a shell a minute screeching over Main Street—thirty of them in half an hour—and these shells fall bursting in Elmwood, Nor-

wood and St. Boniface, occasionally starting fires. As many as six fires in the North End light up the skies at night. The invading military are not equipped to fight fires, but they allow the Winnipeg Fire Department, with decided limitations, to cross the dividing line—Higgins Avenue—and fight after a fashion with a depleted water supply and in the face of antagonism on the part of sentries who do not speak the native language and who are a bit free with rifles, pistols and machine guns. The firemen fight valiantly during bombardments of the section from the defenders, who are now retreating northwest into the country; but finally they give up the task and concentrate upon preventing the fire from crossing the Canadian Pacific Railway yards and Higgins Avenue into the heart of Winnipeg.

The enemy recognize the right of Winnipeg's Board of Aldermen to protect the balance of Winnipeg, but there is much friction, adding to the danger. They claim they [Continued on page 26]

that the enemy has captured important forts at the mouth of the Red River; and, spreading his movement fan-fashion westward, has swept back the defending army and the civilian population and laid waste the villages of Selkirk, Petersfield, Clandeboye, Netley, Lockport, Middlechurch, Parkview, Stonewall, Stony Mountain, Gordon and Gross Isle. If we can imagine that these things have happened, and that seventy-five per cent of the civilians affected have taken refuge in helter-skelter fashion within Winnipeg's city limits, lugging what they can carry by conveyance or hand, then we have an imperfect but helpful picture of

Fong Yu-hsiang, "Christian General," taken in his "abstention garb" of plain cotton.





Within a few days the port was all agog with the news that Captain Dare was fitting up his brave ship, the *Golden Wing*, and would sail North to found a new colony.

THE TRAP

By MARY SHANNON

Illustrated by Ralph C. Smith

AGAIN the *Golden Wing* drove through a belt of fog as through a door, and on the moist deck, Dick, slim, dreamy-eyed cabin-boy, felt the breath catch in his throat. Color vivid and blinding burst upon him—golden sunlight, blue sea, islands green as only Coast islands of British Columbia are green. It was all so gloriously illusory, so exquisitely shining and clear, that his thin hands touched the ship's railing for some assurance that it was real and not just a childish memory of old fairy tales. No, this was Adventure and he drove North with it, Adventure of a day when swords flashed at a challenge, and the brown Indian still cowered at sight of the white-man's gun. He could have fancied themselves the first of men to have sailed this uncharted coast.

"Ship ahoy!" cried the lookout man.

A thud of running feet rose, and Dick hurried to the bow as fast as the limp of a shrunken limb would permit. He hovered on the outskirts of the group, peering into the shredding fog behind them. The lookout man shouted up to the Captain:

"That brown junk again, sir. Saw 'er through the fog!"

From the wheelroom stepped young Captain Dare, a figure bright and keen as steel. He was of Viking fairness, his head was always above a crowd, and he walked through Dick's dreams in a flaming sash with a clanking sword at his side.

"I tell you she's shadderin' us! Been shadderin' us all day," declared a voice.

Dick shivered with chill foreboding. This new land seemed to bristle with dangers, Indians, pirates fierce wild things.

"I see it," the Captain cried. "Now what the devil can they mean dodging along behind us like this?"

"Mebbe sealpoachers, thieves, steal from ship," volunteered a deckhand.

The Captain laughed: "It's little of plunder they'll find on the *Golden Wing*. But keep close watch.

When we cross this open sea we're coming to a perfect network of islands, bays, inlets. We'll be in the fog again, I'm afraid. But what a gorgeous land! Our Country!" he called in a ringing voice.

Dick's heart lifted with yearnings, longings, for which he had no name. He only knew that somewhere beyond this labyrinth of waterways, these uncharted islands, lay the hopes and visions of Captain Dare, that at the mouth of a great river where the land lay green in the breath of the Chinook winds, and the Indians knew no value for their furs, they sailed to plant a colony. In that mounting moment Dick's puny strength was of the fibre of steel. That dream should live! That dream should go down to the ages!

"Go below and see to the cattle!" ordered a rough voice.

The dreams fell from Dick like a shining garment. He flushed to his sandy hair, shrank away into his shrunken self. But as he went below he heard the Captain singing gaily, "La Belle Rose." His spirits lifted. He had always the feeling of something splendid and heroic about to happen when the Captain was near.

ON THE lower deck Dick threw hay to the cattle.

They had grown used to him, had ceased to snort and toss their long Spanish horns when he appeared. Even the great red bull welcomed him with eager rumblings of hunger. That red bull fascinated Dick—the swinging fierceness of that massive frame, the sharp tips of those gleaming horns.

Presently the rush of water against the ship's sides turned his thoughts backward, far backward to the days when he hung over "The Quest of the Golden Fleece." Under its spell he had forgotten that he was only a waif of the Fraser River port, that he knew no name but Dick, that he had no memory of home save the shack of an old woman who toiled all day at her tubs. Of his own family

she could tell him little, save that his parents had sailed from Halifax around Cape Horn, that the ship had gone down within a few miles of port.

Because of his shrunken limb he had never played as other boys. The old woman had been kind to him in a scolding way. But it was in the long evenings while she slept noisily that he had lost himself in the fairyland of romance and dreams—blank spaces of delightful mystery, the overruling success of imaginary achievements through which he marched with heroic tread.

The old woman had died when he was fifteen, and he had drifted about among the shacks of fishermen, peddling fish, selling papers. But the time for dreams had gone. It was as though a window had darkened within him. Then, after four drab years, the light flamed up again. It was the first time he had seen Captain Dare, and some hand seemed to have opened his book of fairy tales again. There was about the young man such a look of ineffable youth, a glow of strength inspiring and tremendous.

Dick had hovered outside the hotel door, listening, watching. The talk was all of land far up the Coast, rich land that was to be had for the taking.

"The garden of the Country," sighed an old man. "Grass to the thighs, and in spring the oulchans line the beach like silver. A trader would grow rich in a season, and not a settler within hundreds of miles."

And within a few days the port was all agog with the news that Captain Dare was fitting up his brave ship, the *Golden Wing*, and would sail North to found a new colony!

Close upon a heightening glow Dick had felt a surge of old childish terror. Up North were Indians, terrible warlike tribes who descended upon other tribes, killing, torturing, taking prisoners. And it

came to him with a sort of wonder how the Captain loved the far places, lands full of danger and promise. He could not know that in his own veins slumbered the hidden cadence of the poet; nor could he know that in the veins of Captain Dare flowed a trace of old-world nobility, a dash of the voyageur, peasant and adventurer—the blood that has peopled Canada.

He haunted the wharf, all a bustle of loading and unloading for the Golden Wing, and he counted that day golden bright which brought him a service for the young Captain. He was surprised to learn that there was difficulty in finding a crew. It seemed incredible that men would hesitate a moment. Dreams began to haunt Dick's sleep, dreams that terrified even while they thrilled.

The ship was loaded at last, seeds, implements, cattle, a flag that was to float over the new land. Came the day upon which the Golden Wing was to sail, and all the town was upon the wharf. Back against a post Dick watched. How high the light was burning within him today. How the sunshine flashed the brave white ship to a gleaming galleon!

Commotion rose on the wharf, the Captain's voice in high words. Dick pushed through the groups. One of the white men had refused to go at the last minute. Captain Dare turned from him contemptuously with some quick appeal to the crowd. There was a murmur of dissent, of refusal. There was no one willing to go!

The next Dick knew he was standing before the Captain. Something he had said, he knew not the words, only that he had volunteered. Shouts of derision, guffaws of cruel laughter rose. Color had flooded his face but he had held his ground. Then all consciousness of fear had been lost in a great burst of cheers. He was walking up the gang-plank side by side with the Captain! There was no room for fear in his heart. He only knew that he would follow that brilliant young face to the ends of the earth! So he had sailed with the ship, proudly waving his cap to the faces growing dim along the wharf.

No amount of hardship could dim the fire burning within him. He was moving hand in hand, heart to heart, with glamor and romance. He worked faithfully. There were hard days of imperfect maps, of sudden storms, of uncharted tiderips. It was enough that the Golden Wing drove merrily northward, that he could hear the Captain's voice singing gaily, "La Belle Rose."

DICK roused from his dreaming, aware of a scurry above, running feet, voices. He swung to the upper deck and saw that they had left the open sea and the sunshine. Walls of rock rose on either side of the passage, a passage too narrow to admit of turning. He was not alarmed. This had happened before. Mist hung from the channel walls like a gauzy fabric, draped the stunted trees in diaphanous folds. All the ship was beaded with glittering drops. Narrow straits ran white, and the Golden Wing rocked and twisted but went valiantly on. There was nothing else to do, for the channel widened to no place of turning.

Dick gripped the deck railing, a queer throbbing in jaws and throat. A strange land! The veiled mystery of it chilled him vaguely, and he felt fear strike back at him from the faces of the crew. He could see the Captain, cool, tense as a spring, hands gripping the wheel. His voice was silent now. All the ship was silent in its swathings of pearl-grey mist. To Dick, beyond that wall of fog, a warning hovered like a ghost. Every nerve was taut, alert to see, to hear. Some vague con-

sciousness, some intangible sense of sound, came to him, the merest flutter that slipped away even as he tried to grasp it.

Landing-places showed, touches of green banks, trees. It seemed as though at any moment they must come upon open sea. Then abruptly they rounded a bend, and there rushed at them, headlong and terrible, a roar that rolled and reverberated from wall to wall like a thing of fury. The very unexpectedness of it made Dick's hair stir under his cap. He saw before them the terrible tide, foaming, boiling, breaking madly through a narrow gorge.

"Trapped! We're trapped!" shrieked a voice.

Dick cried out in very terror, started back in a blind impulse for safety. Death looked back at him from other faces. He was flung down in a mad rush. A moment and he was upon his feet again, only to be flung against the deck railing as the ship lurched and swerved. Then he saw the Golden Wing was driving to shore. He had a moment of dizzy thrilling before the timbers beneath him crashed and groaned and shivered. He knew, as every soul on board knew, what had happened. The Golden Wing had struck upon a rock! The Golden Wing was pounding to pieces in the treacherous waves.

The roar of the tide had died down and Dick could hear the heavy splashing thump of the stern-

wheel, the rush of terror-stricken feet. Then the Captain's voice cleaving through the din:

"The cargo! Unload the cattle, seeds . . ."

The cattle! The next Dick knew he was below, the passage-way open, the gangplank down. He fought and cried at the cattle to drive them out. It was all a madness of shouts and crashing cargo, of panting terrified cattle that started away from him and huddled senselessly. The red bull showed fight, snorting and charging the walls of the ship. Then his raging voice was lost in the roar of the tide that rose around them till there seemed nothing else in all the world.

Dick cowered in the dimness, his hands over his ears. Already he felt the white sea was rushing upon him. Out of his fear he became aware of stampeding hooves, of the glint of the bull's horns against the open passage-way, of cattle floundering and crashing to shore. He leaped after them. There was a precipitate scattering of men dumping cargo on the beach, but the bull's horns flashed away into a stretch of deep grass beyond. Dick watched the frenzied dash till the herd was lost among clumps of trees. He had a moment to note the meadows that flowed away in undulations soft and rich as emerald, the cliffs that towered ruggedly to the north.

He ran back to the beach. Strong ropes stretched from the Golden Wing to stout trees on shore. But she was doomed, filling fast, and with every leap of the tiderip she was wounded afresh. The crew rushed about in a last endeavor to save the cargo. The coolest among them was Captain Dare, but on his face was a look that cut Dick to the heart. But fast as they worked the wrecking sea worked faster. The power of the race swept back, caught the ship, strained at the ropes. And each time the foaming swells took their toll of broken timber, whirling and burying it in hideous triumph. The Golden Wing was breaking up!

A voice shrieked a warning, and all eyes turned to see, bearing down the channel, the squat brown ship which had shadowed them all day. It loomed out of the fog like a face tanned and impudently curious. The confusion broke, swerved. Captain Dare sprang upon a rock and flung a warning hand toward the gorge. The brown ship rocked with violent effort. There was a moment of reversing power, of straining ropes and creaking timber. Then she backed, swung aside into an anchorage of still water.

Men clambered over the sides and made for shore. They shook their heads as they neared the Golden Wing. The Captain hurried to Captain Dare with some suggestion about hauling the wreck to still water with his own boat. But before any attempt could be made the tide boiled into a towering, foaming crest that snapped the ropes, that swept the wreck clear of the rock and flung it, reeling and rocking, into the very mouth of a great whirlpool. The Golden Wing came up once, and for a magnificent moment rode in glistening triumph high over the white foam. With a last noble gesture she poised, bows up, then plunged forever into the boiling tide. Dick turned with stricken eyes to Captain Dare. The young man's face had gone white, but there was about it a light as of something sublime, and he swung his cap high in a gesture of salute:

"Au revoir! Au revoir, my brave girl!" he cried in a ringing voice.

"Damned trap!" swore the strange captain. "But for you we might have gone the same way!" [Continued on page 58]



For a time he sat motionless, thought suspended in space. There was a feeling of death in the air, of hushed mourning. Before him stretched the shore of the universe, and he sat alone upon it.

Hawaii—A New Playground for Canada

By HAROLD COFFIN

"I THINK there are more Canadians in Honolulu than there are Hawaiians!" That was the jocular observation of a Montreal-Honolulu "resident" who had gone down to Pier 11 in the Hawaiian city to meet some friends arriving on the steamer from Vancouver. Unexpectedly, the Montreal visitor had met other residents from his "home town" and adjoining cities. There were numerous Canadians leaving the liner for a vacation in the Hawaiian Islands and others were just stopping off for a day of sightseeing in the Hawaiian capital before going on to the Orient.

There are not more Canadians than Hawaiians in Honolulu, but the number of vacationists from Canada is steadily increasing.

Canadians, it seems, have found a new playground.

Captain Cook, British explorer, discovered the Hawaiian Islands in 1778. The citizens of the Dominion, it might be said, discovered the Islands in 1931.

This does not mean that globe-trotting Canadians did not visit the Island Playground prior to 1931. With the rest of the world, they have felt the lure of these Paradise Isles, and "Waikiki," "Kauai," "Haleakala" and "Kilauea" have been familiar terms with thousands of travelers from that country. However, it is a fact that with more giant liners from Western Canada ports calling now at Honolulu, the Islands have been brought closer to more and more residents of that land.

With the recent extension of the Canadian Pacific Steamship service to include calls at the

"Crossroads of the Pacific," there are now two major passenger lines to Hawaii from Vancouver—the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian-Australian.

The Empress liners inaugurated the Honolulu calls because of the increasing importance of the Islands as a world-famous resort. The experiment, according to officials of that company, has proven successful, as there is a definite demand for Hawaii vacations. The ships of the Canadian-Australasian fleet have always called at the Hawaiian port in their sailings between Vancouver—the south seas—and Australia.

And of course there are other ways of routing excursions from the Dominion to the Pacific Islands. Some plan trips down through the western coast of the United States, sailing for the Islands from Pacific coast ports there on American ships; and many Canadians, particularly those in the eastern provinces, include Hawaii in the itinerary of

world cruises sailing from New York.

What does the holiday seeker find in Hawaii? There are many different answers. There are as many different Hawaiis as there are visitors there. One man finds romance and moonlight; another, adventure and strange new customs; and to another Hawaii may spell beautiful scenes, fragrant flowers and a friendly climate.

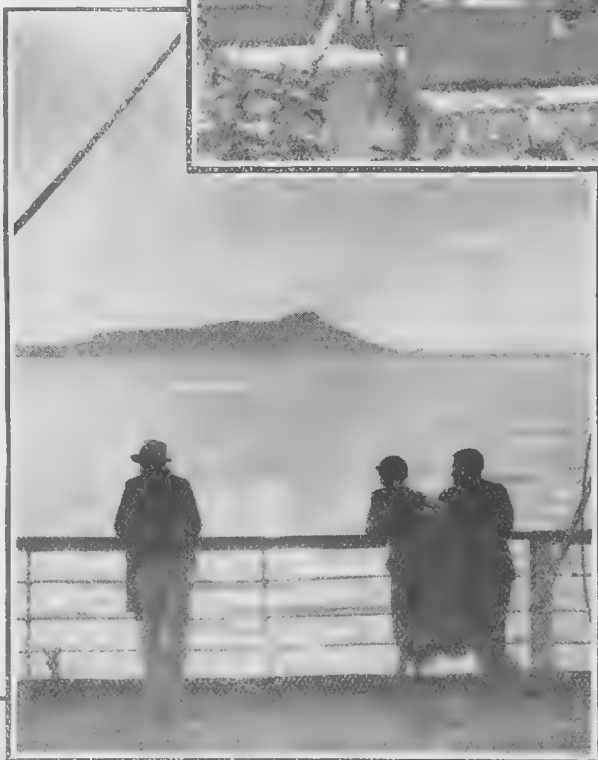
No generalization is absolutely true. However if one were to generalize about the Hawaiian Islands as a vacation center he might truthfully say that whereas most resorts are remembered for the way they appeal to the eye, Hawaii is remembered for its appeal to the emotions.



This is a view from the scenic highway that skirts the northern coastal cliffs of the Hawaiian island of Maui.

This picture was taken as the ship sailed into Honolulu harbor in the moonlight. In the background can be seen Diamond Head, an extinct crater formation.

The Puna section of the largest island of the Hawaiian group—called "Hawaii."





IN RECALLING most trips, your traveler speaks of the view from this place or the scenery in that place. In recalling Hawaii the same traveler is more likely to mention, not the world-famous view from the Nuuanu Pali or from the summit of Haleakala, but the flower garland that he received as a gesture of welcome, or the hospitality of the people, or of the time that strolling music boys serenaded outside of his hotel window.

The fame of many tourist regions consists of names—names of places, of waterfalls, of lakes. On the other hand, think of Hawaii and you think of things to do, and emotions to feel: Hawaiian hospitality, surf-riding, music, laughter, hula dancing, sun-filled days, moonlit nights.

One of the brochures sent out by the residents of the Paradise Isles has adequately expressed this idea in the following paragraph:

"A trip to the Pacific's Island Playground is something more than a mere period of sightseeing. There are so many things to do—as well as places to see. Golf, polo, fishing, dancing, and the other things you enjoyed at home. But in addition, you'll learn to play *a la Hawaii*. One day you're a guest at a Hawaiian feast (it's called a *lua*), and you eat poi with your fingers. Another time, with fifty others, you're pulling on a huge net—it's a huki-lau Hawaiian fishing festival. A barefoot boy walks up the side of an island skyscraper and brings you a coconut. The chap you hire to drive you around the island turns out to be a musician as well, and he stops the car to show you some new ukulele chords. Perhaps you'll take hula lessons, or race the Waikiki surf on one of those overgrown ironing boards. And best of all, Hawaii is a place where, if you want, you can be completely, wholeheartedly, one hundred per cent lazy, and loaf with a clear conscience. This land of paradox is an odd mixture of excitement and rest; strange things to see and new things to do."

And all of this does not mean, of course, that in the Hawaiian Islands there is a dearth of sightseeing trips or scenery. The point, rather, is that the friendliness and warmth and spirit of the Islands

Surfboard riding at Waikiki Beach, in Honolulu, is known as the "Hawaiian sport of kings."

A barefoot boy walks up the side of an island skyscraper and brings you a coconut.

Honolulu—a happy mixture of modern facilities and primitive scenery. This picture shows one of the main intersections in the business district.



outlying isles. The longest of these trips (to Hilo on the island of Hawaii) takes just a little over two hours. The giant two-motored Sikorsky amphibian planes used in these trips have a perfect safety record.

Trips on these various islands are by rail (there is a fine rail excursion on the island of Oahu and another along the Hamakua coast of Hawaii) or automobile. For the convenience of motoring tourists there are hundreds of paved roads connecting the cities and villages and outlying districts, and more highways are being built. The novel thing about automobiling in Ha-

wai is that there are no roadside advertising billboards to mar the beauty of the highways. These signs are prohibited by law and public opinion.

OAHU is the island first seen by travelers because Honolulu is the port of debarkation. Honolulu, a city of more than a hundred-thousand inhabitants, is a happy mixture of modern facilities and primitive scenery. Palm trees line the sidewalks in front of fine, solid office buildings. Surf and sand and extinct volcanic formations surround palatial hotels. Honolulu has its world-famous Waikiki Beach, and the island of Oahu has its Nuuanu Pali, its one-man Hawaiian village, its Mormon Temple and the large U.S. military outposts of Pearl Harbor (Navy) and Schofield

Barracks (Army).

The largest island of the group is Hawaii. Hilo, on a crescent bay, is its principal port. The "Big Island" is famous for Kilauea, the live volcano in Hawaii National Park. At times the lava that makes up the lake of fire in the crater's central firepit recedes, and Halemaumau (the firepit) becomes a smoking caldron more than a half-mile wide. Because volcanic activity is confined to this huge hole in the ground, the eruptions and lava flows of Kilauea provide safe but spectacular fireworks, and spectators run to Hawaii's volcanoes—not away from them. Two other

are so potent that they dominate all of these excursions and cannot be divorced from the matchless visual experiences that the Islands offer.

There are sightseeing adventures in Hawaii by boat, by auto and by plane.

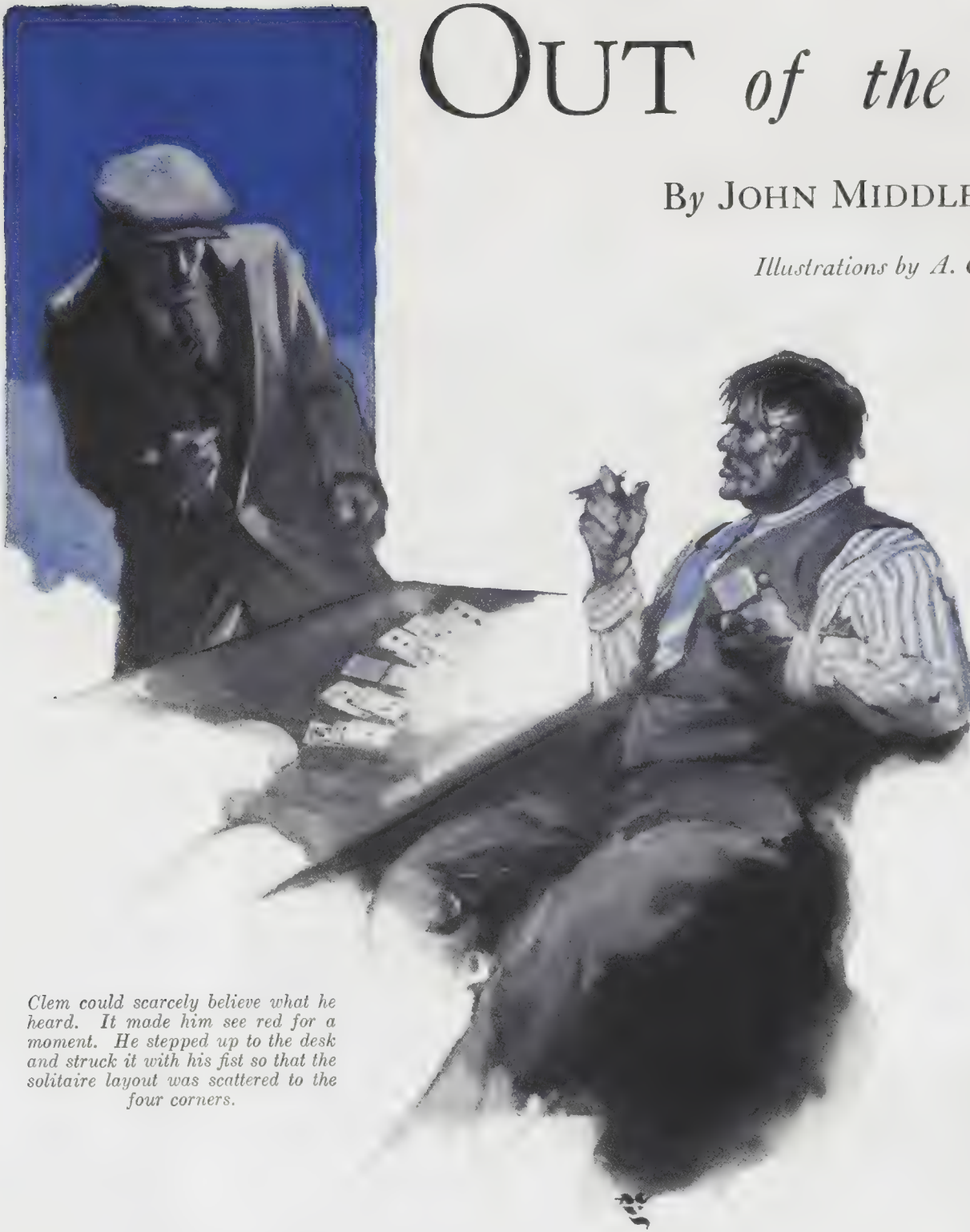
IN THE cross-channel service, connecting Honolulu (on the island of Oahu) and the islands of Maui, Hawaii and Kauai, are fine modern steamers built especially for these cruises. Some of the trans-Pacific liners from North America also make these side trips from the Hawaiian capital city. Passenger planes leave Honolulu daily, bound for the various

[Continued on page 28]

OUT of the WOODS

By JOHN MIDDLETON ELLIS

Illustrations by A. C. Valentine



Clem could scarcely believe what he heard. It made him see red for a moment. He stepped up to the desk and struck it with his fist so that the solitaire layout was scattered to the four corners.

IN A sequestered valley of the Adirondacks preparations were well advanced for starting work on the first contract obtained by Leith and Bowditch, Mill Work and Wood Turning. Clem Bowditch, the junior partner, was the driving force behind this enterprise, and it was he who had secured the contract which would turn into real money the six-hundred acre woodlot of Pop Leith, and mean so much to Nancy Leith. Into this idyllic scene stepped smooth-tongued Con Kelly, from the big city, claiming to be "broke" and needing a job. Pop Leith took him on. Later, when seen with a big roll of bills, he acknowledged that he was a fighter who had been "framed," and needed the job as an excuse for lying low until it was safe for him to return home. In a fight between Con Kelly and Clem, the former, much to his surprise, was knocked out, and, after they had patched up their quarrel, insisted that Clem was good enough to make a name for himself in the fight game. But Clem refused to desert the Leiths. Then Kelly brought in a friend with an offer to buy out the business, but this offer also was turned down. On the night before the day on which the mill was to start running, it burned to the ground. There was no insurance, and Clem, believing that it was up to him to make up the loss to Pop Leith, accepted Con Kelly's advice and started for the city, with an introduction to "Quint" Mangan, who ran an athletic club and managed fighters. Here he met a hanger-on, by the name of Flick, and Kitty Fallon, a ward of Quint's. He was given money to buy an outfit and told to report at two o'clock for a tryout.

PART II

QUINT took him through the gymnasium into the dressing-room, heavy with the odor of human sweat and wintergreen oil, and introduced him to a rubber named Jake, who was notable chiefly for his swollen twisted nose. Quint left him there.

Jake was talkative, and Clem let him run on about other fighters he had known. But in a lull of chatter, Clem asked him: "Who's this Kitty?"

"Kitty Fallon?" queried Jake. "She's the Big Boy's ward. That's all anybody knows about her. But step careful there, Kid. Quint packs a wicked gat for anyone who gets too fresh with her."

In ten minutes Clem was out on the gymnasium floor, with eight-ounce gloves laced to his wrists, and his feet so light in his boxing shoes that he could hardly keep them on the grimy floor.

He saw Quint and Kitty waiting by the edge of a big mat in the centre of the room. All the loungers from the walls had gathered about Kitty, laughing and making wisecracks. She seemed on intimate and amiable terms with all of them, but stopped her banter to watch Clem come across the floor. A strapping youngster as tall as Clem, but not so heavy, was shadow boxing on the mat, his hands encased in the pillow-like gloves. This, Clem knew, was his opponent.

Quint Mangan took out a watch. "You two bums mix it up for a three-minute round . . . But no murder, Al . . . Go!"

Clem expected longer preliminaries, and barely jerked his head sideways to let a heavy glove graze

past his ear. He recalled the lesson he had learned in his scrap with Con Kelly, and made himself a dancing target till he found a chance to bore in. This lad Al was easy beside Con; and even though the footing on the mat was not so solid as the street in front of the postoffice had been, Clem had no difficulty staying out of reach of thrusting fists.

"Mix it up," Quint commanded. "I heard you were a slayer."

Clem took the command to be directed to him, and slamming through his guard, shot a wallop to Al's heart. Al groaned and fell into a clinch. Quint broke it with an oath.

"Pull your wallops, Clem. I don't want the undertaker in here today."

"Can't," Clem found breath to speak. "When I hit, I hit."

That got Al's goat. He dodged and backed and circled, without trying to come in. Clem followed him, boxing easily, feinting, leading, just tapping Al's lithe body, until Quint called him. "My gosh," gasped the man Al, "thought you said this palooka was a setup, Quint."

Quint grinned down his misshapen nose. "Thought he would be for you, Al. I knew he could slay, but I didn't know he could box too . . . You, Clem, a real fighter could have flattened you in a minute with your head up like that . . . You've got to learn to keep your shoulder forward and your chin down. Know how to punch the bag and skip rope?"

"No," said Clem, his eyes resting for a moment on Kitty Fallon.

She was silent; and though a couple of men were talking to her in their queer slang, she didn't seem to hear them. Her blue eyes were fixed upon him as if he were the only other person in the room. Clem knew he had pleased her. And suddenly, hotly, he wished that Nancy could have been there watching too.

Quint gave further orders: "Al, teach this bird how to punch the bag. Keep him at it till he gets up a good sweat. Then let him take a shower and a rub, and come in to see me."

But Quint wasn't in his office when finally Clem got through his assigned work. Kitty was sitting on his desk. With her was the slim dandy who had admitted Clem to Quint's office earlier in the day.

Kitty greeted Clem: "Hello, big boy . . . Quint'll be back in half an hour maybe. Come in and chin . . . Take the air, Flick?"

"What?" cried Flick. "Me?"

"Yes, you," she gibed him softly. He went out with a dour backward glance at Clem, and Kitty blew him a kiss as he went.

Kitty struck a match to the cigarette between her red lips, and handed it, lighted, to Clem with an inviting smile.

"You put on a good first act, kid," she told him. "I'm glad I stuck around."

Clem felt that something was expected of him. "Going to stay for the whole show?" he grinned.

She nodded. "Right through to the last curtain, kid, I like your style." Her eyes twinkled. "And say, that trick you've got of blushing—"

Many a man of no more experience than Clem's might have judged her hastily and wrongly, from her dress and her easy familiarity with everyone, and most of all from the sort of men she seemed to know best. But Clem decided that she was as straight as she was winning, fresh, but on the level. It was probably her bad luck rather than her choice, that she was thrown with men like Flick and Al.

Clem laughed over her gibe about his blushing. "That's because I've got straw behind my ears," he said. "But I guess you can teach me what I ought to know."

"I'll tell the world I can," she said with self-satisfaction.

"Do you figure I can make money here in New York?" he asked her suddenly.

She laughed. It was a hard, yet tinkling laugh, like her voice. But it fitted her, somehow. "You should have heard Quint after your round with Al," she replied. "Any bird that plays you across the board has got a fat meal ticket . . . Why? What do you want money for?" she added, her voice a little softer.

"Who doesn't want it?" Clem countered.

"You want it for a girl—some jane back in the sticks, don't you?" she guessed shrewdly.

He nodded affirmatively.

She didn't laugh this time. "Just my luck, big boy," she said. "But I'll play little sister like the good girl I am. What's she like—this jane of yours? Shoot the works."

And Clem found himself telling her about Pop and Nancy, and about the fire that had ruined them all. Clem knew he had never talked so long nor so eloquently before. There was something about the way Kitty looked at him that drew him out and made him talk. He was sure her hard eyes were misted when he finished.

"Gee, kid, you certainly like that girl a lot, don't you?" she said softly.

"Yes, I do," Clem admitted, almost defiantly.

"Tell me about Con Kelly . . . He's a good friend of mine, you know, but you can tell me anything you want to about him. I don't squeal . . . Is he going to stay on with the Leith's just the same?"

"I don't know," Clem admitted slowly. "I guess he is, for a while, anyway. They both like him a lot. What do you think of him?"

She ground out her cigarette stub. "He's not a bad guy, for this gang . . . Does the girl-friend click with him?"

"Seems to."

"She might do worse," Kitty said coolly. And then, at the swift panic on Clem's face, she softened. "I was just trying to make you jealous, kid . . . Rotten of me, too . . . This girl of yours won't be having anything from Con when she's made you what she wants you to be . . . And if she plays Con too hard, she ought to lose you. That's the lowdown on that."

"You don't know how dull it is for Nancy up there," he told her. "If only I could make money soon enough."

"How soon has 'soon enough' got to be?" she asked.

"I don't know. Soon as I can. Say, what keeps Con out of New York, anyway?"

Her face grew hard instantly. "It's healthier to lay off personal questions around this joint, big boy."

To Clem, that swift change in her, from complete sympathy to hard and summary rejection of his simple question, was astonishing. What sort of a crowd was this of hers, anyway? He tried to frame another question, but there was a look in her eyes that repelled any further inquiry. He stared at her for an embarrassed moment, and was relieved that Quint came back just then. For after that, she sat back to listen in silence, while Quint enthusiastically mapped out a campaign for Clem.

The campaign worked out with success beyond Clem's fondest dreams. Ten days later he made his first appearance on canvas beneath the arc lights. In a prelim bout for ten dollars a round at a sporting club, he gave an ambitious pug a rough time, and flattened him in the fifth round with a wallop that made the fans come to their feet as one.

The publicity he got for his knockout in a prelim got him two more matches within the next week, each of which brought him sixty dollars and, what was more to the point according to Quint and Kitty, good press notices. Clem learned that it was unheard of for a stumble bum to come to New York without ever having

had a glove on, and make the sporting pages within a month. Kitty even bought a scrapbook, and started to paste the press notices in, after inditing it: "From Kitty to Clem, with best wishes for the championship."

But that which was more to the point with Clem, was that his first month had netted him more than two hundred dollars in banked cash.

BUT for one thing Clem would have been very happy. In all that month, he had had just two letters from Nancy. Both had been restrained. Oh, friendly enough and polite enough, to be sure, but never anything more than that. And Clem wanted more than that. Twice since that first fight he had written her, sending clippings each time, but she had made no reply yet to either. He wondered if she could be sick; but far more than that, he wondered if he could make enough to get back home before Con Kelly claimed her.

Fear and jealousy began to torment him. He must make more haste. He must make more money, quickly. He knew that a long standing mortgage on Pop's woodlot was due at the bank very soon now, and that it would be foreclosed unless a substantial payment was forthcoming. It made it worse for Pop that Clem had shouldered him with the added debt for machinery. The bank wouldn't be stalled off so easily now.

He decided to take the matter up plainly with Quint, and one day went early to the gymnasium to carry out his resolution. Quint wasn't there, but Kitty was. Every day she came to the gym to see him train, and every day they had their chats. Flick still hung around her, and Clem knew that they went out places together. But Kitty dismissed Flick whenever she had a chance to talk with Clem.

On this particular afternoon, Flick wasn't there. Clem felt Kitty out upon the matter that possessed him.

"Sure. Go ahead," she advised him. "Quint'll lend you the jack if I ask him to."

"No, don't do that," Clem said. "Don't you mix up in it, Kitty. I don't want to borrow, either. All I want is the chance to earn it."

She caught his hand suddenly. "You never let me do anything for you, Clem . . . And I want to . . . Don't you know I want to, Kid?" She looked up at him with appealing eyes.

But before Clem could make any reply, the door burst open, and Flick came in, a Flick no longer the dandy that he usually was, but bedraggled, ghastly white, shaking so that he could hardly speak. He gave one glance at Clem, and burst into an unchecked torrent of words to Kitty.

"Kit, I fell down on that Tarrytown racket. It'll cost Quint thirty grand . . . Kit, it wasn't my fault, but the big boy'll think it was, and I—I can't face him. I'm afraid. You go to him. You're solid with him. If you can make him believe the truth—those damn hijackers gypped."

Kitty sprang to her feet, her blue eyes narrowed.

"You poor sap," she broke in on Flick, and her pink hand was raised as if she wanted to slap his loose-lipped mouth, "what do you want Clem to think he's got into, anyhow? Something raw? Pull yourself together. Don't you see I'm busy with Clem? Beat it for a minute. I'll see you later."

Flick backed out. Instantly Kitty caught Clem by the coat lapels, and put her lips close to his ear. "Listen, Clem," she whispered. "Flick's a hophead . . . and needs his shot bad this morning. Forget what he's just said . . . Go on and change now, like a good boy, and [Continued on page 39]



In spite of her make-up Kitty looked haggard; and her eyes were red, as if she had not slept, or had been weeping. Yet no one would have guessed it except after the closest scrutiny. To a casual glance she was as fresh and gay and attractive as ever.



"Sh-ush!" commanded Keith, sharply, shifting his position in front of the radio, "Here it is!"

THE TWIST

By

PHILIP WINTER LUCE

Illustrated by John H. Paul

THE man who had killed John Floyd sat at ease in Walter Keith's cosy den. It was now four weeks since his bullet had burst through Floyd's heart that stormy night, and the hounds of the law had apparently given up the hunt and turned their attention to fresher crimes. They knew there had been two men in it, but they did not suspect he was one of them.

If only the other men now in the room with him could be picked off as easily, one at a time, with a decent interval in between so that there should be no apparent connection! It might take a year. It might take even longer, but the prize was worth waiting for . . . A quarter of a million dollars all his own, instead of split among five men.

Not five now, of course. John Floyd was no more and his share was to be divided among the surviving members of the Golden Dawn Mining Company's syndicate. That was the original agreement, all duly drawn up in legal form and properly registered.

The Floyd business had been easy, but in future he would play a lone hand. An accomplice always multiplied the risk, though he had been necessary that time. Still, he couldn't have picked on a better man than Barney the Rat, now back in the safe haven of the Chicago underworld, though he wouldn't stay there long. Barney the Rat was a travelling gunman who, unlike so many others of his profession, wasn't a dope fiend. The police could never make him squeal. Even if Barney got caught for some other job, he would stay tight-lipped and silent about the Floyd affair. There was no need to worry over Barney the Rat!

There had been one slip, however, that had caused the murderer some concern. In the emotional stress that followed the shooting in John Floyd's apartment, he had unconsciously removed his right-hand glove before reaching for his handkerchief to wipe away the sweat that beaded his brow. Had he touched any of the furniture? Had he left finger-prints behind?

He couldn't remember. The police had said nothing about finger-prints, but they had mentioned a clue. But then, they always did that! . . . So long as his finger-prints were not on file, it couldn't be a clue.

He felt safe! He was safe! No doubt about it whatever!

The murderer looked speculatively at his three companions. Which one would be next? It had been necessary to dispose of Floyd first, but the sequence of the others didn't matter. Chance would decide. There was no hurry, but neither would there be any unnecessary delay.

A quarter of a million dollars!

Soft music drifted out of the massive cabinet-radio in one corner of the room, forming a murmuring

accompaniment to the men's voices as they indulged in the small talk that seems always to precede serious discussion.

Of the three guests, one had given the radio a casual glance on entering, and then taken it as much for granted as any other piece of furniture. Another had not given any indication that he had even noticed it. The third, George Arnold, seemed decidedly interested.

"It's a new model Gloria, isn't it?" he asked the host during a lull in the buzz of conversation. "I haven't heard one yet. How do you find it?"

"It's all one could expect for four hundred dollars," answered Walter Keith, enthusiastically. "It has all the latest scientific improvements: noise filter, screen grid, automatic volume control, remarkable selectivity, extraordinary sensitivity, and an electric dynamic reproducer. It's a combination affair and so assures double entertainment. The micro-synchronous—"

"Hold on, there," interrupted George Arnold. "You're talking like a scrambled advertisement. I bet you don't know the meaning of half the words you're using. Let me see if this Gloria is really as selective as the manufacturers pretend."

He rose and started to cross the room, but Walter Keith barred his way.

"No, please," he begged, with a look of concern. "I'd rather you didn't touch it. It's still a new toy to me, and I'm a bit fussy over it."

"But, man alive, I've had radios of my own for ten years! I certainly wouldn't hurt your Gloria!"

"No, no. Of course not," agreed the host. "Later on, perhaps. If you start fiddling with it now we'll

YOU CAN HAVE THE CELEBRATED *English Complexion*



LADY MARY PAKENHAM says: "I've found the Pond's Method is better than all the complicated beauty treatments. It keeps one's skin in marvelously good condition, too."

Use the Two Creams which are the greatest favorites in England

IT'S part of the English code of gracious living—the English complexion, cool, fresh and fragrant as roses washed in dew.

No wonder the famous Two Creams are "best sellers" in England, for they supply three of the four essentials of skin beauty... Cleansing... Lubricating... Stimulating... Protecting.

The very texture of Pond's Cold Cream shows you why it is the favorite cleansing cream—it is so rich in smooth cleansing oils that penetrate to the depths of the pores and float out dust and grime. Pond's *softer* Cleansing Tissues are the best way to remove cold cream... These two together assure your skin the first essential of loveliness—immaculate cleansing.

For lubricating, more Cold Cream! Pat in each night, after the bedtime cleansing. Its rich oils keep your skin supple and

elastic, so that wrinkles will not form or telltale "bagginess" appear... To stimulate the skin is the mission of Pond's Skin Freshener, which tightens pores and tones by quickening circulation, firms contours and keeps them fresh and young.

For protection and powder base Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal—made on a formula that *cannot* dry your skin.

"Any girl can make herself attractive by caring for her complexion," says LADY ALINGTON. "Pond's is a simple way to achieve soft, supple skin."



LADY ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX says: "Pond's Two Creams are the surest protection I have ever found for my skin... I am never without the Vanishing Cream for powder base."



These four delightful preparations are all you need to gain the celebrated "English complexion."

FOLLOW the Pond's Method daily to gain the celebrated fresh, clear "English complexion":

1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day, always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float all dirt to the surface. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, *softer*, more absorbent, white or peach... half again as many in the big new 25¢ box!

2. Pat briskly with stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores and keep contours fresh and young.

3. Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises little blemishes and gives a lovely velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck... and to keep your hands soft and white.

4. At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then, when the skin is immaculate, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight. You will waken with a skin like satin.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

MADE IN CANADA

POND'S EXTRACT CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Dept. F
166 Brock Avenue Toronto, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.

Tune in on Pond's every Friday 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. . . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra and guest artist . . . WEA and N. B. C. Network

never get you away from it. Suppose we have a drink instead, eh?"

"None for me!" Chester McLeod, the big, burly red-faced Scotch-Canadian waved the glass away. "It's bad for the nerves."

"On the wagon again, are you?" laughed the host. "And when did you acquire nerves, Mac? Been sleeping poorly, or—" he leaned forward and whispered so that only McLeod could hear: "guilty conscience?"

Chester McLeod blinked and looked puzzled. The smile still lingered on Keith's face, but the eyes had narrowed and gone hard. He decided that the question was not quite so flippant as it might appear. Furthermore, it had been whispered. Why?

Did Keith suspect something?

Was he thinking of John Floyd, who had been their partner and now was dead?

Did he, too, have an idea that perhaps—

"All right, Mac," continued Keith, before the big man had framed an answer to his inquiry. "Have a cigar, then. You should have at least one mild vice left . . . How about you, Mr. Drake?"

"I never say 'No!'," smiled Peter Drake, who had once been a prosperous bond salesman and still looked the part. "I don't let drinking interfere with business, but I don't let business interfere with drinking either . . . Thank you, that will do nicely."

Peter Drake, to his great regret, saw his host tilt back the bottle so suddenly that the drink was a very small one indeed.

To George Arnold, on the contrary, the allowance of whiskey was decidedly liberal. Keith had reasoned that it was better to give him too much than not enough. As for himself, he was satisfied with a mild drink.

"A toast!" he said, solemnly, then raised his glass . . . "To the speedy hanging of John Floyd's murderer!"

Chester McLeod paused in the act of lighting his cigar and watched the three men empty their glasses in silence, though Peter Drake looked as if he didn't consider the toast in the best of taste.

"Now to business," declared Walter Keith, setting his glass aside. "As you all know, we profit financially by John Floyd's death, and that means a readjustment of the Golden Dawn Mining Company. Floyd's one-fifth share—practically his entire estate, by the way—has become our property. As his executor I have now complied with all the formalities for the transfer." There was a moment's silence, and then George Arnold spoke:

"We needn't pretend any great distress over the death of John Floyd. He was hard to get along with and not altogether to be trusted. If McLeod hadn't been wise in the ways of staking and recording mineral claims, Floyd would have taken our money and given us an interest in valueless land instead of in the Golden Dawn prospect. He was out to do us if he could."

"My sentiments exactly," put in Peter Drake. "Had I known about John Floyd's character when I was asked to join in financing this enterprise, I most certainly would have refused. We'll get along better now that he's gone. I think it's safe to say we're all reasonably honest men."

"Honesty isn't the only sterling virtue," commented Walter Keith, drily. "The man who killed John Floyd may never have stolen a penny in his life."

"That's just a guess," volunteered the Scotch-Canadian. "Let's forget Floyd and get down to business. Have you got the new papers drawn up, Keith?"

"They're here," Walter Keith nodded towards his desk. "All shipshape and ready to sign. I think, Arnold, that you were the originator of the inheritance plan."

"Yes," agreed Arnold. "I figured that as we were all either bachelors without close relatives, or men who had no great love for such close relatives as they did possess, no harm could be done to anybody, and it would be a link to bind us closer together. I'm still of the same opinion."

"Same here," said Chester McLeod, moodily. He was wondering whether Anna would have divorced him had she known that one of his many gambles had at last turned out a big winner . . . Well, it was all over now!

"You too, Mr. Drake?"

"I wouldn't have it otherwise," was the answer. "We'll hang together."

"That's better than hanging separately," murmured Walter Keith, busy at his desk.

"I wish you wouldn't harp so much on hanging," protested George Arnold. "You'll be getting on Mac's nerves."

"Why pick on me?" challenged McLeod. "You'd be nervous if you'd been through what I have lately!"



"No, you don't!" exclaimed Chester, grabbing the arm and holding it in a vise-like grip.

"Very true!" agreed Walter Keith, fingering a sheaf of papers. "I've been through a lot myself . . . Would it suit you if in case of death by tragedy, the victim's share in the Golden Dawn Mining Company should go to charity instead of to the survivors?"

The silence that followed this unexpected proposal was broken at last by Peter Drake.

"I'm against that," he declared. "I'm not a philanthropist and I don't propose to become one after my violent death, if such should be my fate. I'd much rather have you fellows enjoying my fortune than think of it thrown away in charity. That goes in reverse, too."

McLeod and Arnold nodded approval.

"So be it!" agreed Keith. "I wanted to discourage murder, but if you're willing to take chances, so am I."

"What do you mean?" snapped Peter Drake, thrusting out his big square jaw. "Do you know more about the shooting of John Floyd than the rest of us?"

"It's not impossible," said Keith, softly.

"You talk in riddles," complained McLeod, fidgeting in his chair. "One might imagine that the killer was right here in this room."

"We all had sufficient motive," answered Keith.

"I'd never thought of that," said George Arnold, in a voice that almost cracked. "It would be mighty

awkward if the police found that out. I'd hate like sin to find myself charged with murder."

"The police have found out," Keith volunteered. "They were bound to, in the settlement of his estate. What's more, they've been discreetly investigating us for some time."

Chester McLeod muttered an oath, then ended in a groan, then straightened himself with a jerk.

The host gave him one swift glance, then turned to Peter Drake.

"You were going to say something?" he queried.

"I was going to suggest another drink," answered Drake. "Your remarks are a bit upsetting, you know . . . Ah! Thanks."

The drink, like the earlier one, was very small indeed.

George Arnold, as before, was liberally treated. His hand shook ever so slightly as he raised the glass to his lips.

Keith helped himself, then set the bottle aside with the remark that what was left would come in handy later on.

IN THE corner of the room the muted music of the radio died away and was succeeded by the beginning of a boost for ginger ale.

The host moved across and gave the dial a twist.

"That's a long-winded advertisement," he explained. "I'll pick some other station. Any particular kind of music you'd like, Mr. Drake?"

"All tunes sound alike to me," answered Drake, curtly. "I can't tell one note from another."

"What a pity!" sighed Keith. "Well, here's something soft and low."

He tuned the new music to his satisfaction and returned to his chair. He straightened his papers and then said: "With your permission, I'll now read the new agreement of the Golden Dawn Mining company, and then we can all sign it in due and proper form. Arnold and I are both notaries public, so we needn't call in any outsider for that formality."

The reading and signing of the document occupied only a few minutes. Each man pocketed his copy, and there was a general air of relaxation when the business was over.

"I'll attend to the registration tomorrow," announced Walter Keith. "Meanwhile, by way of variety, seeing that Mr. Drake is not at all keen on music and the radio has been inflicting some on him all evening, suppose I tune in on a playlet now. There's one coming from

KOMO at ten o'clock, so we're just in time. That's about a thousand miles from here," he finished, addressing Drake.

"I didn't know you could get plays over the radio," observed Drake, in some surprise. "Is this a comedy, or what?"

"I hope not," laughed George Arnold. "Radio comedies are usually pretty fierce. I can't remember one that ever made a real hit with me, and I've heard dozens of them. There was one from KPO—" "Sh-ssh!" warned the host, busy with his tuning. "Here it is now."

Through the loud speaker there came the voice of the KOMO announcer:

"—tortured this evening with a mystery playlet by Wayden Hilgard, the well-known local playwright. The title of the play is 'The Mortimer Murder' and—"

"More murder!" groaned Chester McLeod, audibly. "As if we hadn't had enough of them for one evening!"

"I can stand it if you can," declared Peter Drake, pettishly. "It's not exactly my idea of entertainment for this party, but then, I'm not running the show."

George Arnold, his head tilted on one side in a listening attitude, addressed Keith.

[Continued on page 30]

All holders of OFFICIAL WORLD'S RECORDS use **DUNLOP** tires



CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL who has driven faster than any other man on land and holds the world's record of 253.96 m.p.h., always uses DUNLOP Tires.



MRS. G. M. STEWART who set the world's record for 100 kilos, at the rate of 128.09 m.p.h., on DUNLOP Tires.



E. G. T. EYSTON who, on February 8, this year, at Pendine Sands, South Wales, set the world's baby car speed record up to 118.36 m.p.h. for one kilo, and 118.38 m.p.h. for one mile, using DUNLOP Tires.



Kaye Don, who set the World's Record for 1 mile, circular track, at 100.77 m.p.h., always uses DUNLOP TIRES.

Segrave, Campbell, Don, Eyston, the intrepid Mrs. Stewart, the French Daredevil Chiron, and *every one* of the holders of the 61 official world's auto speed records—used DUNLOP tires to make these records.

This unanimous dependence on DUNLOP Tires is unmistakable evidence that DUNLOP is "*The World's Finest Tire.*" In the judgment of *all* of the world's record holders DUNLOP is *the* one tire that can be relied upon to stand up under the colossal strains, heat, expansion and bouncing that racing imposes.

Into every DUNLOP Cable Cord Tire goes the benefits of the same skill and experience that built these record-making tires. For safety's sake, and for the sake of sound economy and comfort, insist on DUNLOP—"The World's Finest Tire."

The **DUNLOP** **SILENT TIRE**

Tires — Golf Balls — Belting — Hose — Rubber Flooring
Tennis and Badminton Supplies

All of the 61

Official World's Auto Speed
Records Were Made on
DUNLOP Tires

PROTECTED BY CANADIAN 'PATENTS PENDING'

U. S. Patent 1852265 • • Issued April 5, 1932

FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING



Under the provisions of the Dominion of Canada Patent Act, Chapter 23, Statutes of 1923, the Commissioner of Patents, Ottawa, has issued formal acknowledgment which fully protects, pending issue of a Canadian patent, the recently announced and thoroughly sensational new Champion Spark Plug.

This new kind of spark plug, backed by all that the name Champion implies, is the means of making every engine yield more power, speed, economy, than ever before—all with unequalled brilliance and dependability.

Install sets of these new Champions in your car now and feel the difference. The revolutionary character of their performance and service will convince you that the difference in the patented shape of the exclusive sillimanite insulator is more than ample reason for changing at once to these new Champions. Insist on Champion Spark Plugs for all engines, for no others insure the same results . . . Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario.

① Note scientifically proportioned nose. The heat in this area is automatically controlled by this exclusive shape, which always keeps the nose cool enough to prevent overheating and pre-ignition.

② Note scientifically proportioned neck. The heat in this area is likewise automatically controlled by this exclusive shape, which always keeps the neck hot enough to prevent carbon and oily deposits that bring about fouling.

RESULTS: Easier starting, quicker acceleration, new maximum power, speed, and economy. Until your car is equipped with these sensational new Champion Spark Plugs, you are penalizing its performance and your own satisfaction.

**CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS**

A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT

TACKLING THE GREAT TYEE

Continued from page 4

In less than ten minutes watchers heard a startled—"Some darn thing on the end of this, Son. Bet he's a whopper. Get the gaff and club."

The boy looked. "Zowie, Dad—we forget 'em!"

The old boy choked, sputtered, turned purple. The fish in the meantime, as is not unusual, went to the bottom and sulked.

"We'll have to call for help, Dad," the boy announced ruefully.

"Help, nothing!" the old boy roared frantically. "I want that membership button. We'll tow him. Row ashore, Son, row ashore!"

The boy rowed. Some minutes later, reeling frenziedly, fairly swamping the boat in his excitement, the mogul yelled again. "He's following us like a tame lamb, Son! Row harder. When we hit the beach I'll get out and play'm."

The boy rowed harder. His ponderous progenitor was standing now, hat gone, perspiration and conversation streaming from him. They neared shore. A wave caught the boat and hastened its progress just as the father turned to get his bearings. Beach and boat connected. The fisherman pitched crazily. His 300 pounds crashed overboard. It was a jarring fall, but the man was game. He held the rod high, and the line taut. As the Tyee flashed from the water the mogul curbed him and swung him inshore. The great fish plopped 20 feet from him at the water's edge. The jar freed it of the hook.

The man mountain gave one horrified look. Then he dropped his rod, hurtled his huge bulk across the intervening distance, and landed fairly and solidly upon the great Tyee. For ten seconds there was a titanic struggle—shouts, splashes, gasps, and grunts. Then the boy arrived with the club. The fish weighed 49 pounds. The taker had violated no club rule in the encounter. He got his coveted button.

IN connection with the Tyee Club there is an army of guides. They are men who know their sea, their boats, and their Tyee. A guide takes the keenest interest in the game as a sport, aside from the fact that a reputation for getting the big fish creates a demand for his services. It is no holdup proposition. The wage scale is set by the club. While in many cases the catch is handed to the guide as a bonus, this is entirely up to the sportsman, as is the question of whether or not he engages a guide.

It was my great fortune to meet a guide I knew—a business man on holiday, sun-browned, horny-handed, and happy. Soon we were wading in a sea of piscatorial philosophy. I decided to flounder ashore and let him proceed alone. "A successful guide must know his fish—how they act, why, and when," he asserted, among other things. "A fish will rush at a spinning spoon. The popular idea is that the fish is hungry. With the Tyee this is not the case. While food is plentiful here, the stomach of a captured Tyee is invariably empty. Every third fish that goes up the river to spawn carries a hook mark, many of them caused by 'snagging' due to over-anxious anglers, who do not understand the fish's actions. When a fish rushes there is a faintly perceptible tick, caused by the increased pressure as he flashes by. Many people cannot credit this, while others make the mistake of trying for a strike at that instant. They overlook his reason for rushing. The

spoon to the Tyee is a tantalizer, an enemy. He wants it out of the way. His only method of destruction is his mouth. If he misses, chances are he'll rush again. But if the tantalizer disappears, is yanked upward, he is satisfied, and sinks back into his own domain."

"What's the average time required to land a big one?" I asked.

"From one to six hours," he stated, "and any daylight hour is good. Slack tide is probably best. Speaking of tides,"—he laughed shortly—"had a laugh a few days ago. A chap who claimed to be some angler was throwing his weight around. The boys got fed up and let him know it. He went out alone, over by the big bar. In twenty minutes he had a strike, just as we had hoped. He bellowed for lines up, he bellowed for room, and he bellowed gleefully at other boat occupants—his usual loud display."

"We began to feel sorry for him. You see, when loggers find water-logged timber sticks in the boom they tow them out to the bar and anchor them. Our friend had hooked one of these down below. The tide currents work furiously every way in this bay. The log of course was stationary, but the boat was swirling over and around it with the changing currents. Reeling and paying as he came and went the rodsman thought that fish was just about tearing up the sea-bottom. One of the boys told him. He was missing next morning."

"Get many like that?" I asked.

"Most emphatically no," he said. "We have all nationalities and all classes, but they're mostly good fellows. Everyone mixes it. A millionaire in overalls is like a school kid again. What a man is, or what he has, cuts no ice here. The question is, can he lose a big one and grin. A Jewish chap fished twelve hours a day for three weeks and caught nothing larger than 25 pounds. He'll be back. A Colonel from China was here four different years before he made the Club. Our membership roll proves that sportsmanship is confined to no one color or race of people. It proves also that our Club rules are considered sporting in other countries. Our officers and members are pretty well scattered over the globe."

A glance over the roll confirms this. Lord Astor, England; Mr. Zane Grey, U.S.A.; General Sir John Asser, Government House, Bermuda; P. C. Beamer, Hawaii; Major C. LeB. Goldney, Tientsin, China; Miss Eileen Jones, Bray, England; are a few names that dot the list. In 1930 Dr. Wiborn, of Catalina Island, broke the club record with a salmon weighing 63½ pounds. Like one big family, with the Great Canadian Tyee as their objective, people of all lands and levels intermingle, rejoice, sympathize. Hollywood visitors last year, besides directors and many lesser stars, included Richard Barthelmess, Clive Brook, and the John Barrymores. Their parting threat concerned the invasion this year of a fleet of Hollywood yachts.

The scarcity of Prairie Province members in the Tyee Club continues to be deplored. There are many fisher-folk who, like the writer, gained their elementary fishing experience while spearing suckers beside the turbulent springtime freshets of the plains. To swell the prairie membership and to further inter-Canadian interest it is respectfully suggested that the Tyee Club rules be revised to include that surest and least disappointing of all fishing tackles—the six-tined stable fork.

THE THING THAT COULDN'T

Continued from page 9

"What padrone?"
"Il padrone delle—delle—Ah, no spika da Inglese!"

"Barrett and Jones?"
"Si—Idon' No'." The masquerader suspected a trap. "Il padrone tella me shova da coal. You no wanta—I go." He put down the shovel as if to depart.

"No, you don't! Not quite so fast! Let's get to the bottom of this. The padrone told you to come and shovel coal—here? At night?"

"At-a night? Ah, no, Signore!" Delighted perception now animated his face. "No, Signore! He tella me shova da coal domani—how you say?" Cotes had been watching the editor keenly, and now, convinced that his real identity was absolutely unsuspected, he threw himself with a sort of enjoyment into the part he was playing. "To-mor- How you say?"

"Tomorrow?"
"Si. Ma to-morra—" He broke into a torrent of Italian, which would have been less convincing had Pierce been able to recognize the words of the song the laborer had been singing earlier, or to perceive that the accompanying gestures, of the most animated, had nothing whatever to do with the text.

"Here, here! Drop that! I don't understand any of your confounded lingo!" Cotes was glad to be assured of this, as his own knowledge of Italian was very limited.

"No? Non Comprende? Ah, che peccato! Ecc'! Il padrone tella me shova da coal comani—to-mor'—comprende? Ma to-mor'—she fiesta. Ah, Signore! Non e possibile maka work—maka shova da coal to-mor'!"

"Hm! It's a feast day, and you won't work. Is that it? So you came tonight."

"Si, si, Signore!" rapturously. "Comma at-a night-a, perch—ah, no spika d' Inglese!" This was tragedy. "For to—for not maka troub' Il illustrissimo signore." The smile and the gesture accompanying this masterpiece were the apotheosis of deference.

"I see. Your consideration is touching," said Pierce, dryly. He continued to watch the supposed Italian closely, and Cotes smiled cheerfully and confidently back at him. "What's your name?" finally demanded the editor.

"Giuseppe Coppini, Signore."
"How did you get in?" As this elicited only a polite and inquiring shrug, he changed the form of his question. "Did you come in that window?"

"Si, Signore." The laborer laughed. "I maka lika dees—e lika dees," he rang a bell and knocked in pantomime, "ma no! Nessuno! Ma el padrone tella me shova da coal. Ecc'!" He paused, ingratiating, smiling, eloquent.

"Hm!—yes," said Pierce. "Well, either you're the most ingenious and delightful dago that ever passed Ellis Island, or you're the smoothest proposition out of jail—and I'm hanged if I know which! We'll go up to the telephone and investigate you a little further. There are a few things about this that I don't understand."

A moment later they were in the large upper hall. At the first glance Cotes saw that a legal envelope, apparently sealed, lay on the table, and he shut his teeth hard. There was still a chance.

The telephone was in a closet, off the hall at the side, directly opposite the table. Pierce proceeded to close all doors leading into adjoining rooms

and motioned Cotes to stand away from the street door, which he chained.

"Now, I'm going to call up the padrone—and if you try to bolt, I've got a gun. Savvy?" He displayed the butt of a revolver in his side coat-pocket and nodded grimly, whereat his prisoner murmured an almost tearful "Ah, Signore!" followed by another Italian outburst, of which Pierce comprehended nothing except that every tone, inflection, and gesture was eloquent of aggrieved and indignant reproach.

During the recital, however, Cotes succeeded in placing himself between the telephone and the table, hoping thereby to conceal with his body the envelope, which it was quite possible the editor had not yet noticed; and as Pierce, ever watchful, entered the closet and gave a number the young man, apparently looking about in simple wonder, backed up against the table and rested his hands upon either side.

"Hello, Jones," said Pierce. "Did you contract to deliver my coal in the bins? . . . In the bins . . . Well. I thought not, but I came home a few minutes ago, and found a young dago energetically shoveling coal in my cellar, and he says you sent him . . . Well, to be exact, he says the 'padrone' sent him. He doesn't seem to speak much English . . . He says—Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Central! . . . Hello! What did you cut me off for?"

Cotes' breath was coming a little short. He had succeeded in reaching the envelope with his thumbs, and was working it slowly toward him.

"That you, Jones? . . . They cut us off. He insists that he was told to come tomorrow, but there's something about its being a feast day—I can't understand all his jargon—and he came tonight instead . . . Think so? The circumstances do look that way, but the man doesn't. That's the deuce of it . . . What? . . . What did you say your name was?" Cotes continued to stare at an etching of the Coliseum, apparently unconscious that the inquiry had been addressed to him. "Hi—you! What's your name?"

"Giuseppe Coppini, Signore."
"He says it's Juseppu Coppeeny. Ever hear of him? . . . You are sure about that? I'd hate to be done, but I'd hate much worse to make a mistake about a thing like this just now. It's a little too near election—understand? Bad time to antagonize the proletariat . . . He's a decent-looking young chap with a mighty steady eye . . . Who? . . . Where?"

Cotes had worked the envelope to the very edge of the table. Now he turned slowly, feigning interest in the decoration of the wall behind him, until his left side was against the table, and then, as quickly as was consistent with caution, pushed the envelope up under his loose blouse. He thought longingly of the hip pocket so near at hand, but dared not bend his elbow to touch it, for fear of arousing Pierce's further suspicions.

"All right. Thanks. I'll do that. Much obliged. Good night," said Pierce, and hung up the receiver.

He explained to Cotes in terse, elemental phrases that his alleged employer had never heard of him, and that the coal merchants had no intention of providing men to do the work he claimed to have been sent to perform. Giuseppe swore, *per Baccho* and *per Dio*, that it was all one grand mistake. He was an honest man, he; and the *padrone* had certainly told him to come on the

Continued on page 45



TO WOMEN WHO DON'T LIKE TO BE SHOUTED AT

Every now and then we get a letter that reads something like this: "Your statements about Fels-Naptha are not strong enough. You are too modest about what your soap will do."

We plead guilty—but we refuse to reform. For we believe that most women don't like to be shouted at—that they prefer a quiet, reasonable story to one that boasts and brags.

So we are content to make the plain statement that Fels-Naptha washes clothes sweetly, completely clean and does it more easily, without hard rubbing. Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help because it combines, in each big generous bar, two helpers instead of one—*unusually* good soap and *plenty* of dirt-loosening naphtha. With these two cleaners working briskly together, even stubborn dirt lets go, and your clothes are airy-sweet and white.

You can check up on these two helpers. Hold Fels-Naptha up to your

nose and you'll smell the naphtha plainly. Notice the velvety feel of the bar. Look at its clear golden color. These things tell you that the soap is unusually good—A BARGAIN IN WASHING VALUE.

Your hands will like Fels-Naptha, too. That's because Fels-Naptha is free from harshness—it's effective, but not "strong." Fels-Naptha also contains soothing glycerine. And glycerine, you know, is the basis of many hand-lotions. Finally, Fels-Naptha is a willing worker. Whether you use tub or machine; hot, lukewarm or cool water; whether you soak or boil, Fels-Naptha gives you a fine job.

There is the Fels-Naptha story, told without shouting. We hope you will get some Fels-Naptha from your grocer—a few bars or the 10-bar carton—and test the story's truth. If you find an error, we believe you will agree that it is on the side of modesty.



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH

THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR



CRASH! At sixty a skid, a telephone pole, a ruined car, ready for the junk pile.

But the slower and more certain destruction wrought by faulty lubrication is equally disastrous. Mute testimony of inferior quality oils and greases is also furnished in junk yards—gaunt, rusty hulks, once sleek, purring cars—sacrificed to haphazard lubrication long before the paid-for mileage was enjoyed!

Slow destruction of vital parts goes on, unseen, often unheard. A survey reveals an annual penalty of millions of dollars for too quickly worn or burned-out bearings—proof that the average motorist is unable to distinguish between quality oils and greases and the kind that starves the bearings and wears them out.

But now one brand; Quaker State, long the choice of thinking car owners, offers clear evidence of super-quality. No need now to sift technical claims! Here are oils and greases good enough to insure! Quaker State alone offers an *Insured Guarantee* of perfected lubrication—backed by The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Connecticut.

Any motorist anywhere in the United States and Canada may now enjoy this protection.

Study the "Quaker Statement" at the right. Then change to Quaker State and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles"—the new, unique lubrication guide and Chek-Chart which slips into the pocket of your car and aids Quaker State deal-

ers to be certain your car gets the *right* lubrication at the *right* time in the *right* places. Use the coupon to order your "Roll-o-Miles" or to secure more detailed information.

THE QUAKER STATE THE LUBRICANTS

1 - Perfected motor oils and greases to meet full requirements of all seasons for each part of every make of car.

2 - Motor oil made from 100% Pennsylvania crude oil: so pure it does not require acid treatment which lessens an oil's oiliness.

3 - By costly, extra refining processes, Quaker State removes the quart of thin, useless oil of little or no lubricating value—which remains in every gallon of ordinary motor oil—and replaces this waste with a quart of rich, full-bodied lubricant. Four full quarts of genuine, heat-resisting lubrication in every gallon.

THE PROPOSITION

1 - Because your car will not operate without oil and grease, you face a choice of brands.

2 - Brands differ greatly in quality; we urge that you use Quaker State, but we do not attempt to prove its superiority by claims alone. Instead we say:

3 - If you will use only Quaker State lubricants in your car, adopt the Quaker State Plan of Lubrication and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles" at \$3.50, we will supply you with a One Year Guarantee insured in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Conn., which agrees to pay the customary cost of repairing or replacing any burned out and in-operative bearings resulting from faulty or insufficient lubrication.



... Listen in on coast-to-coast broadcast of
QUAKER STATE'S CAREFREE PROGRAM—
learn about Quaker State's unusual free offer

QUAKER STATE *Insured Lubrication* MOTOR OILS AND SUPERFINE GREASES



AN EXTRA QUART
OF INSURED
LUBRICATION
IN EVERY GALLON

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., Oil City, Pa. Dept. L-3

Please send your free booklet, "The Story of Insured Lubrication."

☐ As per your offer, I enclose \$3.50 in U. S. funds. (I will pay duty and taxes.) Send me "Roll-o-Miles" and your FREE Insured Guarantee.

Name..... Date.....

Address.....

City..... Province.....

Make of Car..... Year of Model.....

Factory or Serial No.

Brand of oil I am now using

SHANGHAI'S RUDE AWAKENING

Continued from page 18

will withdraw as soon as the native force is driven back twelve and a half miles, and stays there, but since they can have no definite assurance of this, they remain, and gobble up more territory in an encircling movement which has as its immediate object the complete isolation of the city—from west, south and east as well as north. Let us say that the diplomatic amenities which exist between the invading commander and the Winnipeg Board of Aldermen do not extend to St. Boniface, whose mayor, a fiery native of Erin, proposes that all should unite to drive the strangers out; but the St. Boniface mayor is overruled by Winnipeg's city fathers, who are content to let civilian volunteers protect the city proper by remaining ready behind barb-wire entanglements and sand-bag embrasures. In this category the mayor of St. Boniface can represent Mayor Wu Te-chen, of Greater Shanghai, whose hands have been so effectively tied that he has just thrown up the job with the typical Chinese statement that he feels himself unworthy to discharge his duties, and prays for the selection of a better man.

ADDED to the trouble from without are the internal complications, which steadily multiply. The refugee problem is acute; houses are overcrowded, families mixed up and quarrelling; people lost, separated from their things; food runs short, and there is looting and rioting south of Higgins Avenue as well as in the North End; martial law is in force, and the curfew operates from ten p.m. to four a.m., during which hours nobody outside the military is allowed on the streets without a pass; despite the redoubled efforts of the authorities, sanitation gets bad; disease greatly increases; business goes to pot, with all banks, stores and small shops closed. Advertising slumps, and local newspapers are cut to twelve, then eight, then four pages, daily. This is the lowest point; a turn for the better comes as hopes of peace rise.

There is fear that the invader, to more fully satisfy himself, will take over the entire city, including customs revenues and other income, and set up his own money as the standard of exchange. This causes a quiet money panic and a fluctuation in the amount of things paper money will buy, assuming that a few shops are open so money can be spent. This causes people to rush the banks to redeem paper money with silver. They find the banks temporarily closed and none too anxious to make the exchange; in fact, so much silver has been shipped away to various places, in line with banking practice, that it is doubtful if the redemption could be fully made on short notice. We see trucks being loaded hastily with bar silver to be shipped to points more safe. But money can not be eaten. We have a little of it and since our "secretary of interior" is making a speech we cross the street to the restaurant where the soup and fish are good. The restaurant is closed. They have hung out a sign saying: "No can get fresh vegetables; hope to reopen in a few days." The next day the iron wicker work gate at the front is still padlocked, but the sign says: "Fresh vegetables have got; kindly use rear door." The gate is locked to prevent possible looting by mobs. Plate glass breaks easily when a crowd gets boisterous in the street. This eating sub-rosa, as it were, we no like.

On top of all the confusion and headache the unruly elements within the city, which we may denominate

Communists or Reds for want of a more accurate name, get out of hand and go on a wild rampage from behind the smoke screen of a peaceful parade. The police crack some heads, make some arrests, but the internal danger remains. Then peace commissioners arrive. They are supposed to be neutral, but they are impressed with the embarrassments of the Winnipeg Board of Aldermen and the accomplishments of the invading host. If they come to any definite decisions, it is fairly certain these decisions will favor the people with the big stick. Still, these people apologize for their atrocities; war is war, and they have a program. But will this program indemnify the innocent bystanders who have lost their occupations and their homes? A great deal is to be decided. Under the aegis of the peace commissioners' presence and general prayers for peace, things within the city become more peaceful, business picks up, and folks try to forget the reign of terror they have just been through. But the question still remains: is it to be peace, or will there be much more war, involving powers not immediately caught in the first clash?

AT THIS point we may depart from the comparison of Shanghai and Winnipeg, and return to what seems to be some of the actualities in the situation involving the fascinating land of individualists which Marco Polo dubbed Cathay.

The personal experiences adverted to in the foregoing can be dismissed in a few lines as things of passing interest but of no importance whatever. As a sort of war correspondent we were hammering out a story on our portable typewriter on the fifth floor of the American Naval Young Men's Christian Association building when a sniper or Japanese bullet from Hongkew, a quarter of a mile to the north, crashed through the window of a fellow lodger on the sixth (top) floor, same side, and imbedded itself in the opposite wall. The lodger dropped his newspaper to investigate, and since it appeared about as safe outside as in, I went across Soochow Creek to see what was the matter. Everything was in confusion, and since I needed a special pass in addition to several others collected, the Japanese sentry politely but firmly turned me back.

Several days previous to this incident, on Friday morning, January 29, following the Japanese landing of the night before, I had ventured into the heart of Hongkew before the military had consolidated their positions, and had encountered patrols who were uneasy about Chinese snipers, and were pointing their muskets in various directions, and brandishing the bayonets thereon in a manner too careless for comfort. Big guns and machine guns were busy half a mile away at the North Station of the Shanghai-Hongkew Railway.

Early the next morning I accepted an invitation from Mr. H. C. Hamlin, associate secretary of the Naval Y.M.C.A., to make a tour of the "front" in his 1926 vintage Renault automobile. Due to the excitement and poor servicing, the car had a flat tire, a spare with a boil or blister and only about a gallon of gasoline. We slapped on the spare tire with the aid of a coolie, and fared forth—under these conditions, a blow-out of the weak spare being fairly certain, things were due to happen. They did. Past the Chinese postoffice we sped out North Szechuen Road. Presently we came to a place where ricksha and

[Continued on page 27]

SHANGHAI'S RUDE AWAKENING

Continued from page 26

pedestrian traffic had ceased. A block farther a drug store front was bashed in and the live tram wires were down. That was at Range Road. We dodged the tram wires and broken store-front glass, turned east into Range and proceeded toward the American-owned Endeavorers' Church (formerly the Free Christian Church) and an elaborate Japanese Buddhist Temple. The guns had started booming in Chapei, and there was an extreme tenseness in the air. On the left-hand sidewalk as we neared the church we saw the body of a middle-aged Chinese lying on its left side in a pool of blood, and a shell-hole three feet in diameter a yard behind it.

As we gazed momentarily on this gruesome sight, there came a loud explosion which we judged to be about a block away. From the roof of the Y.M.C.A. and Hongkew Street, I had previously timed silver rocket bombs dropped from Japanese seaplanes in the North Station area; and I judged this to be a bomb, though we could neither see nor hear a plane. We kept on down Range toward the Shanghai Sanitarium Clinic and the Hongkew Fire Station and Japanese School, hoping our gasoline and tire would hold out. Ahead of us went two Japanese bluejackets, and a bare-headed foreigner, perhaps a White Russian; and a Japanese photographer also ran. A machine-gun redoubt looked too formidable that way, so we turned around and sped by the Chinese and the church, then into Chapoo Road, by the Buddhist Temple, through a cordon of Japanese "ronin" or civilian reservists, one of whom was armed with a very long sword and another with a baseball bat; thence into the welcome traffic of Woosung Road.

We raced to the American-owned Shanghai Power Co., which supplies power and lights to the city and section, and which was guarded by American sailors behind a sand-bag embrasure. They were glad to get our morning newspapers, and thence we "inspected" the American marine sector on Soochow Creek where the Wing On Cotton Mill, later bombed, is located.

Thanks to luck, our tire and gasoline supply proved adequate to the occasion. Everywhere we went, by the way, we found Settlement gates barred against the entry of Chapei and Hongkew refugees; many of these were caught like rats in a trap and met their death, but others went farther down the creek toward the Bund and crossed to safety by bridge. Sampans, demasted junks and other craft were loaded to the gunwales with refugeeing humanity.

THREE weeks later, things having quieted down somewhat, I was looking over some pictures at a Japanese shop in Hongkew, and came across one of the Chinese we had seen lying dead in Range Road. The picture of the man accompanies this account. The photographer who took it stepped forth from his darkroom and recalled having seen our automobile and retreated before the explosion which dispersed us all. This shot and the one which killed the Chinese, it may be added, proceeded from a Stokes' trench-mortar shell fired from a spot perhaps a mile away, at such an angle of elevation that it came almost straight down.

The writer was accustomed to pass twice daily the corner of Szechuen and Foochow Roads, at midnight and seven a.m., in the course of prosecuting duty in the employ of the *Shanghai Evening Post & Mercury*. One morning, shortly after we had passed, a terrific explosion from a bomb hurled

by a Chinese in a ricksha rocked the offices of the great Japanese commercial concern, the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, seriously injured the Sikh watchman who was standing in the doorway, and broke practically every window and pane of glass in the building, as well as in the quarters of the Chinese Government telegraph office opposite. Dr. Baron Takuma Dan, chairman of the board of directors of the Mitsui interests, was assassinated subsequently, on March 5, by a Japanese student at Tokyo.

The writer was within a few doors of two smallpox cases removed from the building within six weeks; a mild epidemic of smallpox, which is more customary in Asia than elsewhere, has prevailed in Shanghai during the emergency. He has visited the headquarters of the Japanese commander, General Kenkichi Uyeda, the field headquarters and lines of General Tsai Ting-kai, commander of the 19th Route Army of Cantonese, and also, along with newspaper and magazine writers, has attended various conferences, notably those of Rear Admiral S. Shimada, chief of staff to Admiral Nomura, commander of the Japanese naval force. For the rest, the reader has been served by the daily press.

AND now, what are the Japanese trying to do, and what are the Chinese doing to forestall them? Also, what is the plight of the third party, the foreign contingent, who seem to be caught between the upper and the nether millstones, and whose slipping hold upon extra territoriality has been brought to the forefront that all may see? To answer these questions requires more wisdom than we possess, and involves prophecy we prefer not to employ. However, a brief statement of the indications may be offered.

The Japanese discern chaotic China headed for Bolshevism, and to avert this movement they have launched an offensive in which they vainly sought the aid of other interested powers. They also seek to compel China to observe her treaties and to continue trading with Japan without prejudice. China's extreme individualism makes it possible for the country to live independent of Japan, but the converse is not true. If Japan remains a modern power, she must sell textiles to the cotton-consuming Chinese. Japan is alarmed at the demand of China (which was to have been effectuated January 1, 1932, but was postponed because of the Manchuria adventure) that extra-territoriality be abolished. With this much gone, the foreigners must get out and leave China to the Chinese. The only way Japan can stay and trade is for "Marco Polo," the swagger Westerner, to stay. If "Marco" goes, Dai Nippon goes soon after.

The tendency of Western diplomacy, meeting the Chinese demand gradually, has been to give up extra-territorial privileges; the door was opened prior to the Civil War, and the British especially, under the spell of the Ramsay MacDonald Labor regime, have given more or less definite assurances that they were ready to get out. With the British gone, it would be merely a question of time before the Americans, the French and the others would relinquish, and all would then trade on Chinese terms. That would probably result in a revived China and the decline not only of the Occidentals in the Orient but the eclipse of Japan—a dream long cherished by enlightened Chinese, especially by the late Dr. Sun Yat

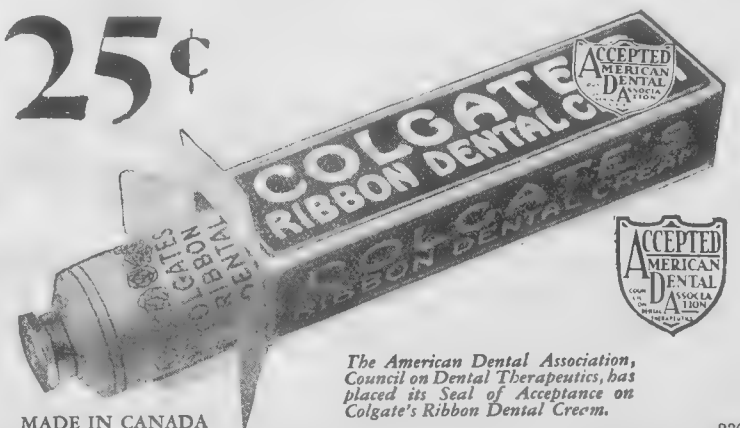
[Continued on page 28]



"Well, then, why don't you try it, too?"

"I like to be original—but do you know why I started using Colgate's? I'll tell you. I was talking to my dentist about toothpastes being good for this and that . . . He said, 'Jean, do you know what a toothpaste is for? A toothpaste is to clean teeth—just that and nothing more.' And he said no toothpaste can do it better than Colgate's. Since I pay my dentist for advice, I'm going to take it. Besides I like its flavor! And maybe you think the price of a quarter doesn't appeal to me nowadays."

25¢



MADE IN CANADA

The American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics, has placed its Seal of Acceptance on Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

WINDSOR SALT

*Always keep a package
in your bathroom!*



as a mouth wash . . .

"The best mouth wash is . . . a solution of common salt" . . . American Medical Association. Use Windsor Salt—pure and mild—pleasant to use.

as a gargle . . .

Use Windsor Salt—purest and best for sensitive membranes.

healthy gums . . .

Windsor Salt hardens the gums and keeps them in good condition.

clean teeth . . .

Nothing will clean and whiten the teeth better than Windsor Salt—and it costs so little!

SAVE
MONEY
use



WINDSOR SALT



CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED, WINDSOR SALT DIVISION, WINDSOR, ONTARIO
Makers of Windsor Salt, Windsor Iodized Salt and Regal Table Salt (free running).

3310

SHANGHAI'S RUDE AWAKENING

Continued from page 27

Sen and his somewhat noisy but idealistic following of students who have culled their framework of liberty and equality of opportunity from English and American educational institutions.

A Japanese leader has remarked to the writer that except for Nippon's thrust into Manchuria, former foreign minister C. C. Wu's demand for the abolition of extra-territoriality by January 1, 1932, would have been backed up by action inimical to the 30,000 Westerners in Shanghai, exclusive of a like number of Japanese. He has also hinted that Japan will not only insist on an extension of the present International Settlement boundaries to remove constant military threats to Shanghai, but will undertake to make Chapei and Hongkew into a strong Japanese concession in whose limits the Chinese will hold only a minor interest. The Chinese and possibly other Japanese leaders entertain different views. As for the refugees of both nations, they are standing by with bills for damages which the Japanese will refer to the Chinese, and vice versa. Meanwhile, they are declining invitations from the various authorities to move back in. The movement out of all of Chapei and most of Hongkew is comparable to an Armenian pilgrimage before the Turks. When it was announced that the regions were safe for the return of the million or more refugees, there was a grand rush to return, but not to stay. They went back to get furniture, hidden silver money, bird cages and what-not from the battle-scarred ruins. As quickly as possible they emigrated again. Who can blame them? It is a shambles, with few dwellings standing intact, store fronts have been smashed, the contents looted; no water, lights, electric power or gas to make living possible, assuming shelter may be found. Worse still, many of the refugees think the Chinese armies will return, and, fighting through what is

left of this typical Chinese "rabbit warren" of walls and winding alleyways and roads, drive the Japanese back to their ships.

Summing up, then, the Japanese thrusts into Manchuria and Shanghai are a double attempt to put thumb screws upon China, provide her with needed leadership, which no Chinese will admit she needs; and so enmesh the Western Powers that they will be obliged to stand with Japan or give up their hard-won perquisites quicker than they otherwise would. In a feature article contributed to the *North China Sunday News* of January 3, the writer observed:

"The evolution of home opinion leaves 'old hands' and foreign sojourners in the Orient somewhat out on a limb. A newcomer's impressions may not be worth much, but he feels that foreign penetration must be increased or extraltery abandoned, for there is no longer secure middle ground.

"'Marco Polo' stands on the gang-plank, grip in hand. With him rests the decision as to whether he will help Japan to clean up intolerable conditions in China as a humanitarian or adopt the more selfish policy of the modern travelling salesman. He must soon make up his mind or have his coattails ignited by some impending great event."

The writing of this present article is concluded Monday, March 15. A black and gold Leoning air yacht which looks like the one owned by General Chiang Kaishek has just buzzed by our window. The hand-clapping seems to hail the plane as the forerunner of a delivering expedition, but the Chinese civilians have been fooled before. The League's Commission of Inquiry arrived at Shanghai yesterday. What will the harvest be? Nobody can tell. But all agree there never was such a mare's nest of complications in the history of the world.

HAWAII

Continued from page 17

interesting sections of this island are the Puna and Kona districts, where the native Hawaiians live in a primitive, though not uncivilized, manner.

Maui, the "Valley Island," is situated between the Big Island and Honolulu. The outstanding feature of the island is the gigantic crater mountain, Haleakala, that dominates the eastern half. This is the largest extinct volcano in the world (twenty-one miles in circumference). The United States government considers it of sufficient importance to make it a section of the Hawaii National Park, and a new highway is being constructed to the summit of this "House of the Sun." Here, 10,000 feet above sea level, you can see islands that are 100 miles away, and watch gorgeous sunrise and sunset effects.

Kauai is about 100 miles northwest of Honolulu. Because of its abundant tropical foliage, it is known as the "Garden Island." Here are sands that bark, a musical salt-water geyser, and a sliding bathtub in a fresh-water swimming hole. Here is also Waimea Valley, a miniature Grand Canyon in a tropical setting.

IT WAS on the island of Kauai that Captain Cook landed when he first discovered the islands. He gave them the name "Sandwich Islands" in honor of the Earl of Sandwich. The

name is now obsolete. Kamehameha the First was the mighty warrior who brought all the islands together under one rule in 1795. The first missionaries arrived in 1820. The monarchy was overthrown for a Republican form of government in 1893, and in 1898 Hawaii upon her own request was annexed by the United States. The Territory of Hawaii is now an integral unit (not a mere possession) of the United States, with a political status similar to Alaska.

The population of the islands, as reported by the 1930 Federal census, was 368,336. Of this number approximately 20,000 are full-blooded Hawaiians, and a like number of part Hawaiian.

Honolulu is about 2400 miles from Vancouver.

The principal industries of the Territory of Hawaii are sugar raising and pineapple growing, in the order named. The popularity of Hawaii as a vacation resort has brought the tourist industry to the forefront as a new "third industry."

The Islands look forward to a lively tourist year throughout 1932, when they expect to entertain many fun seekers, many of whom will be returning their second or third or fourth visits (and as such eligible for membership in the Comeback Club), and others who will be seeing the Islands for the first time. [Cont'd on page 29]

HAWAII

Continued from page 28

There will be something doing all the time—important conferences and interesting pageants.

National and Pacific Foreign Trade Council meetings were held at Honolulu, May 4, 5 and 6, with business leaders from all Pacific countries in attendance.

A Pacific Rotary Conference has been called for June 12, 13 and 14, at Honolulu. In this connection I am reminded that one of my Rotarian friends recently told me that the Honolulu Rotary Club has had the privilege of entertaining so many Canadian Rotarians during the past year that it is the custom to sing "O Canada" at many of the meetings of the local group.

Educators from the Pacific area will convene in Honolulu, July 25 to 31, for the first regional conference of the World's Federation of Educational Associations.

In the sports line, there will be a novel Every Island Golf Tournament held during the first six months of 1932 in which visitors, to qualify, must play on courses on the islands of Kauai, Oahu, Maui and Hawaii. Prizes are being posted and handicaps will be allowed.

Hawaiian water sports will be featured at Waikiki Beach on June 11, which is Kamehameha Day. The trans-Pacific yacht races will start for Hawaii in August.

The elaborate Aloha Spring Festival was held in April, and May 1 was Hawaii's Lei Day, the happy holiday when every man, woman and child in the islands wears a flower garland. The flowering tree season is at its height in May and June.

This is Canada's new playground—lovely and lively the year around!

SOME PRAIRIE CLOUDS

By N. A. Colley

*O stormy clouds that ride the sky
I pray you, do not pass;
The dust lies thick on all the roads
And brown is all the grass.*

*Summer long the sun has shone,
The fields are parched and dry,
The prairie winds that sift the soil
Drive dust-storms through the sky.*

*The cattle stand in dried-up slough,
The birds sing ne'er a song,
The gophers whistle, where the wind
Blows tumble-weed along.*

*The gulls are circling wider now,
The muskrat's hole is seen;
And only near the water's edge
The grasses still grow green.*

*O do not pass now you have come,
Stay with us for a while;
The birds and beasts expectant wait,
And all are hushed the while.*

*Until we hear the robin's call;
Then go, if go you must,
But stay until from prairie rose,
Your drops have washed the dust.*

JUNE NIGHT

By Dorothy G. Doyle

*The cool, sweet kiss of a summer breeze,
The scent of dewy clover—
A lone cloud swimming in star-drenched blue,
And a pale moon peering over;
A whispered word—a tinkling laugh,
The lilt of an old refrain—
The aching remembrance of other nights.
And a heart grown numb with pain.*

WE'LL GIVE \$25,000

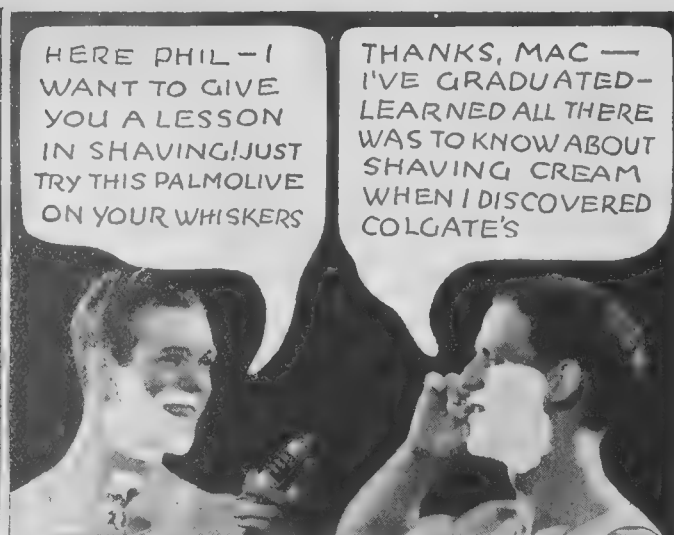
to settle this argument!

Write a "blurb"

—464 prizes this month!

Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurbs"	For best Palmolive "blurbs"
1st . . \$500	1st . . \$500
2nd . . 125	2nd . . 125
3rd . . 50	3rd . . 50
9 next . 25	9 next . 25
20 next 10	20 next 10
200 next 5	200 next 5



THOSE are "blurbs," men—those words coming out of Phil's and Mac's mouths. Read 'em over. Who do you side with—Phil or Mac? What's your choice—Palmolive or Colgate's?

Write a "blurb" of your own—in your own words. Help Phil out—or help Mac out. Send in your boost for Colgate's OR Palmolive. We're putting up big money for the best "blurbs" sent to us. Get yours in!

All over the country you'll find men like Phil and Mac. Millions boosting for Palmolive. Millions pulling for Colgate's. More men use these famous shaving creams than any other. They lead a field of 176 competing brands.

Which side are you on? In one of the empty "blurb" spaces at the right (or on a separate sheet of paper) write your "blurb" in favor of Colgate's OR in favor of Palmolive—not both.

CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. W.H.M.—3, 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.

The prize money (totaling \$25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling \$4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29 \$4200 Mar. 31 \$4200
April 30 \$4200 May 31 \$4200
June 30 \$4200 July 31 \$4200
(Contest closes July 31, 1932)

Contest is open only to residents of Canada and the United States. Employees of the manufacturers and their families are not eligible to compete.

In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win
Above the coupon at the right are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's and Palmolive. Read the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

Come on you shavers—get in on this
\$25,000 argument

Mac wants you Palmolive users to say your say. Phil says "Stick with me, you Colgate users." If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money.



PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

FREE

In case you're one of the few who do not use either Colgate's or Palmolive, they're for sale everywhere. Or—send coupon for generous free samples of both. Mail coupon to Dept. W.H.M.—3, 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Prov.....
Dealer's Name.....

Persistent Headaches

**and Sleeplessness
Tell of Thin Blood
and Exhausted
Nerves**

You are easily tired. You do not enjoy your meals. You are nervous and irritable. The blood is thin, the nerves are starved and hence the headaches and bodily pains. Be warned of an approaching breakdown.



No medical treatment can be of much real help to you which does not enrich the blood. Because it does positively make the blood rich and red, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food restores the vigor of the nervous system and removes the cause of these symptoms from which you are suffering.

Good, restful sleep, improved digestion and freedom from headaches will soon convince you that this treatment is restoring your health and happiness.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food
Restores tired, sleepless nerves

BEAUTIFUL BERMUDA

Here, far from the rush and roar of cities, you may enjoy health, recreation and unbelievable quiet in a semi-tropical setting enriched by centuries of history and romance. Islands of rest . . . jewels of the ocean . . . where nature has lavished all her charms.

For beautiful illustrated Booklet, write the Bermuda Trade Development Board, 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2.

THE TWIST

Continued from page 22

"I think you've got a little too much power on for that station," he ventured. "I used to have the same trouble when I first had a radio, but I understand it now. If you like, I'll show you—"

He half rose from his chair, but Walter Keith waved him back with a startled expression on his face.

"I'll attend to it," he cried, sharply.

"As you please," agreed Arnold, a bit huffily as he resumed his seat.

"The Mortimer Murder" proceeded along the well-defined lines of radio playlets. One by one the suspects were eliminated until at last the least likely character stood revealed as the guilty party through some trifling oversight that had caught the eye of the brilliant young detective.

Walter Keith, from his low chair at the side of the radio, watched the play of emotions on the faces of his companions as the story developed. George Arnold apparently seemed more concerned with the performance of the radio than with the playlet itself. He frowned when there was a suggestion of fading; he beamed when the words came through sharply and clearly. Once or twice, when there was a hint of interference from some other station, he seemed on the point of offering advice to his host, but, remembering the rebuff of a few moments earlier, he refrained.

Peter Drake listened intently, looking puzzled at times when the story became somewhat involved. Perhaps he found it difficult to visualize the play without seeing moving puppets on a stage, though there were certain flashing incidents at which he nodded approvingly.

One of these concerned finger-prints which the brilliant detective secured from a tumbler out of which the culprit had drunk. Drake's eyes blinked rapidly at this, and his right hand reached out to his own whisky glass. Mechanically he scraped the surface with his finger-nail and then, catching Keith's quizzical glance, he picked up the glass and ostentatiously wiped the outside with his handkerchief.

George Arnold chuckled audibly at this byplay. Then he picked up his own glass and held it to the light and twisted it around slowly. He shook his head to indicate that there were no finger-prints on it, and then once more turned his attention to the radio.

Chester McLeod sat stolidly throughout the performance, chewing on his cigar. He kept his hands out of sight, but from where Walter Keith sat he could see his finger-tips scraping soundlessly and endlessly under the edge of the table, and his feet shuffled restlessly on the thick carpet.

The playlet ended abruptly with the sudden revelation of the guilty party and the clinking sound of the detective's handcuffs as he manacled the prisoner and led him away.

The buzz of comment that followed was almost instantly stilled by a commanding gesture from Walter Keith.

"There's a news broadcast coming next," he announced. "Up to the minute news, which we hear hours before they get into print. I get quite a kick out of that. Just a second, now."

George Arnold glanced at his watch and frowned.

"Aren't you mistaken?" he began. "KOMO always—"

"Sh-ush!" commanded Keith, sharply, shifting his position in front of the radio. "Here it is!"

There was a faint buzzing sound, and then:

"This is KOMO, giving you the news of the day as it will appear in tomorrow morning's paper. There has been a train wreck near Mobile, Alabama, in which seven persons were injured, only two seriously. Their names are—"

The voice droned on and told of a minor earthquake in the South Sea Islands, mentioned a vague political forecast, and then:

"Police news—following an automobile collision here this afternoon the police have taken into custody a man not yet definitely identified, but believed to have arrived here recently. He received only minor physical injuries in the crash, but he remains in a dazed condition and ignores all questions addressed to him. Yet he talks almost all the time.

"Much of what the dazed man says is incomprehensible, but occasionally he speaks clearly and lucidly. His unintentional revelations indicate that he has been mixed up in several shady affairs, and has been implicated in one murder, that of John Floyd, of Moroville, about a month ago.

"A business associate of Floyd has been named as the actual murderer. The police of that city have been notified, and an arrest—"

Walter Keith snapped off the radio and sprang to his feet.

"The game's up now!" he cried. "You may as well confess!"

His blazing eyes shot at George Arnold, shifted to Chester McLeod, and came to rest on Peter Drake.

The latter stood perfectly still for one long moment, the color draining from his face. Then he pushed back his chair, half rose, and slumped down again.

"All right, I give up," he snarled through lips that quivered. "It's no use keeping up the bluff any longer, since that fool of a Chicago rat has told the police I did it. There's only one thing for me now—"

"No, you don't!" exclaimed Chester McLeod, grabbing the hand that had dropped to Drake's hip and holding it in a vise-like grip until Keith had circled the table and possessed himself of the former's loaded revolver.

"There'll be no more shooting with that gun for a while!" declared Keith, grimly. "It's the one that sent the bullet into John Floyd, isn't it?"

"Yes," admitted Peter Drake, "but I wasn't such a fool as to try to shoot my way out of here. I thought McLeod was holding a gun under the table all through that murder play and he'd have had the drop on me. I was just going to use my gun once—on myself."

"As well you didn't have the chance," remarked George Arnold. "It might have been darned awkward for the rest of us . . . What's next, Keith?"

"A signed confession, I guess," said Keith, shortly. "It will expedite matters. No objection, I suppose?"

"None at all," answered Peter Drake, with a show of bravado. "The sooner it's over, the better. Paper, please."

He scribbled a few lines on the sheet of paper Keith placed before him, then signed his name with a flourish.

"Quite satisfactory?" he asked.

"It covers the ground," answered Walter Keith, taking possession of the document. "Arnold, would you mind calling the police?"

"With pleasure," said Arnold, grimly. "For all I know, it might have been my turn next!"

[Continued on page 56]



WE PRESENT

FOR YOUR CANADIAN ALBUM

MISS LILLIE was born in Toronto, and was educated in a Toronto Convent and at St. Agnes' College, Belleville, Ontario. Left Toronto when she was fifteen years old to join her mother and sister in England. In London, made several attempts to get on the stage, but failed in each instance. Explains that she was "no good." Studied her dramatics, and in 1915 succeeded in interesting Charlot in herself. Appeared first at the Alhambra Theatre in London and was nearly frightened to death. She married Sir Robert Peel, 5th baronet of England, and while in New York on their honeymoon Miss Lillie visited Ziegfeld and suggested an engagement, but he was not interested. Wonders what Ziegfeld thought when she recently refused \$10,000 for one week at the Palace Theatre in New York. Returning to England gave birth to a son and heir, and remained off the stage for a year. Then played a part in "Up in Mabel's Room." After this, once more joined Charlot and appeared in "A to Z" and another production called "Nine O'Clock Review." In 1924 Charlot began devoting himself to reviews, and she appeared in most of them, both in Europe and in the United States. During the war period devoted her talents to entertaining soldiers in London, mostly in camps and hospitals. Has since become one of the outstanding stars of the stage on both sides of the Atlantic. Recently took a test in New York, and was signed to a contract by Fox Movietone. Prefers to do comedy parts. Height, five feet four inches; weighs one hundred and twelve pounds; her hair is dark brown and her eyes are an expressive grey.



BEATRICE LILLIE
(Lady Peel)

Madge Evans spends an afternoon of freedom from studio work with her favorite horse "Pal." Miss Evans is now featured in "Courage," as Robert Montgomery's leading lady.



Noah Beery, Jr., who makes his debut in a serial "Heroes of the West," by Peter B. Kyne.



Miriam Hopkins, the dynamic dramatic blonde in the yard of her new Santa Monica home, which yard looks like a city park.



Joan Bennett who plays the title role in the new Fox drama "Careless Lady."



The Perpetual Antagonists—George Sidney and Charlie Murray clash again. This time in "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood."



John Boles will portray Walter Saxel and Irene Dunne will interpret the role of Ray Schmidt in the screening of Fanny Hurst's outstanding novel "Back Street."





Ralph Bellamy, who is rapidly becoming one of screendom's most popular young actors. His newest role is a featured one in "Young America."



Helen Mack, winsome debutante star, again comes to the front with her splendid portrayal in the new Fox drama "While Paris Sleeps."



Robert Z. Leonard directing Norma Shearer and Clark Gable in a scene for "Strange Interlude," in which Miss Shearer is starred.



R. C. Sherriff, author of "Journey's End" and "A Forenoon in September" who has arrived in Hollywood from London to adapt Erick Maria Remarque's "The Road Back."



The camera catches Roscoe Ates' police dog staring at a doughnut waiting for Roscoe's okay before eating it.



A newcomer to screenland is Randolph Scott, six feet two and from ol' Virginny, for whom Paramount has important plans, and Jack Oakie, with whom he makes his film debut in "Sky Bride."





Another photograph of the delectable blonde, Joan Bennett, in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware." In this role the likeness of Miss Bennett to Miss Shannon (below) is very obvious and quite a contrast to her picture on the previous page.

Shadowland Oddments

Heard on Hollywood
Boulevards



Peggy Shannon makes her debut at the Fox Studio as the feminine lead in James Dunn's new starring picture, "Society Girl."

GEORGE ARLISS is always on time—especially to rehearsals. Two members of his company in "A Successful Calamity," reported for rehearsals late on the first day and both, unfortunately, had the same excuse—that their clocks stopped. Mr. Arliss then made a pretty little speech about clocks and such, and since that time his rehearsals have always started on time. It's easier to be on time, they say, than to try and explain.

Kay Francis, one of the best all-around athletes in pictures and a near-champ at tennis at one time, is to take up this sport seriously again. At school she was a champion sprinter, skater, and hockey player. Recently she played her first tennis in two years, and is taking it up in earnest.

Marian Marsh wants to play a very sophisticated role. Chic Sale wants to portray a young man on the screen. Joan Blondell wants to do slapstick comedy once in a while. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., would like to try heavy tragedy.

When James Cagney finishes his present picture, "Winner Take All," he expects to hang up his boxing gloves for all time. He has had enough fighting in the past two months to last for years, he declares. About ten well-known pugilists have been peppering his anatomy through rounds and rounds of realistic fighting before the cameras. Jim wants to go back to tossing grapefruit at dames. It's more fun.

William Powell has been visiting the Los Angeles night court, heavily disguised—that is, without his long cigar. He is studying types, as he plays a gem robber in his next picture, "The Jewel Robbery."



Oldest Actor: A. J. Zoraster, shown here with George Bancroft on the set of Paramount's "The World and the Flesh," is said to be 104 years old and to have been born in Poland in 1827. He enacts a Russian revolutionist in the film.

Joan Blondell has been taking diving lessons from Georgia Coleman, national women's diving champ and member of the 1932 Olympic Team.

Edward G. Robinson has sworn off building skyscrapers. He fell only a few feet from one he was building on a stage and wrenched his knee, while making "Two Seconds," in which he plays a steel worker. He's glad his next picture is going to be on the ground.

George Meeker has been given the role of Kurt Kessler in Fannie Hurst's "Back Street."

In addition to Irene Dunn and John Boles, the cast already includes June Clyde, Paul Wiegel, Carl Miller, Jane Darwell, Walter Catlet and James Donland.

The English actress Adrienne Allen, who has been playing one of the leading roles in the Broadway stage success, "Cynara," has assumed a leading role with Fredric March and Sylvia Sydney in "Merrily We Go to Hell."

"The Countess of Auburn" will feature Alison Skipworth, Richard Bennett, George Barbier and Frances Dee.

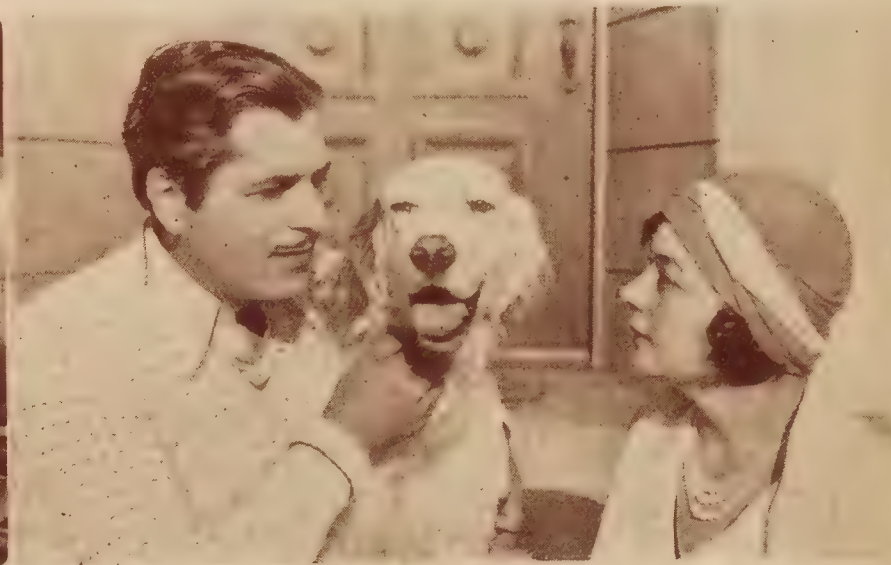
The first co-starring vehicle for Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook, tentatively titled "Bride of the Enemy" will be based on a screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett.

"The Misleading Lady" will be the release title of the Claudette Colbert-Edmund Lowe production produced under the working title of "Sensation."

"Come on Marines," is scheduled for early production with Chester Morris and Richard Arlen as the leads.



W. S. Van Dyke directs Walter Huston in a scene for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Night Court."



Warner Baxter makes friends with his new bird dog, recently given to him by Mrs. Baxter, the former Winifred Bryson of the stage.



Criticisms: Favourable and Otherwise

By Jerome Carver

"Grand Hotel"

VICKI BAUM'S novel, "Grand Hotel," was received with no astounding critical accolades when it was translated from the German and published in this country about two years ago. But later, when it was made into a play, it achieved a tremendous success in New York, London, Berlin and elsewhere. Now Hollywood has adopted it and bequeathed upon it an all-star cast which includes Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt. I read the novel when it was first published in America and found it vividly melodramatic and interesting. The background, as the title suggests, is a great and luxurious Berlin hotel. Here the extremely varied characters meet, their lives touching with unusual results. The most interesting and appealing character in the story is Kringelein, a poor clerk from a small manufacturing town, who has spent his joyless life in rigid economy. He discovers that he has an incurable disease and but little longer to live. In a touching desire to see some happiness in the little of life that is left him, he takes his savings, runs away from his shrewish and unsympathetic wife, and goes to Berlin and the fairy tale luxury of the Grand Hotel. There he encounters many odd people. There is, for instance, a young Baron who has desperately but gaily taken up crime to relieve his impoverishment. There is a famous ballet dancer who finds she is getting old and losing her hold on the public and who, like the gentle Kringelein, is frantically trying to hold onto life and happiness. There is a pompous, but rather stupid business man from Kringelein's own town, and there is a young city stenographer, a pretty girl who is tired of her drab life, and ready to take any chance to escape from it. All these people, eager for a bit of happiness, reach for it desperately, while a strange man, a doctor whom the war has disfigured and ruined and spiritually killed, watches their struggles ironically. This novel with its many interwoven threads of plot would not seem adaptable to the regular stage. The stage play, however, was cleverly done, in short scenes somewhat in the motion-picture technique. It makes, therefore, excellent material for the screen. When I first heard of the cast which had been chosen for the film, I realized that the producers had decided to splurge on stars regardless of the actors' suitability to the roles. Greta Garbo, in the bloom of her youth and beauty, is not the famous dancer of the original story—the dancer who has just become a grandmother and who feels life and beauty slipping from her. This part was exquisitely played in the New York stage play by Eugenie Leontovitch, who both looked the part and played it perfectly. Miss Garbo, however glamorous and intelligent, does not equal Mme. Leontovitch in the role.

That handsome and fine actor John Barrymore gives a good account of himself as the Baron. I thought he would be too old for the part (the Baron is supposed to be a very young man), and he does look more mature than the Baron should, but he is good looking and acts well.

His brother, that sterling actor Lionel Barrymore, also brings his talents to their full account as Kringelein, but he, too, is hampered by the imperfect casting and does not appeal as did the younger, more wistful Kringelein of the stage play.

Joan Crawford (although I hear that she did not like the part) is an excellent type for the young stenographer, Flaemmchen. She both looks the part well and plays it well. Wallace Beery is also well cast and gives an excellent performance. So do Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt. Lewis Stone enacts the role of the disfigured and embittered doctor, and his interpretation of that character leaves very few loopholes for criticism. Jean Hersholt as the porter at Grand Hotel does some realistic acting which will win him many bouquets. "Grand Hotel" is well directed and beautifully photographed.



Lily Damita and Roland Young in "This is the Night."

"Ladies of the Jury"

EDNA MAY OLIVER, the very clever comedienne who had such a good start in "Cimarron" and later appeared in "Fanny Foley Herself," is now featured in a very amusing comedy, "Ladies of the Jury." The picture has been adapted from the stage play in which that famous actress, the late Mrs. Fiske, starred about two years ago. Amusing farce, with a dash of mystery and melodrama in the background it makes an excellent vehicle for Miss Oliver's outstanding talent. Miss Oliver plays the part of Mrs. Crane, a wealthy society matron, who is called to serve on a jury. It is the lady's first experience as a juror, but she handles it with style and verve. She enters the courtroom accompanied by her maid. The judge turns out to be an old friend of hers and, much to his discomfit, she greets him as if she were in her own drawing-room. Embarrassed and rather annoyed, he attempts to impress her with the dignity of the court, but to no avail. She graciously introduces herself to the opposing attorneys, and ingenuously tells the court that she does not know anything about the case to be tried but that she is willing to read up on it if necessary. She is assured that this is not necessary, and finally takes her place

[Continued on page 38]



Above—John Barrymore and Greta Garbo in "Grand Hotel."
Below—Elissa Landi and Alexander Kirkland in "Devil's Lottery."



Edna May Oliver, clever comedienne, is featured in "Ladies of the Jury."



Little Rambles in Hollywood

With E. G. Bayne



Left—This is the actor that Chester Morris took home to live with him so they could be friends in front of the cameras photographing Paramount's "Sinners in the Sun." He is Prince Tan, son of King Tut, the dog star.

Right—Ann Harding and her pet police-dog. He accompanies her in her new Bellanca plane and loves it.



SHE was about twenty-four and she was through. She said so emphatically, and a little blasphemously. She sat opposite me drinking tea into which she had poured something from a silver-topped flask "to take the curse off it" as she explained. I perceived that her high-tension mode of life had etched tired lines about her eyes and that her vermilion lips drooped pathetically and she glanced up and seemed to read my thoughts.

"Sure, I look shot," she said, bitterly. "Guess you think I'm a tough baby but, honestly, I'm what they call a good gal, I am. It's mostly worry ails me." She took another long gulp of the reinforced tea and looked off into space. Then she nibbled at some buttered toast, and went on, tonelessly, with an occasional vindictive note: "Trying to climb the greased pole. Whatta life! But I'm done. Made up my mind definitely late last night . . . When he gave that blonde nitwit all the breaks, and me a featured player. To be cut down to two flashes after I'd nearly broken my neck to make good . . . What's the use? Good work doesn't count for a thing in this besotted game, but I've known that a long time. But the life gets you—see what I mean? Gets you like a drug, or somepin' . . . My hair's been four different colors in less 'n a year . . . It isn't as though I hadn't a specialty. I dance—and how. Well, you've seen me. Can I or can't I? . . . Eight months ago I was ready to quit and then a guy over at Supreme offered me three weeks' work . . . Then this spring a bunch of friends were motoring to my home state and told me to hop in if I wanted a lift . . . I'm eighty dollars' distance from home. I packed in half-an-hour and—and I was just stepping in when the landlady's phone rang and it was Realart coming to life to tell me there was a part for me in 'Wandering Sisters'. But now, just try to stop me getting back to the farm! I'm through."

She pushed aside her plate and cup and leaned across the table. "Gosh, how good that farm looks to me now! This time of year it's just at its best. Along the road the maples arch overhead and I guess you can smell Mom's lilacs a mile off. I can shut my eyes and see Dad in his shirt sleeves



Miss Marion Davies, with her three pets.

Clark Gable, with his police dog, Fels, who will shake-a-paw either right or left.

smoking on the back stoop, and old Prince at his feet and Mom coming up the garden path with her apron full of green peas. It was always my job to shell them but Dad does it now . . . Her voice had a little break in it. Very suddenly her head went down on her arms.

When she straightened up it was to dab impatiently at her eyes. Then she set about repairing the damage to her makeup.

"Say, I don't know when I've had a howl like that. Sort of does a person good. Have I got too much on this side?"

A young man came down the room and stopped at our table with a purposeful air.

"So this is where you've been hiding. Listen, kid, you're playing in luck. Sol wants to see you up at the office, pronto."

She dropped her lipstick.

"What!" she cried sharply. "Not Sol!"

"Yeah, Sol himself, baby. It's a fat li'l part too. Second lead in the new super-special, with a dance feature, get me?"

She had jumped to her feet and was gathering up gloves and handbag. Her eyes were bright. "Thanks a lot, Bud. G'bye." The last remark was accompanied by a nod of brief farewell in my direction, then she was off like a small whirlwind.

And that, my friends, is Hollywood.

LET'S take a little stroll along the famous Boulevard. About this glorified Main Street there is nothing in the least romantic except in people's imagination, but when its arrow-straight length is filled with sunshine it makes a pleasant promenade and at every corner you encounter a sportive little breeze frisking about like a pup in search of its tail—a breeze with the tang of the Pacific to it. The glamor that lies over this thoroughfare like a sifting of invisible gold-dust is three-parts the result of advertising, but shop windows and the mirrors of passing cars do certainly illumine the scene too, often in a series of blinding glares which however are by no means so dazzling to, say, a 'teen-age visitor, as the chance glimpse of one of his or her screen idols. Perhaps it will be the sudden appearance of Lupe Velez flashing by in her sports car like a bright, darting little humming-bird, or the sight of Noah Beery just in from his dude ranch wearing his familiar ten-gallon hat and bowing genially right and left.

The weather doesn't need to be fair, for the probability that we may at any moment see one of our favorite players whizz, whirl, or merely amble by is good for a wager if the day be wet. Maureen O'Sullivan, who never stayed indoors for the rain in Ireland, often drives bareheaded in a drizzle, and Will Rogers seems to delight in being out in a downpour. Just the other day I heard him draw up with a loud "swoosh" at one of the more ornate filling-stations, the rain pelting his face. "Yep. It's taken all the curl outta my hair," he mourned in a falsetto voice, "but anyhow the farmers'll be glad."

I'll take a coupla gallons, Bill. How's the wife an' kids today?" A good Moslem would go violently mad in this place, for many of these gas-stations are in the form of Turkish mosques, complete with minaret and praying balcony, but instead of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer the only litany you will hear is: "Fill her right up. She's as dry as a camel."

If you are yourself in a car it is sheer enchantment to go idling along with the little silver stilettos of rain stabbing at the windshield and the myriads of lights making great colored blobs of reflection on the wet pavements, while further along the palm trees stand like huge ragged umbrellas, dripping moisture from their fronds. Just now the shop windows are filled with all manner of beguilements for the Olympic visitors, things to wear, eat, carry, or otherwise use at the Games. One morning I caught a brief glimpse of Marlene Dietrich shopping. She wore a stunning street dress of black velvet with a simple little collar of lace and one of those pert black hats that half hide one eye. A fur composed of two exquisite silver foxes hung about her shoulders. The general impression was arrestingly beautiful, but for Hollywood rather conservative.

A FRIEND of mine dropped into the Ann Meredith beauty shop one day some time ago and found not only a galaxy of screen stars there having things done to them—Joan Bennett, Ruth Chatterton, Evelyn Brent, Carmel Myers, and Joan Blondell—but Mary Roberts Rinehart too. Mrs. Rinehart had



—A Stroll Along the Boulevard; Little Human

Interest Stories About the Players; The
New Pictures; The "Pet" Population

created a stir and was holding informal court with a big apron tied round her neck. She was here visiting her son, who is a member of Paramount's scenario staff.

Scene, a florist's shop. At the door a delivery van drawn up, and men carrying out basket after basket, box after box. The bystanders inhaling great breaths, free gratis, of an aroma like that of the Garden of Allah—roses, lilies, violets, exotic plants of every description. Two Canadians inquire of their nearest neighbor if it is a gangster's funeral, for the magnificence of the floral display is truly overwhelming. "Naw," returned the young man, "a party at Marion Davies' house." They marvel. "But," they remind him, "she gave a big party last night." He answers: "Sure. And this is another." Marion believes in keeping money in circulation and the wheels of commerce moving, in which particular she should be an example to wealthy women with a hoarding complex.

But if you don't believe that Hollywood knows how to economize let the shopkeepers tell you about the woman who used to take her pet Peke into a certain exclusive place every day and feed him a cream-eclair at seventy-five cents a throw. Not only has she been forced to restrain this generous impulse but she had to sell the dog. The vet's bills were enormous. And a certain jeweller confided to me that one star who formerly owned, to his knowledge, not less than twenty-two wristwatches, is down to four now. This reminds me of the story told me by a young newspaperman not long ago. He was at a tennis party and one of the feminine stars before playing a set removed her beautiful, diamond-studded wristwatch and entrusted it to his keeping for fear it might get a knock from one of the rackets. "And mind you," he said, still not recovered from the surprise, "she'd never seen me before!" There was a moment's silence in our group, everybody marvelling. Then somebody spoke up, saying as though in a sudden after-thought: "Has she seen you since?"

BUILDING operations are booming this year. It is of course always a good investment to build in California. Nobody can go amiss on that. So every variety of domicile known to architecture rears itself amongst the eucalypti and the pepper-trees, with Spanish prevailing. There is one terrace of semi-detacheds back in the hills that looks like a row of dolls' houses. I think it was Charlie Ruggles who told me that all were rented before the first nail was driven in one of them. And speaking of nails, a new tenant it seems was hanging a picture one day when there was a rap at his door and there stood a man with a request to make. "Could you," he asked, "drive that nail in just another knock, please? We can use the other end for a coathanger." The first man said: "Why certainly. Er—you're from next door I suppose?" The caller replied: "No, next but one. Thanks. We'll try to do something for you, sometime."

Somebody was telling Chevalier about the miniature homes and their Lilliputian fittings, and he added that you couldn't swing a cat in any of the rooms. The Frenchman pondered this a moment. A puzzled little frown gathered on his brow. He shrugged. "But who would wish to swing ze poor leetle pussy?" he said, in some disapproval.

To return to Mr. Ruggles, as the fans know, his particular specialty has been the playing of slightly "soused" gentlemen of the press. One day a privileged party from back East were granted a tour of the studio, and an old lady in the party stopped suddenly in her tracks and pointed at Charlie. She said: "Oh, there's that inebriated reporter!" The guide replied: "Sure. That's him. But he's perfectly sober now, lady. Want to meet him?" She shook her head emphatically. She explained that her nephew had wanted to get into the newspaper-game but after she had seen Reporter Ruggles and his goings-on she put down her foot and decided that the nephew should go into bond-selling—she wouldn't finance him otherwise. "That's just a sample of middle-aged fixation," explained a studio official afterwards. "As a matter of fact Charlie never touches the stuff. He's just a cracking fine little actor."



Miriam Hopkins and the dog known as her "calling card." When Miss Hopkins goes visiting he hops out of the car and barks in front of the hostess' door to announce their arrival.

Una Merkel, charming featured player with her pal "Zip." He has a great display of aristocratic whiskers, but he doesn't put on any "dog." Miss Merkel had a featured role in Norma Shearer's "Private Lives."

I LOVE the "pet" population of Hollywood. In fact, to such a degree am I enthralled that friends frequently have to tell me, sometimes with disgust, that I've just missed seeing one of the greatest stars because I've been so occupied in gazing at his dog.

A bare-headed young man in sports clothes steps quietly from a corner cigar-store and insinuates himself behind the wheel of a waiting car. The car itself is attractive enough to focus one's attention, but in the front seat is a magnificent police-dog. A considerable crowd halts to stare in admiration.

"Isn't he marvellous?" breathes one's companion in rapture.

"A handsome specimen," you agree. "Of course that breed has a savage streak. I believe I'm just a little afraid of them."

She looks at you incredulously a moment and then you both burst out laughing. For while you have been referring to the princely canine, it appears that the other enthusiast has had eyes only for Clark Gable. Mr. Gable of course is not yet precisely a star, but his popularity is such that he has a star's drawing power. His police-dog answers to the name of "Fels"—without the "Naptha." Since Ramon Novarro's dog is called "Lux" it would almost seem that these two players had been in a conspiracy—soap as the *motif*.

Roscoe Ates, the comedian, has a police-dog that he has trained with military discipline. No matter how hungry the animal may be he won't touch a bone or a doughnut that Roscoe has placed on the ground before him until he hears his master's: "Okay." Only then will he grab it. Ann Harding has one of these great dogs too. He accompanies her in her new Bellanca 'plane, and loves it.

(Continued on page 38)

Nora Gregor, a glamorous-looking blonde from Vienna and a featured player, makes up while her pet Scotty supervises the job. Note one paw in the make-up box.



Karen Morley, charming Metro-Goldwyn Mayer featured player, with her Russian wolfhound.

Little Rambles in Hollywood

Continued from page 37



Maurice Chevalier tries to teach one of George Bancroft's pet setters a new trick.

Ramon Novarro with his pet dog, "Lux."



You seldom see Chester Morris on the lot without his faithful shadow "Prince Tan" tagging along. George Bancroft owns a brace of bird dogs, black and white speckled setters, that he takes with him on his hunting expeditions into the High Sierras. At the studio these fellows are always passed in by the doorman as a matter of course and they will make for their master's dressing-room by the shortest route. Between scenes you will see Fredric March or Phillips Holmes or Maurice Chevalier romping with them like so many small boys and the Frenchman it seems took such a fancy to one of the setters that Bancroft offered it to him as a gift. Chevalier owns a Great Dane, and his wife has an adorable Sealeyham.

Karen Morley's Russian wolfhound made a screen appearance in "Arsene Lupin." He isn't an actor, but his presence was required to lend that definite touch of distinction to some of the scenes that should label them "class" in the eyes of the hooplois. Marion Davies is fond of all dogs irrespective of color, breed or size, but I saw her the other day with a velvety tan-colored beagle hound that appeared to be a special pet. Lew Cody's dog "Traffic" rouses comment—among those who don't know Lew. "Such an odd name," people remark. Whereupon her proud owner retorts: "Not at all. That pooch won't stop for anything short of a cop's

whistle." Cody, by the way, is a native Canadian, born Coté. Marie Dressler's chow "Razzle" is an aloof and unapproachable specimen, like all of his kind, but gentle in disposition and devoted to his mistress. If you should happen to mention his dignity to Marie she has a comeback. "Well," she will tell you, "isn't one comedian in the family enough?"

Those gay little wire-haired terriers are so popular that everybody either has one, has had one, or wants one. Miriam Hopkins' pet is known as her "calling card," for like Mary's lamb everywhere that Miriam goes he's right there too, usually several laps ahead and barking loudly to announce their approach. At tennis he

will retrieve the balls if you don't watch out. His mistress

says that he thinks the game is a kind of high-tempo golf and that he's got to get her "out of the rough" and assist her in improving her "handicap." Una Merkel owns an appealing little fellow she calls "Zip." He has a great display of aristocratic whisker but he doesn't put on any "dog," and in fact has a very friendly "woof-woof" for those people whom he likes. He's a good mixer, a gallant scrapper, and withal a pet.

Constance Bennett thinks that pets should be bought in pairs and in proof she will show you a couple of happy little West Highland ter-

riers named "Peter" and "Pan," one pure white and the other black, who agree like pancakes and maple syrup, and who lead a joyous existence romping together and threatening dire things to any inquisitive big dog who may venture too near them.

There has recently come to this city of opportunity a glamorous-looking blonde from Vienna named Nora Gregor with a worshipful Scotsman in tow. I have heard that the studio that has her under contract is considering the alteration of her name to something with a little more box-office voltage to it, but meanwhile she is at work with Robert Montgomery in "But the Flesh is Weak," alias "The Truth Game," and on the set with her, watching her with solemn approval is the aforementioned Scottie. She regards him as her good luck mascot. He likes to perch on her dressing-table, one paw in the makeup box, and witness the ceremony of the donning of the war-paint. But he's a verra reserved gentleman ye ken, and it's no' everybody he'll mak' up wi'. There's a tale current to the effect that Montgomery had to jingle some money in his pocket before the newcomer from Aberdeen would even look interested. Miss Gregor was starred for five years on the Continent in Max Reinhardt productions.

Kay Francis had a beloved Scottie named "Snifter" that some unfeeling person kidnapped. Despite endless advertising and

the offering of generous rewards and ransoms "Snifter" remains *non est*. Hollywood is not without instances of the alienation of canine affection, but Kay is convinced that her pet isn't among the fickle deserters. He was a one-woman dog. Other Scottie-owners are Billie Dove, June Collyer, Claudette Colbert, and Helen Twelvetrees.



Constance Bennett and her two Scotch terriers, Peter and Pan.

THE studios are prepared for anything that an inventive writer may drag into his plot. There is even a Holiday Bureau at Paramount where is held in reserve the necessary equipment for the observance of every red-letter day in the world's calendar. An interesting place to visit is Newspaper Row where editions of any paper in the world can be turned out and where are printed invitations to swanky but fictitious parties, for use in close-ups, as well as fake telegrams and cables. However, when a railway ticket is to be photographed this has to be genuine and a representative of the railroad company brings it in person to the studio and then keeps a watchful eye on it until the scene is finished.

TURTLE neck sweaters are a new fad in Hollywood both for men and women. Among the early wearers of the necktie-less garment were David Manners, George Brent, Adrienne Dore and Ruth Hall. A part-less coiffure has been created by Frances Dee. Her hair is water waved softly off the forehead, dipped slightly to the right side, terminating in loosely curled ends that miss her shoulders by two inches.

Criticisms: Favourable and Otherwise

Continued from page 35

among the other jurors. After she is sworn in, she becomes even more eagerly efficient. She cross-examines the witnesses and makes pungent remarks about their statements and various other phases of the trial.

The defendant is a pretty French girl who is accused of murdering her rich and elderly husband. When the jury has retired, the foreman asks each juror in turn whether he or she considers the defendant guilty. They all do—excepting Mrs. Crane. And Mrs. Crane is not a woman to meekly change her opinion. One by one she gets the jurors to her side. Only the foreman and another woman who is almost—but not quite—as strong minded as Mrs. Crane, refuse to agree with her. But her determination and cleverness finally win them over, and find the real murderer into the bargain.

Miss Oliver gives a splendid characterization of the dominant Mrs. Crane. She has a rare sense of comedy, and this picture should win her hosts of admirers. Ken Murray, as one of the jurors, is very funny, and the rest of the cast is excellent.

"This is the Night"

LILY DAMITA is another talented and attractive young woman who has not been given good stories. "The Woman Between" and "Friends and Lovers" were over-emotional, muddled, and generally boring affairs. Now, in "This is the Night," Miss Damita has been given a straight comedy part, gay and frivolous and farcical. And she is delightful in it.

The plot is very slight, being one of those French concoctions about married ladies whose husbands are always turning up at the wrong time. Yes, you've seen it before, I know, but this version is different. Adults will enjoy the nonsense of this picture and its carefree mood. Besides Miss Damita, the cast contains the quizzically humorous Roland Young, Charles Ruggles and Thelma Todd. The direction is extremely clever and original.

"Devil's Lottery"

ELISSA LANDI is one of the loveliest and most talented young women now engaged in picture work. Besides being a clever actress, she is an accomplished musician and has several novels to her credit, her latest novel having been published just a few

months ago. She has not, however, done as well in pictures as her beauty, intelligence and previous stage success had promised. But the fault is not hers. The stories in which she has played have been unbelievably poor, the best of them being perhaps the recent adaptation of the old stage melodrama "The Yellow Ticket."

Miss Landi's latest vehicle, "Devil's Lottery," is strides ahead of all the other pictures she has played in. Although it really misses being a first-class picture, it has a better story than the others. The acting and direction are good.

The theme is novel and interesting. It is concerned with the effect unexpected wealth has on the person who gets it. I suppose everyone who has ever owned a ticket on a sweepstake has had perfectly gorgeous dreams about winning a vast fortune. What would we do with the money? Would it change the whole current of our lives? "Devil's Lottery" shows a group of people all of whom have won fortunes in the Calcutta Sweepstake. They come from different walks of life and they react to their sudden luck in various ways. The picture begins buoyantly and is well supplied with humor. There is also a thrilling sequence of the running of the Derby. Toward the end, however, the picture turns ironic (hence the title "Devil's Lottery") and shows us that money is no guarantee of happiness, and the sweepstake winner is no better off than he was before. This theme reminds me of the old fairy tale of the poorman and his wife who were granted three wishes. They decided they would think the matter over very carefully before wishing and, in the meantime, sat down to their supper. It was a meagre meal. The woman was hungry. And, unthinking, she said: "I wish there were a nice big sausage on this plate!" Presto! The sausage was there. The man was furious that she had wasted a wish on such a trivial thing, and in his sudden rage cried, "Drat you! I wish the sausage were on the end of your nose." No sooner wished than done! And as the woman couldn't possibly be happy with a sausage attached to her nose for the rest of her life, the third and last wish had to be used to wish it away.

But to get back to "Devil's Lottery," the ironic mood towards the end of the picture, while interesting and not illogical, is a rather unexpected change. I think I should have liked the picture better had it not taken itself quite so seriously. But it is novel and very capably acted and well worth seeing.

OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 19

come back to me later. Send Flick in when you go out."

Clem nodded astonished assent, even though a wave of disgust like nausea went over him at Kitty's whisper. How could any girl talk so casually about a dope fiend? How could she keep on with Flick, knowing him to be a hophead? He had read of such things, and found them too terrible to be believed. Yet here he was in daily communication with one. He must get out of it all as soon as he could. Yet he had to stick until he had made good.

Disgust drove him hard through his afternoon drill. He hurried through his shower and rubdown, and went to Quint's office. Quint was there alone, playing solitaire as usual. But Quint was in a strange mood, dour and scowling, and he slapped the cards down as if they were his mortal enemies. Clem wondered for a second if he shouldn't postpone his request until Quint was a little more affable; for Clem had never before seen him in this mood. But the recollection of Con Kelly's being all the time with Nancy, made postponement impossible.

"I figure, Quint, that it's time I was making real money. I've shown stuff that's—"

Quint broke in. "Outside for you." But Clem persisted: "You can hear what I've got to say, can't you?"

Quint looked up at him: "When I tell a bum to beat it, he beats it. That means you."

Clem could scarcely believe what he heard. It made him see red for a moment. He stepped up to the desk, and struck it with his first so that the solitaire layout was scattered to the four corners.

"I'm no bum, and I don't take that name from Quint Mangan or anybody else. If you want to say 'no' to me, say it; but lay off the rough stuff."

The effect of Clem's rebellion was amazing. Quint looked up at him with a savage snarl, was silent for a moment, and when he spoke again, his voice was as suave as velvet. But that tone of velvet didn't deceive Clem. He had had a glimpse, such as he had never had before, of Quint's power and of his savageness.

"You're right, kid," Quint said. "I'm on edge today. That's all. One of my bums just lost thirty grand for me—and worse than that, I don't know whether the dirty double-crocker's really a crook or only a coward... Now, what do you want?"

"Sorry," Clem said aloud. But for the moment his real sympathy was for Flick, against whom he knew Quint's anger was directed. "What I've got to have, Quint, is some real money... I figure I'm good enough now to draw a bigger bout. Just think it over, Quint."

"All right, Clem... Come back later, will you?"

"O.K.," said Clem, and left.

Yet nothing immediate came of Quint's promise. His dour mood persisted, and Clem didn't bother him except to get daily training instructions. He trained hard and faithfully, sure that in time Quint would come around.

Once or twice Kitty tried to get him to take her out to supper. But Clem knew that a supper date meant drinking and dancing till dawn, and passed it up with the excuse of being in training.

Moreover, Nancy was always vividly in his mind. Every day he watched the postman with increasing eagerness, and with increasing worry as the postman left no letter from her. Was

it Con, or her worry that imposed silence upon her; or was she just through with him? The question tormented him continually, and found no answer.

ONE night as he was sitting in his hall bedroom, after writing to Nancy a letter that would bring some sort of reply without seeming to beg for it, the dapper and shifty-eyed Flick called on him.

Clem welcomed him amiably, without trying to conceal his surprise at the visit. Flick settled himself familiarly on the bed, inasmuch as Clem occupied the sole chair in the room, and lit a cigarette.

"How's tricks, buddy?" he asked, blowing out his match. "Still on the up and up?"

"A little slow, but no kick coming," Clem answered, wondering what Flick's real business was.

Flick studied the glowing end of his cigarette, as if searching casually for some means of continuing the conversation. Then he asked: "What do you hear from Con Kelly these days?"

"Not a thing."

"Did he ever pull a sale of that property up there?"

Clem was suddenly wary. A man had to step on eggs with a boy like Flick; yes, and with Quint too, Clem realized after that last scene with Mangan. He had no doubt but that Quint had sent Flick here to question him subtly about Con and Pop. That meant that Quint knew something about the man Jackson, and why Jackson was so eager to buy Pop's property.

Clem resolved to find out the truth behind that strange circumstance. But he would learn it straight from Quint. It wasn't safe to reveal too much to this boy Flick.

"I couldn't tell you a thing about it, Flick," Clem said.

"Any new dickers for it?" Flick persisted amiably.

"I've told you all I can," Clem said with finality.

Flick's shifty eyes met Clem's square for a second. "You don't broadcast a hell of a lot, do you?"

"Not when I haven't got the dope, anyhow," Clem declared with a laugh.

Flick chuckled his cigarette into Clem's washbasin, and got up to go. "If you get wise to anything, let me in on it, will you?"

"I might," Clem offered.

Flick lingered. Clem didn't like his shifty eyes watching him so closely. He wanted to get rid of him, though he was too goodhearted to kick him out with no reason. He saw the letter to Nancy on his little table, sealed and stamped.

"I was just going out to get a letter on the mail, north," he said. "I'll go out with you, Flick."

Clem had been sitting in his red plaid lumber-jacket, because his room was cold. He was on the point of discarding it for the new overcoat which he had bought at Kitty's suggestion. He thought better of it; Flick would probably not stick to him, walking the streets of New York with his gaudy wool jacket on. And he was right in his surmise, for Flick bade him a cold good-night at the first corner.

QUINT called Clem into his office the next day, and shut the door after him. Quint wasn't playing solitaire now. He stood up and faced Clem across the desk, and his green eyes burned brighter than Clem had ever seen them. [Cont'd on page 40]



The greatest thrill a mother can know

HER BABY... thriving... gaining by leaps and bounds! His back, strong and fine as a little champion's. His teeth developing perfectly. His legs straight and sturdy. His skin rosy, his flesh firm, his whole body a living promise of health—radiant, buoyant health—through the years to come!

Can any food except Nature's food build such a baby?

Millions of mothers in the past 75 years have answered *Yes* to this question. And now more emphatically still a world-famous clinic answers *Yes*.

Living proof—in millions of healthy babies

Seventy-five years ago, Gail Borden—pioneer in the movement for pure milk—gave Eagle Brand to the mothers of America. Today, Eagle Brand—second only to mother's milk in easy digestibility—is known as an infant food the world over. Eagle Brand has raised more healthy babies than any other food on earth, excepting mother's milk. In practically every community in this land are healthy, sturdy boys and girls, and men and women who got their start in life on Eagle Brand. Inquire in your own community and see how these Eagle Brand ex-babies compare.

What the scientists discovered

But newer still is the news from a

world-famous baby clinic. Two physicians fed a group of 50 average babies on Eagle Brand over a period of several months—checking with closest care every detail of their health and growth. X-ray pictures of bones were taken regularly, to make sure of the way that bones were growing. Tooth development was watched. Weight and height were periodically recorded. Strength and alertness were measured. Blood tests were made... And those 50 Eagle Brand babies, judged by every known test, proved themselves ideally nourished.

• • •

Mail the coupon below for "Baby's Welfare"—containing feeding instructions and directions for general care; also histories and pictures of Eagle Brand babies. We will gladly send your physician a report of above scientific test. Your grocer sells Eagle Brand. Eagle Brand is easy to prepare—you merely add boiled water. Feeding instructions are on the label.

FREE! HELPFUL BABY BOOK

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Dept. WHM
115 George St., Toronto, Ont.

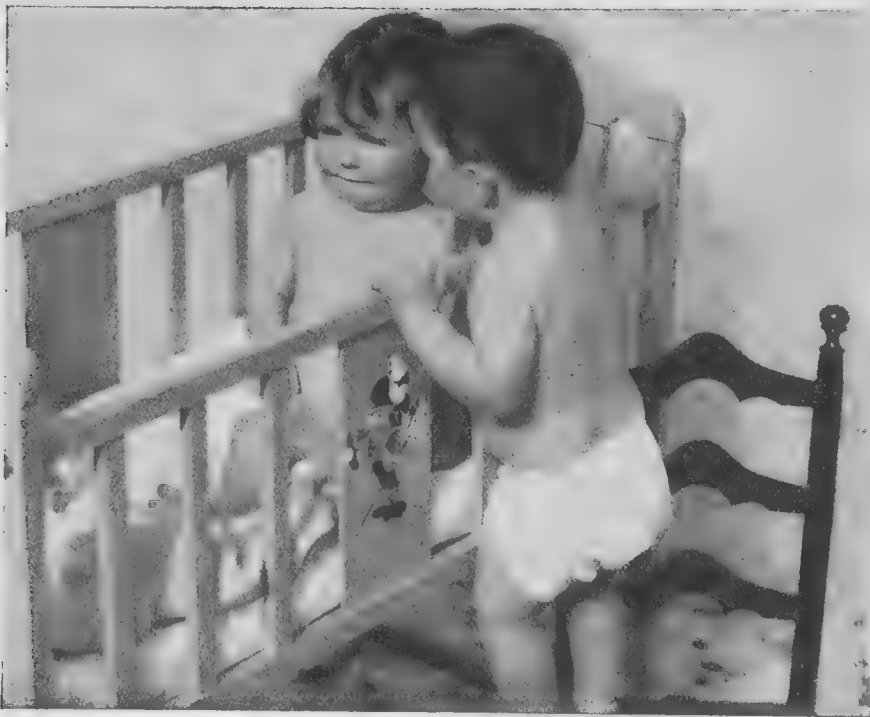
Please send me—free—new edition "Baby's Welfare"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

(Please print name and address plainly) M6



*Say, Sis, this is our lucky day!
Great news! I just heard mother say
She's got a baby powder here
That makes the chafing disappear.*

Notice that soft, silky smoothness when you rub some Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger! It feels almost like a cream in powder form! You can understand, can't you, why babies love its soothing, healing touch?

Here is the reason for this super-softness; Johnson's Baby Powder is made from the very finest Italian talc, composed of light, downy flakes. But a comparison will show you that some baby powders contain sharp, needle-like particles, due to inferior talc ingredients. You wouldn't want them next your baby's skin!

Be safe; test Johnson's Baby Powder between the thumb and finger. You'll know then that it is the finest you can use for your baby.

A Special Baby Soap and Baby Cream

Johnson's Baby Soap, with its delicate fragrance and rich, cleansing lather, and Johnson's Baby Cream, which relieves and prevents chafing, chapping, "diaper rash", prickly heat and sun and wind burn, are two additional products made especially for baby's comfort. Use them today!



A Johnson & Johnson Product

MADE IN CANADA

70

FREE SAMPLES! In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample of each—free of charge. Write to Johnson & Johnson, Limited, Montreal.

OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 39

"Flick came to see you last night, didn't he?" was his first question.

"Yes," Clem admitted, after his first surprise was dimmed.

"What did he have to say to you?" Quint asked, more softly.

Clem estimated possibilities, tried to reason out what was behind this interrogation.

"What are you checking up on Flick for, Quint?" he asked directly.

Quint was close-lipped in his reply: "Because I sent him on an errand, and I want to know if he did it right."

"He asked me whether Con Kelly had yet managed to sell Pop's woodlot for him."

"Anything else?"

"No—except he asked me to put him wise to any change up there."

Quint turned abruptly and walked to one of the dirty windows. He stood there, looking out, his hands clasped behind him. Then he turned, walked to the door and called for Jake. Jake shuffled in from the dressing-room.

"Jake," Quint said, "Flick's disappointed me, for the second time. He's going to make trouble for himself with his pipe dreams. He's got to be fixed right, and you're the one to do it. Go take him for a nice long ride in the open air tonight, and—tell him what I said."

"Me?" cried Jake in a shaking voice.

"You," said Quint.

There was an indescribable menace in Quint's voice that didn't fit in with the paternal gentleness of his command to Jake. On the surface of things, there was no real reason for Jake acting as he did. For an instant, his eyes pleaded with Quint's, and even his hands went together in a supplicating gesture. Then Quint waved him away. The slamming of the door behind Jake made Clem jump.

Yet Quint's face was beaming when Clem looked at him again. He sat down behind his desk almost lightly, and began a new solitaire layout. "What birds like Flick need is a little more sense," he said. "I wish there were more like you, Clem. . . . Now that's fixed, I've got good news for you, boy."

Clem was still in the mazes of baffled wonderment, still oppressed by what he had heard without understanding.

"Good news for me?" he echoed Quint's statement.

"Ye-uh. . . . I've signed you up to fight Sammy Chico ten rounds, main bout, next Friday night, at the Park Sporting Club. Purse of a thousand fish, winner take all. O.K.?"

"A—thousand?" Clem echoed again.

"One grand," Quint beamed.

And with that, Clem forgot all he had just heard. Even the dingy room seemed suddenly light and cheerful. A thousand dollars! That, with what he had, might possibly save Pop's woodland. With Clem's promises of more, the bank must accept that much as a principal payment on the mortgage.

"Quint—I'm sure much obliged to you," he said, with trembling voice; and for the first time, thrust his hand across the desk for Quint to shake.

CLEM set about his training for Sammy Chico with a grim resolution. He knew it would be no easy mill. So far, he knew, he had been matched only against setups or wash-outs. But Sammy Chico had something of a rep.

Moreover, it was the first time Clem had fought a main bout; and though

the Park Club lacked a million years of being the Garden, a headliner is a headliner. If he lost, he'd be buried again for months in the undiscovered country of prelims; if he won, he'd be the lead story in every sporting page the next morning. That meant that he could challenge anyone in his class, and have his challenge read with respect.

True, he liked less and less the mob he was thrown with here—all but Kitty. He'd got her straightened out again in his mind after the Flick affair, and he felt sorry for her. But all the rest—the loafers, the boxers—well, he could have endured them if they'd all been open and above board. But always he had a sense of vague undercurrents that sometimes made him shudder, a prepossession that more real business went on under cover at the gymnasium than appeared on the surface. Yet as long as Quint played him square, he'd stick.

The morning after he had sent Nancy a letter telling her of his new match, he heard from her:

"Dear Clem,

"I haven't written because I have been very busy, and because I have worried a lot too. Pop is just about crazy. The mortgage on his lumber lot is due next Saturday, and the bank says it has got to foreclose and sell him out unless he makes a payment of \$2,000.

"But Con has helped him out on it. Con's got a New York syndicate interested again. All the syndicate wants to do is lease, so Pop can still hold the property.

"The syndicate will pay him a year's rent or \$2,000—in advance, so he can meet the bank's demands. I am sort of scared of it, but Con says it is all right. Pop hasn't signed yet, but he's got to have the cash by Saturday or lose his woodlot, and I guess he'll sign. What do you think about it? Let me know, Clem.

"Con took me to the church box-social Thursday night, and we had a swell time.

"I think you're doing fine. It's great to see your name in the papers. Con sends you his best wishes, and says you're a champ right now. I guess you never did know how much Con thinks of you.

"Your friend,
"Nancy."

Clem glowed over the letter at first reading; but at the second knit his brows. "Your friend;" was that the best she could do? And "Con" that, "Con" every other word. Con helping them out! Lease! Syndicate! That sounded bad. Why a lease? Why not an outright sale if there really was a syndicate, really interested in a timber lot?

He remembered seeing an item in the morning paper, in which a landlord, who had leased his property innocently for illegal purposes, was held as responsible for the breach of law committed upon that property as his guilty tenants were. And Flick's inquiry, and Quint's strange reaction to the story! It all looked bad.

The time had come when he must face the facts he had shut his eyes to. He added his bank account to the purse which he might win on Friday night. It fell a little short of the \$2,000 which Pop had to pay. But he could show the bank plenty of promise of more to come, and he was sure that the bank would be merciful.

As he paced the floor of his narrow room, trying to straighten out things, his landlady called him to the telephone. It was Kitty Fallon speaking

[Continued on page 41]

OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 40

Clem knew from her voice that some disaster was afoot.

"Clem," she said, "I've got to see you right away, and I daren't come to your place."

"I'll be right over to the gym," he told her.

"No, no," she cried. "Not there . . . Meet me—Central Park, Sixth Avenue entrance on the south side. Clem, can you meet me in—in twenty minutes?"

"Yes."

Kitty was waiting for him by the curving stone wall when he got there. In spite of her makeup, she looked haggard; and her eyes were red, as if she had not slept, or had been weeping. Yet no one would have guessed it except after the closest scrutiny. To a casual glance she was as fresh and gay and attractive as ever.

She took Clem's arm, and walked with him silently down into the Park, looking back all the time over her shoulder. It was barely ten o'clock yet, and there were but few people about. The February sun was cold but brilliant, and dazzled upon the dirty snow almost as brilliantly as if it had been virginally white. They found a cleared bench beneath a clump of bare shrubbery, in which a bevy of sparrows chattered noisily. It was not until they were seated that she began to speak of her business; and then her speech was entirely in a studied undertone, with silences whenever a pedestrian came along in front of them.

"Clem, have you seen Flick the last twenty-four hours?"

"No . . . Haven't seen him since—let me see—he came to my room two nights ago."

"What did he come to see you about?"

Clem studied her. Her blue eyes were misted with tears, and her lips trembled. What dark mystery lay behind all this? Clem suddenly hated New York—this strange New York he had been thrown into.

"What's happened, Kitty?" he asked her.

"I—don't know, Clem . . . You tell me all you know."

He told her quietly of Flick's inquiries, of his own interest in them, and of Quint's questioning. She caught his arm nervously.

"And what did Quint say? What did he do?" she asked.

"He called Jake in, and—I wonder if I can remember just what he said. Some of his slang that I didn't understand. Oh, yes. He told Jake to get him out in the open air for a long ride, and tell him what's what."

Her response was extraordinary, yet not unlooked for. She gave a little moan, and pressed to her tight lips the handkerchief which she had been wadding into a ball as Clem related his story. But she could say nothing.

"What is it?" Clem asked. "Can't you tell me? Can't I do anything?"

"No," she moaned, shaking her head. "You can't do anything—now." She dabbed at her eyes, then caught Clem's hand. "Clem, get out of this gang while you're still free. I can't bear to see you caught in this awful trap."

Clem squeezed her hand.

"Kitty, you're upset, nervous . . . Come, let's take a little walk."

"No. I'm afraid someone will see me with you. Promise me you'll break with Quint today."

"Break—with Quint? I've just started—"

"Break with him or it'll be too late. And it would kill me if he got you too."

Clem scrutinized her. "Kitty, you're asking a terrible lot without any explanation. I figured Quint would put me in line for a pot of money—"

"Of course you want to know why. I wonder if I dare tell you . . . Clem, do you know what happens to squealers in a mob of racketeers?"

"Racketeers?" Clem ejaculated. "Yes, a gang. That's what it is. Quint Mangan's head of one of the most powerful gangs of bootleggers and rumrunners and racketeers in New York City. And if he knew I'd told you, you'd wake up some morning and find the papers full of how I was found riddled with bullets."

"Kitty. My God."

"And I'm going to come clean to you, if you promise to break with him. I know how much you think of Pop Leith and Nancy, and I won't see them and you brought into it. Con Kelly's up there scouting to find a place to store and transship bootleg liquor. They're going to put up a cooking plant—"

"Cooking plant? What's that?"

"Alcohol. A still . . . Pop's place is what they want. You gummed up Con's game, and he shot you down here to get you out of the way. Con set that fire so you couldn't hang on there. Now they want to lease the place, so they can get out from under if they're caught, and Pop Leith will be left holding the bag . . . Flick's sold out to another gang. Quint thought he'd sold out when he lost a load of booze up at Tarrytown. Quint's been shadowing him ever since. Trained him to your room, asked you what he wanted. Flick was after dope for another gang. Quint knew it as soon as you told him the questions he asked you. Maybe Flick got away safe, but—Oh, God, I'm afraid he didn't." Again she caught his arm, sobbing her entreaty. "Clem, go now, this minute, and break with Quint. Get out. Leave New York if you have to. But break—now!"

Clem's first reaction was that it was a tale too wildly extravagant to be believed. But as he stared at Kitty, he saw how ever strange incident of the past three months fitted perfectly into place, to make a complete picture that could not be doubted. But even so, was he not being duped again? Kitty was confessedly one of the gang, the cherished ward of Quint Mangan, whom she respected and liked. Was it not more reasonable to believe that in some subtle way she was still playing Quint's game, just as Con had made all his points with the completest show of outward friendliness?

Kitty saw the doubt in his eyes. "You don't believe me," she cried. "You think I'm pulling a fast one on you."

"I don't understand," Clem said thoughtfully, "why you should sell out your own bunch for me."

"Because I love you, Clem . . . Oh, I know it's no use. We aren't the same kind of folks. But I love you, and it's the first time I ever told a man that. Now do you believe me? Clem, you've got to believe me." She caught his hand, and pressed it to her wax-red lips.

"Kitty," Clem said softly, "you know all I can say to that. It's Nancy for me till hell freezes over. But next to her, you're the finest girl I ever knew. And it makes me proud to have you even like me."

"Proud," she echoed the word with a sob. And then, more controlled: "Forget the sugar, big boy. Just

[Continued on page 42]

Have you heard about

OXYDOL?

● "I never saw clothes wash so white and clean."



THIS AMAZING SOAP DISCOVERY

—SPEEDS washing, saves work, costs less!

● **50% MORE SUDS**—quicker, richer, longer-lasting suds—that's why OXYDOL saves washday labor, makes dishwashing easier!

● Every woman who has slaved over the washtub or the dishpan knows that suds are the secret of successful washing.

So Procter & Gamble, the greatest soapmakers in the world, have now perfected a soap discovery, almost magical in its sudsing power.

This soap sensation is Oxydol, a real blessing to the woman who is seeking an easier way to do the hardest job in housekeeping.

Oxydol is supercharged (with pure rich soap) for 50% more suds than other soaps in granulated form—livelier suds that outwash and outlast all others!

Richer suds do the dirty work

Richer suds are the simple reason why Oxydol saves your strength and speeds your work.

Weak old-type suds can't get things really clean—you know that—because they quickly fizzle away to watery thinness.

When you buy soap, remember, it's suds you're really buying.

If the suds fall the dirt falls back also—but Oxydol suds stand up and stay on the job!

Soaks clothes whiter

Oxydol's richer fluffier suds soak clothes white—without back-tiring rubbing because they keep up and keep working—until the last particle of dirt is routed.

Oxydol washes everything brighter, cleaner, and more sweet-smelling.

Softens hard water

The minute you put dirty clothes and greasy dishes into water you harden that water.

Oxydol makes all water soft—in even the stubbornest hard water it gives 50% more rich live suds!

Wonderful for dishes

Oxydol fairly charms away each speck of grease from dirty dishes and glassware—it leaves no streaky film as do weak old-type suds.

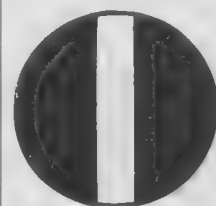
They come out clean and sparkling—clean to dry without wiping if you like—because Oxydol suds don't cling!

And Oxydol is so easy on your hands that you'll know it's perfectly suited to even your delicate things.

Ask your grocer today for Oxydol—in the big-sized orange and blue package.

GUARANTEE

If you do not find that Oxydol makes more and richer suds—that it soaks clothes gleaming white—that it makes hard water soft and works better in any water—just turn the package back to the store where you bought it and your money will be returned.



OXYDOL

Reg. Trade Mark

MADE IN CANADA

THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP

Prevent....tonight or Cure....tomorrow

WHICH WILL YOU DO?

Nature always plays fair. She always issues warnings!

It may be just a coated tongue tonight... Nothing to worry about. Dull eyes, a bad breath... Nothing serious.

But Nature is telling you something by these harmless-seeming symptoms. She's telling you that you may have a sick child tomorrow.

So many serious illnesses need not have been serious. They started as little ailments which, neglected, grew into big ones.

When Nature coats tongues, makes eyes dull and breath bad, she says, "Your child has eaten unwisely or perhaps has overeaten. His system is clogged with waste impurities. He needs help."

Help tonight is simple. Tomorrow it may be harder. A simple dose of Castoria tonight will bring relief; may even prevent a serious illness.

Castoria, you know, is the children's own remedy—is made specially to give the mild, gentle help their delicate organs require.

In any starting illness, such as a cold, a little fever, a food upset, a first-aid dose of Castoria is always a wise precaution which your physician will recommend you take.

A noted child specialist says, "I always get best results by giving Castoria at night—with no supper nothing but water until morning."

Its gentle effectiveness has brought quick comfort to many a baby suffering with colic pains, by relieving the gas pressure and urging bowels to act. And it is the "standby" regulator for older children in many homes.

You never have to coax your children to take Castoria. They like its taste and are grateful for the quick relief it brings to tied-up little systems.

We have a helpful booklet for mothers; "The Danger Age for Children," which we will gladly send free on request. Address Dept. 122, The Centaur Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario.



No harsh drugs...no NARCOTICS



IN CASTORIA

Of course you want to be sure the medicine you give your children is not harmful or habit-forming. Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation; absolutely safe and harmless. Real Castoria always has the name, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the package. It now comes in two sizes. The new family size contains about 2½ times the amount in the regular size.

LOOK FOR THE SIGNATURE ON THE PACKAGE



OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 41

promise me to break with Quint before he does you in."

Clem looked at his big fists, and flexed them grimly. "Maybe I could do him in first, but I shan't try. I'll break with him."

They both got up, but Kitty would have none of his escort. "No, we don't walk together, Clem. Quint's got too many eyes out. Our roads separate from now on."

The words were prophetic, Clem knew. There was a lump in his throat as she turned away from him. Clem watched her beyond a bend in the walk, and went back to the park entrance.

He stopped at the first telegraph station he found, and sent a telegram to Pop Leith:

"You are being tricked. Don't sign lease under any conditions. I'll have money for you in time. Clem."

He hesitated long over that promise of money. If he broke with Quint now, how could he be sure of that fight with Sammy Chico on Friday night? What chance would he have to stall the bank up home, with only three hundred dollars to give them. None, of course.

But he had passed his promise to Kitty. Moreover, he couldn't quite swallow taking any more money, even indirectly, from Quint Mangan.

He had to promise Pop the money to fortify him against Con Kelly's influence. There must be some way to redeem himself. He'd find that way. He sent the telegram as he had written it.

CLEM walked on to the gymnasium, preoccupied with planning his break with Quint. It wasn't easy. If he could have told Quint point blank why he was breaking, then it would have been simple.

But he could not squeal on Kitty. There was no telling what Quint might do to her. He must go about it with some other method of approach. Queer he could not yet quite realize that what Kitty had told wasn't ugly melodrama, but stark truth.

The gymnasium, at that hour of the morning, was as barren as on the day he had arrived there. For a minute, he feared that not even Quint had arrived yet. But presently he heard the slapping of cards in the little office, and walked resolutely to the door.

Quint looked up in real surprise. "Hello, boy. What brings you here this time of day?" he asked cordially.

"A whole lot brings me here, Quint," Clem returned; and he knew that Quint had never before heard just that tone from him.

Nevertheless Quint built up a run of four cards on an ace before he replied: "Call your cards, Clem."

"It's this, Quint: I've seen too much of this gang to want to train with 'em any more."

Quint forgot his solitaire for once, and looked up sharply. "High-hatting us?" he ventured amiably.

"No."

"What then? What have you seen?"

"Stuff that you could undoubtedly explain to me, Quint—only I'm not taking any explanations... I'm breaking, Quint. You and I are through."

Quint laid down his deck of cards. "Through, eh?" he repeated softly. Did you figure that I might not be through with you?"

Clem shrugged his shoulders
[Continued on page 43]



BEAUTIFUL BUST

in 3 to 5 weeks by the famous
PARISIAN EXUBER METHODS
FASHION DEMANDS A ROUND, SHAPELY
FIGURE. WHY BE FLAT CHESTED? WHY
HAVE UGLY, SAGGING LINES?

It is easy to develop and beautify your form and you can do it in three short weeks with the world famous PARISIAN treatment. Restore firmness and youthful shapeliness. Make yourself more attractive, more charming by developing your feminine beauty. Send for FREE booklet.

EXUBER BUST DEVELOPER
for developing the bust
EXUBER BUST RAFFERMER
for strengthening the bust

Both treatments are applied externally and have almost immediate effect. No long and tiresome treatment, and you can use both with absolute safety. They have been used all over the world with remarkable success for over 20 years. Famous stage and screen artists of Europe and this country use and recommend EXUBER methods.

FREE OFFER
Return this coupon and you will receive under plain cover, full details of the EXUBER METHODS. Readers of the "Western Home Monthly" need only enclose a 3 cent stamp, crossing out the method for which details are not required.

Developer — Raffermer
Name.....Address.....
Please fill in with BLOCK letters and send to Mme.
HELENE DUROY, Div. G.53, rue de Miromesnil
11, Paris (8e). Postage to France 3 cents



GRAY HAIR GONE

[TEST BOTTLE]
FREE

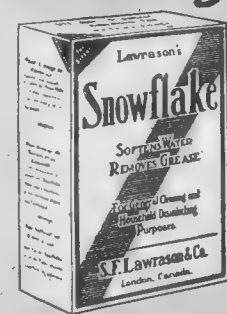
Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it free.

Test it FREE~ We send Free complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
8111 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....Prov.....
Color of your hair.....

Lawson's Snowflake



At
Your
Grocers

Cleans
Pots &
Pans.

Sinks, Bath Tubs,
Dishes & Floors.

Send 10c. and
tops of three
packages for a
rubber apron

OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 42

"No," he said, "I hadn't figured on it, because it doesn't make any difference to me. I haven't signed anything, nor implied any promise whatever. You've had your rakeoff from my purses, and I've paid you all I ever borrowed from you. So—I'm just walking out."

Quint clasped his thick fingers in front of him, and his thumbs chased one another endlessly.

"So that's it, eh? Just walking out on me . . . Seen the morning papers, Clem?" he added.

"No."

"Good reading for you, boy! Take a look."

Quint drew the top one from the pile on his side, found a spot and marked it with a thick thumb as he passed it over to Clem.

GANGSTER SHOT

the headlines said.

Clem hastily digested the half-column article. It appeared that a well-known gangster whom the police had identified as Flick Murnane had been found beside a deserted road on Staten Island, his body riddled with bullets. The murderer had not yet been apprehended. The police were inclined to impute the murder to rival gangsters, and were searching the city for certain members of the gang chiefly—opposed to the dead man's. A report was being investigated to the effect that the slain man was last seen with a powerfully built young man, possibly a steelworker or a longshoreman, dressed in a red plaid lumber-jacket and fur cap.

That last bit fairly jumped out of the page at Clem. It was an unmistakable description of himself. But he'd been wearing his new overcoat—no, that night when he wanted to get rid of Flick, he had walked up Lexington Avenue with Flick, in his old red jacket. And it was that night that Quint had had Flick shadowed. Quint's spies had told him everything, down to the last detail. Where, then, did the police get this information, if not from Quint himself? Did Quint have such power? It seemed an inescapable trap that was sprung upon him; he almost felt the steel jaws.

But he merely looked up, to see Quint's eyes fastened upon him.

"Read it all the way through?" Quint asked meaningly.

"Yes . . . Only there's got to be a motive for murder," Clem defied him dry-lipped.

"Motive, eh?" Quint said softly. "Do you figure the police wouldn't be interested in knowing that you and Flick were rushing the same jane?"

Clem caught his breath. There was the motive, complete. Nevertheless, he said: "The police might be interested in something else, too. Don't forget, Quint, that I heard you tell Jake to take Flick for a nice, long ride."

Quint thrust his hands into his pockets, whistling sibilantly between closed teeth. "Yeah?" he jeered. "Then why don't you go down to headquarters and give the dicks your song and dance?"

For an instant Clem's spirit cowered before an overwhelming blast of fear. Could such things be in a civilized country, that this squat, ugly man before him had power that reached even to the police; that he could maim and rob and kill, and laugh at penalties imposed by the law. Clem knew he couldn't take a chance on going to the police.

But a swift revulsion against such power gave him courage again, and he laughed in Quint's face. "It's a

good bluff, Quint," he said, "but—I reckon I'll be just as safe away from you, as with you."

Quint's eyes narrowed. "Going to blow, eh?"

"Yes."

"All right. See how far you get." He laughed a cavernous rumble. "And good luck, Clem. You'll need plenty."

Quint sat down, picked up his pack of cards, and began a fresh layout. The interview was over. Clem knew that, so far as Quint Mangan was concerned, he himself was wiped off the map.

Nor did Clem underestimate his danger. It seemed an inextricable net that he was caught in. After what he knew of Flick, it was not difficult to imagine the fate of any of Quint's men who knew too much and used his knowledge rashly.

But he had to take his chances on that. He remembered in time that he had to get his fighting outfit, for the chief thing now was to get that money which he had promised to Pop Leith, and he could get it only with his fists. Jake the rubber was not in his dressing-room, though in it he lived, and ate and had his being. Jake had probably run away till things blew over.

Clem wrapped his outfit in a breadth of old newspaper. No sign came from Quint's office, as he crossed the gymnasium floor, save only that perpetual slap-slap of cards.

Never had the light of day been more grateful to Clem. Even the gray slush of the streets was for once almost as pleasing to him as his own beloved snow. He was sure that the policeman on the corner stared suspiciously at him as he passed, and Clem broke into a whistle to allay that suspicion. It took all his will power not to look backward as he walked on, so certain was he that he must feel a touch on his shoulders, and a harsh voice telling him he was under arrest.

Nevertheless, he reached Broadway without molestation, and entered a cheap cafeteria for a cup of coffee. Over it, at his ease, he took stock of things.

First place, he'd have to see how he stood with Abe Carney, who was Sammy Chico's manager. He would have to make some new arrangements with Abe before he could go ahead with the Chico bout. Up in the Bronx he found the poolroom which was Abe Carney's chief source of income, and behind the counter he found the short, overfat, stubbly-chinned man, in banded dirty shirt-sleeves and unkempt black hair, who had signed the articles on behalf of Sammy Chico.

"If it haint the Battler himself," Abe fawned on Clem, giving him the nickname with which the sporting writers had already christened him. "What's the good word?"

Clem didn't smile. "I've had to break with Quint Mangan," he said succinctly. "But I'm still in the business, and I wanted to—"

The smile was instantly wiped off Abe Carney's face. "Broke—with Quint Mangan," he interrupted. "Then what the hell you here for?"

"To tell you that I'll still go on against Sammy Chico," Clem said boldly. "I had good reasons—"

Abe backed away from Clem as if here were poison. "You won't fight my boy. I wouldn't touch you with tongs, not after you give Quint Mangan the air . . . Mangan!" he laughed raucously.

Clem was past being surprised. There were plenty of managers who

[Continued on page 44]



LOWEST PRICES IN 18 YEARS!

Genuine Original Rogers Silverplate

1847 ROGERS BROS.

and

Wm. Rogers & Son

Including the beautiful new pattern

"HER MAJESTY"

You can now buy Gift Pieces of this famous Silverware at remarkable savings . . . savings that will permit you to buy those extra pieces which you would like for your own table.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Teaspoons **NOW \$2.50** for six

And . . . a complete 26-piece Tray set, with S. H. Mirror Stainless Knives, as low as . . . **\$27.00**

All patterns in 1847 Rogers Bros. are the same in price.

Wm. Rogers & Son

Teaspoons **NOW \$1.25** for six

And . . . a complete 26-piece set with S. H. Stainless Knives, as low as . . . **\$15.00**

All patterns in Wm. Rogers & Son are the same in price.

This is a rare opportunity for those buying gifts for the Bride . . . the Smart Hostess will take advantage of it too . . . because

THESE PRICES ARE NOT GUARANTEED AGAINST RISE!

See your nearest Silverware Dealer . . . Today!

*Trade Mark

GENUINE ORIGINAL ROGERS SILVERPLATE

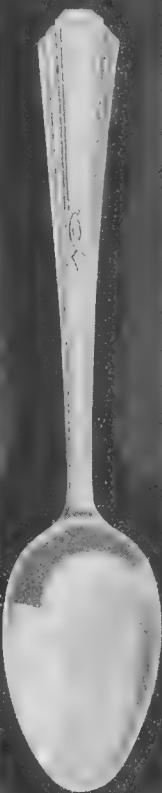
1847 ROGERS BROS.

and

WM. ROGERS & SON

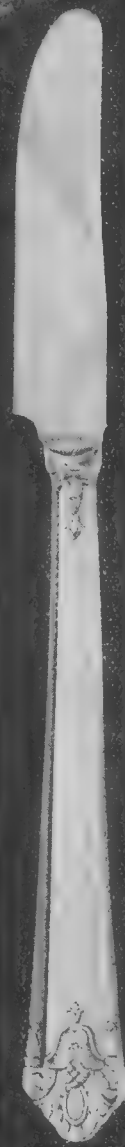
IS International Silver Company Products.

Wm. Rogers
& Son
"PARIS"
Pattern



Vande* Knife
in the new
"HER
MAJESTY"
Pattern

**1847
Rogers Bros.**





INANIMATE

yet

THROUGH IT THROBS
the
HEART OF CANADA



Life cannot show a greater boon to separated friends than the telephone. It abolishes distance and brings people into friendly human contact, no matter how many miles separate them.

With the facilities now provided by The Trans-Canada Telephone System, the telephone is a more valuable friend to Canadians than ever. Whether you talk from city to city, province to province or coast to coast, you may do so now over direct all-Canadian circuits with a speed and directness never before achieved in the Dominion.

Use long distance more. Give your relatives or friends the joy of hearing your voice over Canada's coast to coast network. Connections are speedy. The rates are moderate.



VANCOUVER
To Regina -- \$3.25
" Winnipeg - 4.50
" Toronto -- 7.75

REGINA
To Vancouver \$3.25
" Montreal - 5.50
" Saint John - 6.75

TORONTO
To Calgary - \$6.25
" Regina - 4.75
" Halifax - 3.50

SAINT JOHN
To Calgary - \$8.00
" Regina - 6.75
" Winnipeg 5.50

● Day rates as quoted apply on "anyone" calls from 4.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. Lower rates apply after 7 p.m.

CALGARY
To Winnipeg \$3.00
" Toronto - 6.25
" Montreal - 7.00

WINNIPEG
To Vancouver \$4.50
" Calgary - 3.00
" Saint John - 5.50

MONTREAL
To Vancouver \$8.25
" Regina - 5.50
" Halifax - 2.40

HALIFAX
To Vancouver \$10
" Toronto - 3.50
" Winnipeg 6.25

Alberta Government Telephones
Bell Telephone Company of Canada
British Columbia Telephone Co.
Manitoba Telephone System
Maritime Telegraph & Telephone Co.
New Brunswick Telephone Co.
Saskatchewan Government Telephones

OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 43

had seen him in action, and would be only too glad to snap him up for development. Hadn't Kitty told him that any manager who played him would have a meal ticket for life?

"Then I'll get somebody else to manage me," he said coolly.

"Why you poor stumble bum," Abe cried, "there's not a manager in New York who'll handle one of Mangin's pugs."

Clem levelled eye at him. At last he was beginning to understand and accept this New York through which he had thus far floundered like the hick he was, blinded by his very gullibility to facts that should have stared him in the face.

"Why?" he retorted to Abe's statement. "Because they are afraid of him, as you are? Or because a decent manager won't touch pitch?"

"Go find out," Abe invited him.

Clem did, all that weary afternoon. A fight reporter whom he knew, gave him the names of ten managers. The reporter, hearing why Clem wanted them, prophesied failure as surely as Abe Carney had done. But Clem had found himself at last, and would take no man's word.

From the far Bronx to far Brooklyn he trudged, until he had six rebuffs. No one would talk with him from the minute he broached his errand.

No one, that is, until late in the afternoon, when he went to see a dark-visioned Greek in a coffee-house on Madison Street. Nick Poltis listened impersonally at first; then with sympathy. Clem, high of hope again, came clean with everything, and made a point of his pressing need of money. When he had done, Nick poured himself a tiny cup of thick black coffee, and over it inhaled a strange smelling cigarette.

"Maybe," he said after a time. "Maybe . . . You come back tomorrow at ten."

After a nearly sleepless night, Clem went back.

"Sure, I'll manage you," the Greek said. "I got a bout fixed for you next Friday night . . . Sign the articles at noon today, and I'll post the forfeit myself."

Clem restrained the relief that surged high.

"Who with?" he inquired almost casually.

"Slugger Mandell . . . He was signed—"

"Slugger—Mandell . . . Why, he's a headliner, or used to be. I've heard of him," Clem exclaimed.

"Sure he's good. So's the purse good . . . Five thousand dollars, winner take all. He was signed to go ten rounds with a pug named Malloy Friday night. But the pug got croaked, and the bout was off till you blowed in."

"Five—thousand—dollars." Clem breathed slowly. "My God, Nick, it's a fortune."

"So-so," nodded Nick, billowing like some fat Buddha. "Slugger and his manager are due at twelve at the Athletic Commission offices, to sign the articles. Will you stall around and go up with me, or shall I meet you there?"

"I'll meet you there," Clem cried.

Again he rushed to find a telegraph station, and supplemented his earlier wire with a second:

"Everything fixed sure. Five thousand by Saturday. Sign no lease. Clem."

But in spite of all Nick had told him, Clem could not actually believe his good fortune until noon, when he,

[Continued on page 45]



KNIT
them yourself
with
Monarch
Yarns

Mail this coupon for **FREE**
instructions

Just fill out the coupon below and we will send you *absolutely free*, complete instructions, simple and easy to follow, for knitting both the garments illustrated.

Three 1-oz balls of "Monarch Fairy" Yarn at 25c per ball, will make either the sheer, delicate pullover or that adorable Baby Frock. Where could you buy them for 75c? "Monarch Fairy," a fine, soft yarn especially designed for delicate lacy stitches, is now sold in 16 of the season's best colours. Like all Monarch yarns it is fast dyed, durable and economical.

The garments illustrated are but two of the many smart styles described in the *Monarch Hand-Knitting Book No. 24*, just off the press. Buy it at your Monarch dealers or send us 25c for a copy.

Clip and mail this coupon now!

Monarch Knitting Co. Ltd.,
Dunville, Ontario.

Kindly send me, absolutely free, complete knitting instructions for pullover and baby's frock.

Name . . .

Street and No. . .

City or Town . . .

W.H.-1



For Children's Hair

Your child will have gloriously lovely hair if you use Evan Williams Shampoo regularly.

Buy "Camomile" for fair hair; "Ordinary" for dark hair, at your druggist.

Imported from England
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMER LIMITED, MONTREAL

Evan Williams
HENNA
SHAMPOO

[REMEMBER]

WHEN WRITING THE ADVERTISERS PLEASE
MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

The
TRANS
CANADA
TELEPHONE
SYSTEM

IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE!

OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 44

under the wing of his new manager, was actually face to face with Slugger Mandell and his manager, and was being questioned by a matchmaker and the Commissioner. From then on, he was more wary. And at the last moment, when he saw the color of real money, he made a wise stipulation that, before he would sign, the entire purse had to be posted with the Commissioner, to be drawn against by the winner.

Slugger's manager and the matchmaker were not so sure of that qualification. They both went away and telephoned, but came back with beaming faces. Yes, they would meet Battling Bowditch even on that point. And thus the deal was completed.

THAT night, as Clem was getting ready for bed early, to make up for his loss of sleep the night before, he was called to the telephone. Again it was Kitty Fallon, and again disaster rode her heavily, to judge by her voice.

"Clem, did you sign for that fight with Slugger Mandell?"

"Sure," cried Clem, eager to tell her the good news. "Why?"

"Drop it. Get out of town, back home, anywhere, just as fast as you can."

"What? With five thousand in sight?" He laughed. "You know how I need it, Kitty."

"You haven't got a chance at it, Kid. Slugger Mandell is Quint's man, and he's a killer. Quint hired him to go on with you, and poleax you and foul you till you are pulp. It's murder, straight out; and a murder that no one could ever prove."

Clem caught his lip between his strong white teeth. He couldn't believe it. Of course, he knew too much of Mangan's business to be safe for a minute. And he saw now that Mangan had let him in on it so that Mangan could keep him. Mangan had never figured that Clem would be daring enough to rebel openly. But—Nick the Greek had no connection with Mangan.

"Kitty, you're seeing things," he told her. "How did Quint know I wanted another match?"

She laughed harshly. "Your Greek stalled you, didn't he, till this morning? Well, he saw a chance to get in solid with Quint. So he telephoned, and they cooked it up together. It's the truth, Clem, but—I can't talk any more. Beat it out of town!" And he heard the telephone slammed up.

He stared helplessly at the black instrument for a moment. Then he realized that he could not hope to find her. He hung the receiver up thoughtfully.

"Mangan against the Battler, eh?" he said grimly to himself. "We'll see who wins *this* time."

[To be Continued Next Month]

THE THING THAT COULDN'T

Continued from page 25

morrow to the house of the most illustrious *signore* to "shova da coal."

"Well, I believe you're stringing me," said Pierce, "but I'll give you one more chance." He then explained that at a neighboring police station there was a sergeant who spoke Italian, and that it was his intention to escort Giuseppe thither and leave the matter to the discretion of the officer. Cotes indulged in a few heroics, but finally consented to go, wondering what in the name of Garibaldi he should do when he got there. Holding to his blouse on either side, near the waistline, pulling it tightly around him, he strutted to the door, the very embodiment of maligned innocence and affronted Latin pride.

Once in the street, he marched beside the editor in silence, trying to decide on the next move. He knew that his scanty Italian would never stand the test of conversation, even with one who knew the language but imperfectly; and if that fraud was detected, arrest would immediately follow, and in its train discovery not only of his identity, but of his possession of two envelopes addressed to Pierce, one of which he now held in its place beneath his blouse only by the pressure of his left arm over it. As Pierce insisted upon walking on that side and a little behind him, he had no opportunity to change its location.

THEIR way to the police station led them within half a block of Trent's house, and as they approached the street in which it was situated, Cotes, himself in the full radiance of the moon, saw something white move in the deep shadow under the trees; and almost before his leaping heart warned him of her possible presence there, Polly's voice cried in alarm:

"Oh, what is it? What has happened?"

Cotes instantly saw the futility of trying to pass off this inopportune recognition as a mistake. In Polly's

present mood she would not permit him to leave her without an explanation.

"Ecc'e!" he cheerfully exclaimed. "La signorina! Ma che! She non forgetta Guiseppe, eh? Non forgetta!"

His tone was reassuring, but his appearance, grimy and dishevelled, was not. She perceived, however, that there was a part he wished her to play, in which she must not fail, and that the newspaper man was watching them both.

"Where are you going?" she asked, in a voice that still shook.

"Il signore—she maka me—ah, Signore!" He turned imploringly to Pierce. "No spika d'Inglese! You spika! La signorina no lika Guiseppe Coppini geta da troub! She tella you me non steala—non bada man!"

"What is this?" asked Pierce, with a disagreeable inflection. "A trick?"

"A trick?" Polly haughtily repeated. "What do you mean?"

"What do you know about this man?" He watched her keenly, and she returned his gaze with spirit.

"Nothing to his discredit. Do you?"

"Well—perhaps not. Why do you take it for granted that I do?"

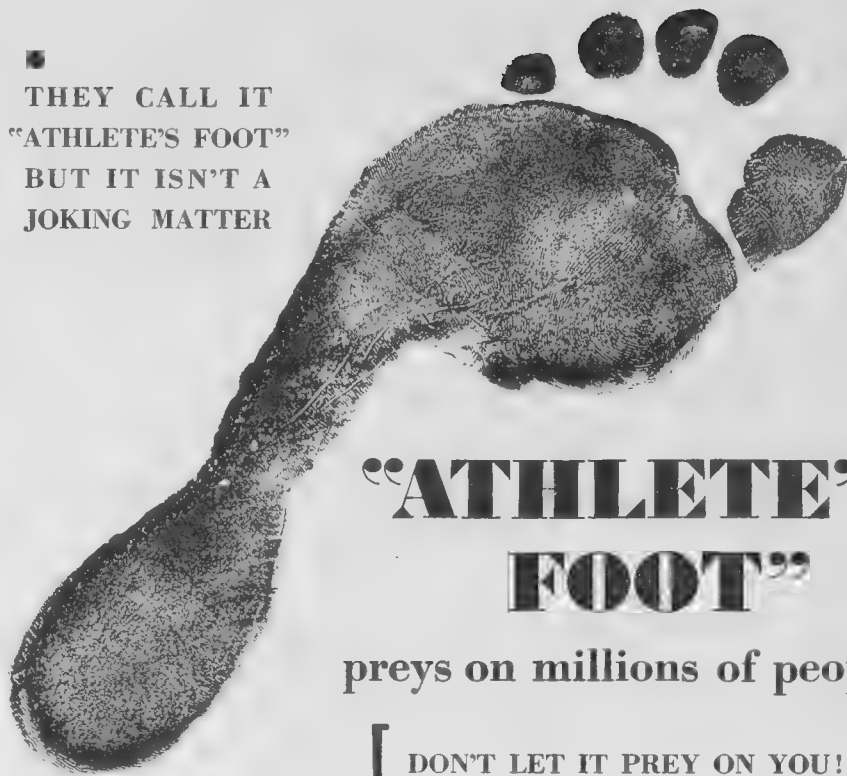
"Because he is obviously in trouble," she retorted. "He said I'd tell you he wasn't a bad man."

"So he did!" replied Pierce, with the same unpleasant deliberation. "But he didn't say that until after you had called out to know what was the matter, *did* he? Now, what I want to know is—what is there about this particular Italian laborer that makes a young woman of your sort take such a keen—such a *very* keen interest in him. It's a little unusual, isn't it?"

"Perhaps it is," she rejoined, hastily, detecting flashes of gathering wrath in Cotes' eyes, "but—Giuseppe is an unusual man."

"Ye-es, I've found him so. So unusual, in fact, that I'm taking him
[Continued on page 49]

■
THEY CALL IT
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
BUT IT ISN'T A
JOKING MATTER



"ATHLETE'S
FOOT"

preys on millions of people

[DON'T LET IT PREY ON YOU!]

BEFORE the green leaves of summer fade into the gold of fall, many men and women who read no further than this paragraph will wish they had followed this message to the very end.

Here is a simple statement of fact: *At least 10 million people will be prey this summer to that widespread infection called "Athlete's Foot."*

Here is another: *Countless people who have "Athlete's Foot" today are doing nothing about it because they do not consider the danger signals serious.*

The peril comes from the fact that the germs, when unchecked, dig deep into skin and underlying tissues. They cause the skin to crack open, bringing on a soreness often so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And even more serious, if other infections such as blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas pass into the blood stream through those open sores.

Watch your step in places
where "Athlete's Foot" abounds

It is one of nature's ironies that "Athlete's Foot" should attack most

people when they are exposing their bare feet to damp surfaces in the very act of promoting health.

For the tiny ringworm germ which causes this infection lurks by the billions on locker- and dressing-room floors. It swarms on beach walks and on edges of swimming pools, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill
the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills quickly, when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Write for free sample

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle on every outing. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Bldg., Montreal

FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse soothing, cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches,
bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



"The Proof of the Pudding—"

LIFE insurance benefits.... can be Proved while you are still ALIVE!

LIVING policyholders of the Sun Life were paid in benefits during 1931 \$68,000,000—THREE TIMES as much as beneficiaries of deceased policyholders.

This was due, partly, to the fact that trained Sun Life representatives, when selling insurance, counsel their policyholders how to secure a dual advantage—the maximum benefit to THEMSELVES, and the greatest protection to their DEPENDANTS.



Consult a Sun Life representative or return the attached coupon to the local or head office of the company:

Forward leaflet "The Popular Policy" (D. 45715) advertised in.....
 Name.....
 Date of Birth.....
 Month..... Year.....
 Full Address.....

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

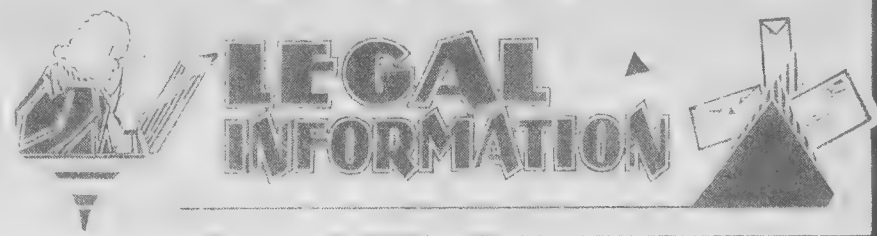
Head Office: MONTREAL

The insured no longer have to "die to win."

The wisest insurers vigilantly protect their policies and allow nothing to impair them. The Sun Life enjoys a remarkable record for the persistency of its business—largely the result of sound advice and expert service to its policyholders, by its representatives.

Sun Life representatives sold \$528,000,000 new paid-for insurance last year, making the Company's total business in force over Three Billions—an impressive reflection of public confidence.

To-day prudent men are not only taking on MORE life insurance; they are doing so after consultation with competent representatives of such a company as the Sun Life.



A CASE dealing with the liability of hotel proprietors for damages sustained by guests of the hotel has been recently decided in one of the Western provinces.

The facts showed that a woman was a guest at a hotel adjoining which was a public mineral bath, of the curative qualities of which the guest was taking advantage. In the evening after dark she inquired of the manageress of the hotel where she could have her bathing clothes dried and was told by her to hang them on the railing of a balcony off the end of the corridor in which her room was located. This corridor was lighted and at the end was a door leading into this balcony, which was not lighted. The floor of the balcony was flush with that of the corridor for some inches and then there was a drop of about 12 inches to the floor of the balcony. The guest when proceeding to place her clothing on the railing, which she saw rather dimly, stepped into the depression and sustained injuries.

The Court held that the hotel was liable on the ground that its employees were aware of the condition of the balcony and did not draw the guest's attention thereto, and that the guest had been directed to the balcony. It was further held that the hotel was under a duty to take reasonable care that the premises were reasonably safe for persons using them in the ordinary and customary manner with reasonable care. The Court further held that this depression constituted a trap and an unexpected danger, known to the employees or discoverable by them with the exercise of reasonable care, and yet not known to the guest.

Judgment was therefore given in her favor for the amount of her special damages and \$1,500 general damages.

* * *

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Edmonton, Alberta.

Q.—I bought a gramophone for the sum of \$155. I was to pay a monthly payment of \$10 a month. The salesman said there would be no interest for the first year but the balance would be interest at 8 per cent. The balance after the first year was \$20. He wrote on the contract interest at 8 per cent so it would go through the office, he said. Of course the company made me pay interest on the first year too as it was on the contract 8 per cent and I signed it as such.

After I had the machine about six weeks it stopped playing altogether. I phoned the company and they sent a repair man up and he said the reproducer on the machine was one put on from an old portable machine and was not the reproducer for my machine at all as it was bought for a new machine. I took the old reproducer down to the store and the clerk said they hadn't

a reproducer in stock for the machine but would let me have one off a cheaper priced machine until they sent to the factory for the right one. They have never put the right one on yet.

I have paid them \$155 for the machine so far but there is still \$10 owing which I have held back until they put the right reproducer on the machine. They keep sending me threatening letters at different times and I have written them explaining why I was holding back the payment and as soon as they fixed the machine I would settle up with them but they totally ignore my side of it. It, of course, is overdue and they want to collect \$2.91 more for interest on the \$10. Would you be so good as to advise me what to do?—Mrs. R.H.S.

A.—Whether you are liable for interest depends upon the wording of your contract. Unless the salesman would agree with you that the wording of the contract was incorrect then you are liable for interest.

We think you are quite justified in retaining the small balance of the account until you get an adjustment of the reproducer. At the same time the vendor might endeavour to compel you to settle by seizing or threatening to seize the machine under the lien note, and in the latter event we would advise you to refuse to give up possession to any person.

* * *

Leslie, Sask.

Q.—In July, 1930, I took out a subscription for three American magazines. I was to pay 70c on delivery of first copies and 85c each month for 16 months. In return I was to receive one magazine for 3 years (156 copies) another 24 copies and another 24 copies. In October, 1931, these magazines failed to come although I made a further payment of \$2.55 after that time. They are after me for the last payment of 85c and have put it in the collector's hands. Although I have written them concerning these magazines I have had no word from them in reply on this matter. I have my copy of contract and they agree that missing numbers will be duplicated if possible or subscription extended. Please advise me how I stand in this.—Subscriber.

A.—Your obligation to pay and the magazine publisher's obligation to furnish you with copies of the magazine are concurrent obligations, and if either party makes default in his obligation, it would entitle the other party to discontinue the fulfilment of his part of the contract.

The company has failed to send you your copies of the magazine for some time, and you would be quite justified in refusing to make any further payments. You are entitled to a refund of the proportion of your payment which exceeds the cost of the magazines delivered.

A FOOL, A SAGE AND A LOVER GAY

By L. B. BIRDSALL

*A fool and a sage and a lover gay
 Told their versions of life one bygone day.
 Said the fool, with a chuckle of vacant scorn,
 "Life is eating and sleeping after you're born."*

*Quoth the sage, with a shake of his old gray head,
 "Life is growing wise until you are dead."*

*"Nay" said the lover, "listen to me—
 Life is love and it lasts through eternity."*

*So the fool went in search of a soft bed and food
 While over old books the sage went to brood;
 But the lover—forsooth, was he foolish or wise?
 He courted a maid with a fortune of size.*



ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Q. I have seven defaulted companys of which I hold bonds. The latest being the Beauharnois and all the companys were sold by what was considered one of the best and oldest bond dealers from Winnipeg to London, England, and sold as legal investment for life insurance, with that on we considered them sound. Now, they are wanting to sell us Shawinigan Water & Power Co. at 97.75 6 per cent bond. Would this company cease paying dividends as soon as public ceased buying their bonds?

What information can you give and what would you advise investing in now and what companys or dealers in bonds are safe to deal with? We still have a few hundred dollars left but am wondering, to date a third of our bonds are defaulted.—G.F.F.

A. The best and safest bonds that one can buy now are bonds of the Dominion of Canada, and they are selling on a very attractive yield basis. The unprecedentedly long drawn out depression is causing even the strongest industrial and public utility corporations to pass their bond interest and dividends on the stocks. Any member of the Investment Bankers' Association of Canada should be safe for you to deal with, but we believe that it would not be advisable to allow anyone to persuade you, at the present time, to buy anything but Dominion Government bonds.

* * *

Fleet, Alta.

(Q) At our annual meeting of the school district I was informed that anyone over the age of twenty-one years can vote at such meetings, also a renter living in the district, or a hired man. Also know of one case where party pays no taxes and living on a half-section of land free of everything and does not own anything. Yet they are allowed to tell ratepayers what they should and what they should not do. I think everyone is under the impression that these school meetings are for ratepayers only, and if such is the case that others can vote for trustees, then I think it is time it should be altered. Just who is entitled to vote at these meetings?—R. G.

(A) Under the "School Act" every elector who attends the annual meeting of the school district has a vote for school trustees. The right to vote is not restricted only to ratepayers. We presume the idea is that every adult living in the district is interested in education even although the ratepayers are the ones who are chiefly interested in a financial way.

ON TWILIT EVES

By Mary Matheson

On twilight eves I wait to see
The ancient moon come into view
And every star that sings to me
Approach to keep his rendezvous.

The hills recede and far away
The curlew sings her soft refrain,
Clear lies the surface of the bay
And every wind is young again.

No faded flower or wilted grass,
No languid reed or drooping tree

Where fragrant figures quickly pass
Clad in the night's white witchery!

They give to all a subtle youth,
A freshness from the hand of God,
Till Rest comes down to quench the drouth
Of thirsting things upon the sod.

So in my heart on twilight eves
Thy loving gifts of calm release,
Take up the broken melodies
And light the lamps of Peace.

Wakeham, Quebec.

Q.—Would you please give me any information you can about the Sherritt-Gordon Mines Limited, as I can buy some shares but am rather doubtful?—M.C.

A.—Sherritt-Gordon Mines Limited owns a large copper-zinc-silver-gold property and a concentrator at Sherridon in Northern Manitoba. The property consists of approximately 100 claims and has large ore reserves. The company has a completely equipped mining camp and a three-unit flotation concentrator with a daily capacity of 1,800 tons will be built. The first of these units went into operation on March 10, 1931, and to the end of August produced 7,679,386 pounds of copper. August production, which represented full capacity of one unit of the mill, was 26,900 tons of ore which gave 1,990,843 pounds of copper at an average cost of slightly less than six cents per pound. Gold and silver content recovered in August averaged 56 cents per ton. Ore treated averaged 3.8 per cent copper of which 95 per cent was recovered.

The company has \$5,354,414 of \$1 par value stock outstanding. With copper selling at only slightly over seven cents per pound and with very large quantities of copper above ground the prospects for better prices for copper are not good and it is difficult to see how Sherritt-Gordon can make much money until copper prices improve. Recently copper producers throughout the world have agreed to curtail production in order to strengthen the market. The outlook, however, is not good for early appreciation in price, and under these circumstances we would class Sherritt-Gordon as a radical speculation.

* * *

Melville, Sask.

Q.—Can you please tell me if taking preferred shares in the Dominion Electric Power Co. Ltd., of Regina and Estevan, would be a safe investment. It is \$100 per share and they are promising to pay 6 per cent. They supply about fourteen small towns with power and light. I have \$700 in war bonds which are matured this year which I would like to re-invest but am rather afraid of losing, as these are life savings.—Milly.

A.—We do not think that the preferred shares of Dominion Electric Power Co. Ltd. are a suitable investment for your life savings. The company is in the developmental stage and while it may work out successfully, the risk is too great for one in your position. Stick to government bonds. These can be had now on very favorable terms.

TO PROTECT
other investmentsKEEP
A SAVINGS ACCOUNT

Two questions to ask about any investment are, first: How quickly can I get my money back? And second: Can I get it all?

By these tests, no form of investment equals a Savings Account in the bank. Bonds or stocks or real estate fluctuate in value and to turn them into cash quickly may involve loss. But money in a Savings Account is always available at full value—and earns a steady 3% interest.

Whatever your circumstances, you should keep an adequate Savings Account as your primary investment. In any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada this will receive efficient and courteous care.

The Royal Bank of Canada today is one of the ten or twelve great banks of the world, with 881 branches, deposits of more than 550 millions and total assets of over 750 millions. Every office of The Bank commands information and experience gained in more than sixty years of effort and has a personnel trained to be efficient and accommodating.

THE ROYAL BANK
OF CANADA

Capital and Reserves - - - \$74,155,106

Total Assets - - - over \$750,000,000



This sealed vacuum tin is your assurance of freshness. The fine tobacco flavour is fully protected from the attack of air (oxygen).

The Best for Your Pipe . . . The Best for You!

After all, unless you put the best into your pipe, you can't expect the best from your pipe --

Load your favourite pipe with Ogden's cut plug and see how much cooler, sweeter and more satisfying that old pipe can be.

OGDEN'S CUT PLUG

*If you "roll your own," use
Ogden's fine cut
cigarette tobacco*



YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

THE SECRETARY

A.D.P., Brandon: Your purposes would probably be served by a study of The Canadian Secretary, a Canadian book written especially for advanced commercial students and for young men in offices who have a knowledge of shorthand or of business correspondence. Among the principal features are two shorthand dictionaries, one of them listing the thousand commonest words in the English language, marginal shorthand outlines and phrases which enable readers to keep their shorthand theory correct, three hundred business letters and scientific dictation passages, a glossary of business abbreviations, a set of social forms, and illustrated style letters.

PUBLIC MEETINGS

E.L., Prince Albert: Among the standard handbooks on meetings is one entitled The Conduct of and Procedure at Public and Company Meetings. This, I think, would provide amply for the needs you outline. The chapters include discussions on the duties of the chairman, the general conduct of a meeting, quorum, adjournments, postponements, the agenda paper and minutes, motions, amendments and resolutions, fair comment and privilege in speeches, meetings of directors and shareholders and a glossary of terms.

An appendix contains specimen examination questions set by The Chartered Institute of Secretaries, The Incorporated Secretaries' Association, and The Corporation of Certified Secretaries.

TO AN ENGLISH READER

B.B., England: As you have completed three-fourths of the work necessary to secure standing in the course you mention, I do not recommend that you think of coming to Canada at this time. Ordinarily, the field of work you discuss is not overcrowded in Canada but with conditions as they are, even this work has been unfavorably affected and you might find it very difficult to secure employment this year. My recommendation is that you complete your course and secure final standing. By that time conditions may have improved considerably and your chances of securing an appointment in any of the Canadian cities you have listed would be greatly enhanced. In the meantime, you could continue your inquiries and letters to the secretaries of Canadian Boards of Trade would bring you additional information.

A STUDY PROGRAMME

E.B.Y., Red Deer: I think you are unduly pessimistic over the fact that you live in a comparatively small town and feel separated from wider opportunities, and also that you are forgetting the possibilities of His Majesty's Mails. You ought, on the contrary, to feel delighted at holding grade eleven standing at such an early age.

You now have an opportunity of securing work, possibly at very small wages just now, and of organizing your spare time in a way that will some day pay splendid dividends in mental satisfaction and in possibilities for increased remuneration. Should you not move to a city you can in the meantime register for a postal course with a reliable institution and cover a good deal of the ground necessary to the attainment of professional standing in the work in which you indicate an interest. If you wish me to do so, I can furnish you with

the names of thoroughly reliable institutions that furnish thorough postal instruction at a moderate cost. Considerable determination is needed to study alone but there are also many compensating advantages in postal instruction.

STARTING IN BUSINESS

A.M., Winnipeg: As you have a little capital, you might, I think, seriously consider the possibility of starting in business for yourself. Too many of our young men appear to be starting in life with the sole idea of getting work with a corporation at so many dollars a week. To use an overworked phrase, they are beginning life with an employee "complex." The idea that they might look to the establishment of businesses of their own does not seem to occur to them. Perhaps their views may be attributed to their youth and yet it should be remembered that many of the successful business men of today established themselves independently early in life.

There are signs that the organization of large corporations has been carried to extremes. These corporations flourish in days of prosperity but in harder times their overhead expenses are so great that a period of slack business seriously affects their financial structure and they are forced to "wind up." The smaller business with its great power of adaptation to circumstances can sometimes weather the storm.

Not long ago a father reported to me that his son, with eleven other young men had been dismissed from the service of a large corporation that had been forced to cut expenses. My suggestion was that his son and one of these other young men should not feel too discouraged but that having saved a little money they should consider the possibility of starting in a similar business for themselves. Advice is not always taken but on this occasion it was and my latest information is that these two young men have already secured enough patronage to encourage them and to keep them going modestly, and that the prospects for expansion are reasonably good. In the meantime they are busy enough to keep from despondency, they are tasting the joys of independent achievement and they are not looking to the city or the province to help them in their predicament as it at first appeared.

BOOK SERVICE

J.M., New Westminster: The various books mentioned in these columns may be secured from the publishers through your local bookseller or your needs can be met through the services of the Society of Secretaries, 255 Machray Avenue, Winnipeg.

I am not seriously disturbed by your regret that as a lover of good literature you have not had the advantage of attendance at a university. The fact that you like literature is enough. The thousand volumes of that great publishing achievement—Everyman's Library—any of them obtainable at the modest price of sixty-five cents, will furnish you with reading for the rest of your days, in romance, novels, biography, essays, translations, history and science.

A little handbook, How to Study Literature, which I have recommended to several readers, would probably be of great assistance to you in planning a home reading course. If you will indicate some of your keener interests in literature, I might be able to offer some definite suggestions.



The **MORNING**
MOUTH
BATH

A new sensation in mouth cleanliness—the morning mouth bath with Minty's Triple Action Tooth Paste. The feeling of mouth freshness is as surprising as the sparkling brilliance of your teeth. And it makes breakfast taste better. Try it.

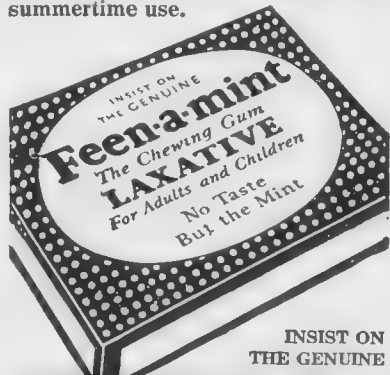
Minty's triple action tooth paste

GIVES THREEFOLD PROTECTION

AND WELL WORTH IT
25¢

Prevent Summer Upsets

Warm weather and changes of food and water bring frequent summer upsets unless healthy elimination is assured. You will find Feen-a-mint effective in milder doses and especially convenient and pleasant for summertime use.



INSIST ON
THE GENUINE
Feen-a-mint
FOR CONSTIPATION

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet. The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited 965 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Cuticura Ointment

To soothe and heal burns, cuts, rashes and all skin irritations of childhood.

Price 25c. and 50c.

COULDN'T COMB HAIR

CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM

"I had been suffering with rheumatism for about 2 years, and about this time last year was laid up for 10 weeks. My hands and arms and knees were the worst affected. I could not get about at all. I could not wash my face or comb my hair. All this had to be done for me. At the beginning of this year I started taking Kruschen Salts every morning and I am pleased to say I am quite well now and able to see to my home and can go out in all kinds of weather without it affecting me."—Mrs. P. K.

Rheumatism is associated with an excess of Uric Acid in the system. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid so as to render it capable of being easily washed out of the system. Other ingredients of Kruschen assist Nature to flush out this dissolved uric acid through the bowels and the kidneys. Other ingredients still, prevent food fermentation taking place in the intestine, and thereby check the formation not only of uric acid but of other impurities which poison the blood and pave the way to ill-health.

See the Rockies and Canada's Evergreen Playground

Low

Holiday-time Fares Now in Effect

Thrill to the grandeur of the Canadian Rockies . . . rushing torrents beneath frowning crags a mile high . . . spend at least a week at Banff and Lake Louise . . . then on to Vancouver and Victoria . . . Pacific Coast.

Vancouver Island Cruises . . . 6½ days, berth and meals included, only \$42.50.



10 DAY CRUISE TO ALASKA \$90

From Vancouver return. Meals and berth included on Princess Steamer.

Full Itinerary arranged and planning literature supplied by

Any Canadian Pacific Agent, or
H. R. MATHEWSON,
General Passenger Agent,
Winnipeg, Man.

Canadian Pacific
World's Greatest Travel System



KLIM

FULL CREAM MILK IN POWDER FORM

CHILDREN THRIVE ON IT



COUPON

Canadian Milk Products Limited,
115 George St., Toronto

Please send me free booklet "Your Child's Health."

Name _____

Address _____

THE THING THAT COULDN'T

Continued from page 45

to the police station below here for examination."

"Arrested?" she gasped.
"N-no, not yet. But under suspicion. You see, I found him in my cellar."

"In your cellar." Her dismay was unquestionably genuine, but only the man who had heard her parting words in Trent's garden could fully interpret it.

"Si," sullenly admitted Giuseppe. "I shova da coal, Il padrone, she tella me shova da coal." Bewildered by this turn of events, she looked to Pierce for an explanation, which he readily supplied.

"He insists that his padrone set him to distribute my coal into bins, but, unfortunately for him, the padrone—Fred Jones—has just assured me over the 'phone that he didn't. In fact, he never heard of him."

"But—but—of course, there's a mistake somewhere! Barrett and Jones have so many employees, they can't possibly remember them all by name. This man, Giuseppe, is perfectly honest, but—you see, he speaks very little English. He has misunderstood."

"So I thought—until we met you. You must admit yourself that you complicate the situation. There's nothing in the spectacle of two men walking quietly along the street—one of them evidently a day laborer—there's absolutely nothing in that to excite the alarm of a girl of your sort and make her demand an explanation, unless—" he paused a moment, looked fixedly at her, and concluded, "unless she expected to see that man come alone." Polly lifted a quick hand of warning, whether for him or for his companion Pierce could not decide; and when she spoke her manner was haughty, but her voice shook—possibly from anger, possibly from fear.

"I am Miss Vance," she stated. "Mr. Trent—Mr. Robert Trent—is my brother-in-law." Pierce looked a little startled and took off his hat. "I frequently come down to this corner at night to mail letters. This man is well known to all of us, and it was easy for any one who knew him to see that he was in trouble. Now I insist that you return with me to my brother-in-law's house and prove the truth of this."

"No, no, no!" objected Cotes. "Non maka da troub' per il signor Trenta! I go—I go polesaman; ma non maka da troub'—"

"Be still, Giuseppe," said the girl, without removing her stern young gaze from Pierce's puzzled face. "I insist."

"It's quite unnecessary, Miss Vance," he courteously protested. "Of course, I accept your statement, and I apologize. I beg your pardon. But it doesn't explain this fellow's presence in my cellar, does it?"

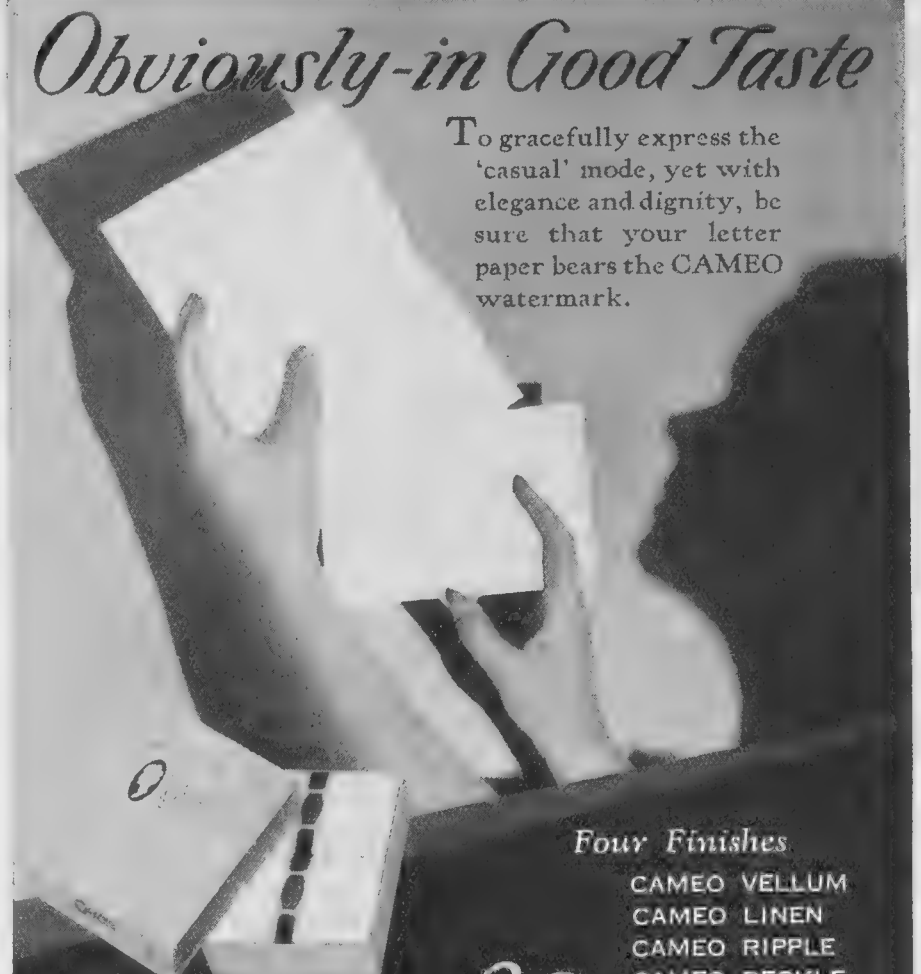
"I insist."
"Oh, very well! But this isn't real, you know." The editor laughed shortly. "It's comic opera."

O BEDIENT to a glance from Cotes as they turned, Polly slipped to his left side. Pierce fell into place at his right, and they set off in silence for Trent's house. They had almost reached the gate when something was heard to drop on the sidewalk. Giuseppe stooped quickly and picked up a legal envelope, which he handed to the girl.

"What's that?" demanded Pierce.
"That," replied Miss Vance, a curious lilt in her voice, "is a letter [Continued on page 51]

Obviously-in Good Taste

To gracefully express the 'casual' mode, yet with elegance and dignity, be sure that your letter paper bears the CAMEO watermark.



Four Finishes
CAMEO VELLUM
CAMEO LINEN
CAMEO RIPPLE
CAMEO DECKLE

CAMEO Stationery

a Barber-Ellis product



St. Andrew's College

AURORA, ONT.
A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS

The School grounds with Athletic and Sport fields comprise 219 acres, 20 miles North of Toronto and 700 feet higher than the City. Large Gymnasium, Swimming Pool under Glass. High standard of Scholarship and Physical Fitness Maintained. Prepares for Universities, Royal Military College and Business.

AUTUMN TERM COMMENCES SEPTEMBER 13TH
Parents or Guardians Please Write for Beautifully Illustrated Book Describing College

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, MA., LL.D.,
HEADMASTER



(The New Chapel)

Cheerful Homes have many friends

Make your home a place where people want to come. You can do it easily and at small cost.

New Process Alabastine—the decorative material for mixing with hot or cold water—is far less expensive than painting or papering—yet presents greater scope for individual tastes.

There are 21 Alabastine tints from which to choose.

Write direct to us for free decorative service.
At your paint dealer's. 402

GYPSUM, LIME and ALABASTINE,
CANADA, LIMITED
Paris Ontario

NEW PROCESS

Alabastine

Ideas for a "Summery" Wardrobe

7470.—Ladies' Dress. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 yards of 35-inch material. For contrasting material $\frac{1}{4}$ -yard is required. Price 25c.

7471.—Ladies' Dress. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material if made with capelet. Without capelet $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Price 25c.

7472.—Printed and plain linen are combined in this attractive style. The back of the waist is cut in one with the sleeves, which are in elbow length, and have an added puff portion, lengthened by a deep fitted cuff. Deep shaped yoke portions are lengthened by flare flounce sections to form the skirt portions of this frock. The waist blouses slightly above a wide crush belt. Printed crepe, sheer woollens and light weight tweed, combined with silk is also suggested for this model.

Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 4 yards of printed material with $\frac{7}{8}$ -yard of contrasting material 39 inches wide, if made as shown in the large view. If made of one material $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards will be required. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fullness extended is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c. in silver or stamps.

7477.—Misses Jacket Suit. Designed in sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves 3 yards. To line size 18 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves 2 yards. Price 25c.

The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Man.



7469



7477



7471

7472

7471



7469

7477



7470

7471

7472



No Costly Tinting or Dyeing Can Outdo Quick, Easy Tintex!

It's So Inexpensive—
And So Satisfactory!

Perfect home-tinting or dyeing is easy with Tintex!

It's a mere matter of moments . . . the cost is a matter of pennies . . . and the results are equal to the finest professional work!

Clothing of all sorts—draperies and other household materials . . . indeed any fabric may be given fresh color in a twinkling! The same color as before or brand new and different color, as you prefer!

See the Tintex Color Card at any good drug store or notion counter. It offers 35 beautiful, smart colors from which to choose. Try Tintex today and save money!

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old dark color from any material so it can be dyed a new light color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

At all drug and notion counters 15¢

Tintex

CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS:
LYMAN AGENCIES LTD. MONTREAL



GREY HAIR SHADEINE

is safe and simple to use. One liquid, nothing injurious; Permanent and washable; 40 years' reputation; sold in all natural tints; state colour.

See Medical Certificate enclosed.
Trial bottle 25c. Other sizes 50c., \$1.00, \$1.50.
Sold by T. Eaton Co., Montreal and Toronto.
G. Tamblin Ltd., Toronto, Parke & Parke Ltd., Hamilton and all Druggists. Wholesale Stockholders: McEwen Cameron Ltd., Montreal, Lyman Ltd., Montreal, Drug Trading Co. Ltd., Toronto and National Drug & Chemical Co. Ltd.

AGENTS WANTED

to sell silk neckties for us. We sell you at price that allows you to make 100% commission. Write to-day for free samples and particulars.

ONTARIO NECKWEAR COMPANY
Dept., 532, 357 Eastern Ave., Toronto, Ont.

THE THING THAT COULDN'T

Continued from page 49

I had not mailed when you came along."

"There's some damned trick here!" exclaimed the newspaper man. "You had no letter in your hand!"

"Mr. Pierce!" very coldly.

"Ha! You know me, too! You knew that this man—"

"Most people in this city know you—by sight," she interrupted, in a tone that somehow made Pierce wince. Then she tucked the envelope under her arm, where the folds of the lace scarf she wore concealed it, and led the way with dignity to the house.

"Lois! Bob!" she cried. "Here's Giuseppe Coppini being dragged off to jail under the most dreadful misapprehension! Do set it right for the poor fellow!"

Trent, who had his back toward her, turned sharply at the words.

"Here's who?" he asked.

"Ah, Signor Trenta!" poignantly exclaimed a voice he could not mistake. "You no forgetta Giuseppe!"

"The deuce!" ejaculated Trent, staring. "What's the matter?"

"You tella il signore me non bada man!" he was implored. "Me non steala! Il padrone, she tella me shova da—"

"That will do!" curtly interrupted the lawyer, whose eyes were ablaze. He, also, failed to perceive humor in the situation. He turned toward Pierce, who immediately demanded:

"Do you know this man?"

"Yes—I know him."

"Know him well?"

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

"He is—what you see—and some other things. Why?"

"How long have you known him?"

"Several years."

"Is he honest?"

"Absolutely."

"You are sure of that?"

"Perfectly."

"Ever seen him tested?"

"More than once."

No man ever doubted Robert Trent's word, and the tone of the editor's rapid questions was softening. "You've never had any occasion to suspect him?"

"His honesty—never. His judgment seems to be—questionable, sometimes. Now, Mr. Pierce, may I interrupt your catechism long enough to learn what all this is about? I confess I am completely at a loss to understand it."

"I am really very sorry to disturb you in the matter, Mr. Trent, especially at this hour and under these circumstances, but the young lady—Miss Vance—insisted, and—I had no idea you had guests." By this time Pierce's manner was apologetic. Trent nodded to him to continue.

While the editor briefly outlined the situation Cotes glanced around the circle. In Mrs. Trent's cold face he read implacable anger, and one man who knew him winked at him in furtive enjoyment. The others, apparently, were giving absorbed attention to the merits of the case, with no suspicion that he was not what he seemed. He drew a long breath and resumed his anxious watching of Trent and Pierce. Trent's face was very stern.

"When we reached the corner below here," Pierce was saying, "Miss Vance came running toward us, asking what was the matter. In some curious way she had perceived that the Italian was in difficulty." Trent turned his troubled gaze to his sister-in-law and back to Pierce again. "I was naturally

[Continued on page 61]



At incomparable Lake Louise

6½ Glorious Days
in the CANADIAN ROCKIES
ALL EXPENSES \$60.

Yes....Lake Louise
Banff...in one
epochal tour plan

HERE, IN CANADA, is an unrivalled mountain playground, described by Edward Whymper, the famous Alpinist, as "fifty Switzerlands in one." Have you ever seen it? This year you can . . . for 6½ glorious days at an all-expense rate of \$60.

YOU'LL VISIT world famous resorts such as Banff and Lake Louise . . . swim in their marvellous pools, golf, dance in great ball-rooms, canoe on a shimmering lake under a moon which touches the mountain peaks to silver. You'll visit charming Chalet-Bungalow Camps, close to the mountains' heart . . . seeing unspoiled nature at her grandest, meeting cowboys and guides and buck-skinned Indians, storing up unforgettable living pictures.

YOU'LL MOTOR 124 MILES . . . to Banff, Johnston Canyon, Lake Louise, Moraine Lake, Valley of the Ten Peaks, the Great Divide, Wapta Lake, Yoho Valley, and Takakkaw Falls, Emerald Lake and the Kicking Horse Pass.

YOU'LL STAY FOR 6½ GLORIOUS DAYS . . . at Chateau Lake Louise, where the "gay world" summers, at Wapta and Yoho Chalet-Bungalow Camps, and Emerald Lake Chalet, with their snug cabins.

ALL THIS FOR ONLY \$60 from Banff or Field . . . make this your vacation or enjoy the tour on your way to or from the Pacific Coast and Alaska.



At Emerald Lake, beneath rugged Mt. Burgess, the chalet and cosy log cabins are mirrored in purest emerald.



Yoho Valley Chalet-Bungalow Camp is within earshot of crashing Takakkaw Falls.

LOW SUMMER

RAIL FARES

FROM ALL
POINTS IN CANADA

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET
and full details from any Canadian
Pacific Agent.

Canadian Pacific Hotels

AND BREWSTER TRANSPORT CO. {Gray Lines}



"I served
six
hungry
people"

... and used only one tablespoonful (a quarter of a package) of Knox Sparkling Gelatine. I had enough gelatine left to make another dessert, a salad, and a bountiful main dish. Each recipe was sufficient to serve our whole family (6 servings). Knox is not only the finest and most economical gelatine, but because it is the *real* gelatine, it also has the greatest variety of uses. It has no flavoring, coloring or sweetening. Therefore, you can combine it with almost any food. In gelatine dishes made with Knox you get real fruit flavors and colorings. Send for the FREE Knox Recipe Books: "Food Economy" and "Dainty Desserts and Salads".



STRAWBERRY SPONGE (Illustrated)
[6 Servings]

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine— $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar—1 cup strawberry juice and pulp—1 tablespoonful lemon juice—2 egg whites—salt— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream or evaporated milk.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and fruit juice and pulp. When it begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk, then add egg whites beaten until very stiff. Turn into wet mold and chill. When firm, unmold and garnish with whole berries and whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk. Or, serve the Strawberry Sponge with whole berries on sponge cake.

KNOX
is the real
GELATINE

KNOX GELATINE, Dept. K,
140 St. Paul St., West, Montreal.

Please mail me, FREE, your two books, "Dainty Desserts and Salads" and "Food Economy".

Name.....

Address.....



Better Cookery

By GERTRUDE DUTTON

FIRST AID TO BRIDES

Oven meals are becoming so popular that several dishes which will fit together in the oven are a wise choice. For the small family, a smaller roasting pan is better than the very big ones. Flat-bottomed, straight-sided saucepans and kettles, which approximately cover the burner, should be selected. The triplicate saucepans, which fit on one burner, are large enough for the small family, and are a fuel saver. The waterless cookers, tiered steamers, combination steamer-cookers, are all excellent. Among the necessities are a teakettle, a double boiler or a covered saucepan which will fit closely in the top of the teakettle; a heavy frying-pan with a tight-fitting cover; [Continued on page 53]

THE weddings of June will be followed by the establishing of a great number of new homes in our country. Many of the new home-makers will be girls who have had but little if any experience in housekeeping, and have a real adventure before them. The preparing of meals will doubtless be the most difficult problem to master. A reliable cookbook should be one of the first purchases.

A wise selection of equipment is the first essential. It is neither necessary nor desirable to buy every kitchen utensil offered for sale. One which will be used very seldom, is a nuisance to care for, and fills space which could be used to better advantage, but it is a bigger mistake to try to keep house without adequate tools. We know women who have struggled along for years without an egg-beater or a can-opener or a decent knife for cutting, or a standard measuring cup. The choice of a stove will depend upon where one lives. Where electricity is available at a reasonable rate by all means choose a good electric range if it can be afforded. We are merely beginning to learn its possibilities. A gas range might in some places be a better choice. The up-to-date gasoline and coal-oil stoves are entirely satisfactory. In many cases a wood or coal stove will be used, but this should, if at all possible, be supplemented with a gasoline or oil stove for hot weather. We have known people who have built up a little fireplace outdoors, with piles of stones and an old grate laid across them, under which a small quick fire could be made, on which to boil water for tea, and if needed, cook bacon or eggs or make toast. One may be so fortunate as to have several electrical appliances. To secure the best service from them, the directions supplied by the manufacturers should be very carefully followed. The size of utensils is important.

The WEDDING of the SALAD

By Alice Gent

Now Tom, the tomato, loved Letty the lettuce,
And practised his wiles to cajole;
Though seldom together—one day, in hot weather,
They met in a large salad bowl.
Though both cut in slices, Tom scorned such devices,
And loudly the love-apple cried:
"Oh, why should we tarry? Oh, come, let us marry!"
"Yes—let us," the lettuce replied.

The rest of the salad enjoyed this love ballad;
And then the potato looked wise;
"I've long seen this coming," said he, softly humming,
"You know a potato has eyes!"
The endive conceded the bride sadly needed
Good counsel 'ere sealing her fate;
Advising her later to call on the "tater,"
Who so loved a nice "tater-tete!"

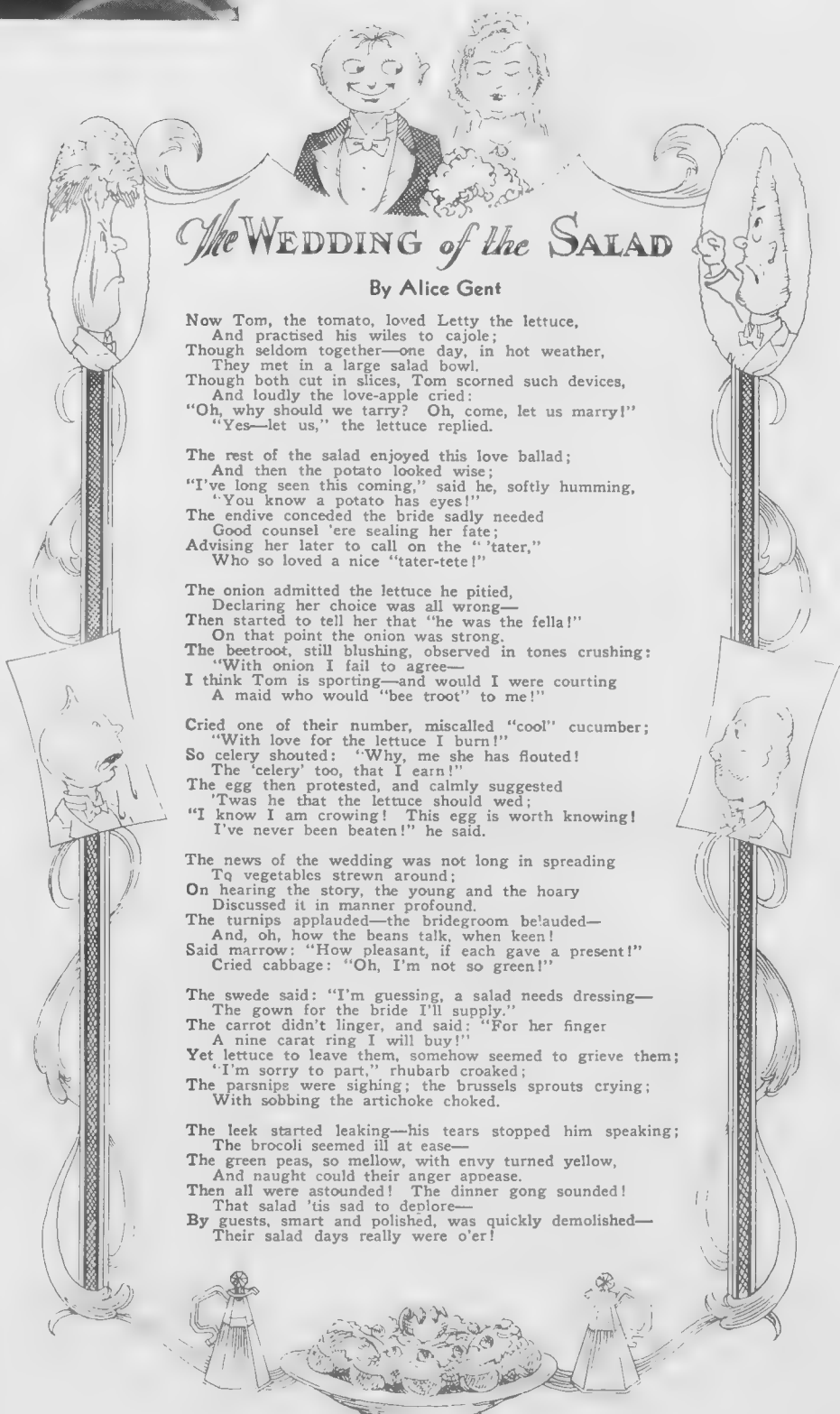
The onion admitted the lettuce he pined,
Declaring her choice was all wrong—
Then started to tell her that "he was the fella!"
On that point the onion was strong.
The beetroot, still blushing, observed in tones crushing:
"With onion I fail to agree—
I think Tom is sporting—and would I were courting
A maid who would "bee troot" to me!"

Cried one of their number, miscalled "cool" cucumber;
"With love for the lettuce I burn!"
So celery shouted: "Why, me she has flouted!
The 'celery' too, that I earn!"
The egg then protested, and calmly suggested
"Twas he that the lettuce should wed;
"I know I am crowing! This egg is worth knowing!
I've never been beaten!" he said.

The news of the wedding was not long in spreading
To vegetables strewn around;
On hearing the story, the young and the hoary
Discussed it in manner profound.
The turnips applauded—the bridegroom be'lauded—
And, oh, how the beans talk, when keen!
Said marrow: "How pleasant, if each gave a present!"
Cried cabbage: "Oh, I'm not so green!"

The swede said: "I'm guessing, a salad needs dressing—
The gown for the bride I'll supply."
The carrot didn't linger, and said: "For her finger
A nine carat ring I will buy!"
Yet lettuce to leave them, somehow seemed to grieve them;
"I'm sorry to part," rhubarb croaked;
The parsnips were sighing; the brussels sprouts crying:
With sobbing the artichoke choked.

The leek started leaking—his tears stopped him speaking;
The broccoli seemed ill at ease—
The green peas, so mellow, with envy turned yellow,
And naught could their anger appease.
Then all were astounded! The dinner gong sounded!
That salad 'tis sad to deplore—
By guests, smart and polished, was quickly demolished—
Their salad days really were o'er!



No more scouring garbage pails



GILLETT'S Lye instantly lifts off grease and grime—without scouring. Kills germs and banishes odors.

Ask for Gillett's Pure Flake Lye by name . . . at your grocer's.

● Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET: The Gillett's Lye Booklet gives full directions for using Gillett's Pure Flake Lye to clean toilet bowls, clear sink drains, and for many heavy cleaning tasks. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



Salad Days!

Salads are made more enjoyable and Salad Dressings more delicious with

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

M-14



Purity Iodized Salt

The addition of Iodine is so minute it makes no difference in taste or seasoning qualities. Use it as regularly and freely as you would ordinary salt, and thus supply your system with the iodine it needs. 22

PURITY SALT



a few mixing bowls of different sizes; two or three saucepans of different sizes; a large preserving kettle; pans for baking cakes, biscuits, cookies, muffins; pudding dishes or casseroles; pie plates; a rolling pin; a food chopper; such small articles as an egg-beater, can-opener, mixing-spoons, measuring spoons and cups, sharp knives for slicing and paring, kitchen shears, a heavy fork, a long-handled spoon or ladle, a large perforated spoon, potato masher, jelly molds, cookie cutters, graters, sifters, colander, asbestos mats, potato ricer, custard cups, lemon squeezer, strainers, containers for foods. There are new articles constantly appearing in the shops, which make preparing foods easier and more interesting, which we may buy as the family budget permits.

- There are a number of points to consider in buying each article:
1. Will I use it often enough to warrant spending the money and giving it kitchen space?
 2. Is the price reasonable?
 3. Is the material desirable?
 4. Are the workmanship, construction, finish, good?
 5. Is it a suitable size?
 6. Has it complicated parts which will soon wear out?
 7. Is the handle comfortable to use? Is it too heavy for comfort?
 8. Is it easy to clean and care for?
 9. Is it a duplication of an article I already have?
 10. Do I really want or need it?

Some women prefer aluminum, others like the gaily-colored enamelware. Certain articles are better when made of tin, either black or shiny. Oven glass fills an important place. The earthenware oven dishes are good for many purposes.

The kitchen should be conveniently arranged, with working surfaces of the right height, and distances between units as short as possible.

When buying food materials, the quantities will depend upon one's storage facilities, and the distance from markets and stores. As a rule, prices are lower when larger quantities are bought. Advertised goods should be purchased rather than those for which there is no guarantee. It is not necessary to buy the most expensive grades to secure quite satisfactory products. Buying foods in season, not when they are out-of-season luxuries will help to keep down the costs. A notebook or card system, in which one may jot down findings of all kinds about purchases, is invaluable. The comparison of different brands of goods, for example. Tea at seventy-five cents a pound may be actually cheaper than a brand at fifty cents, because it may be that so much more of the less expensive kind is required to give the same result.

Cooking meals for two people is not always easy, as in many cases it is not desirable to cook small enough amounts to serve but two, and the diet becomes monotonous from too much repetition. Careful planning is needed to secure the essential foods, give variety, avoid waste, and to keep within one's allowance. In planning the day's meals it is well to keep in mind that each adult should have every day:

- One pint of milk.
- One serving of potatoes.
- Two servings of other vegetables, if possible, such as peas, carrots, cabbage, celery, lettuce, greens, etc. Canned or fresh, cooked or raw, according to the season and the cost.

[Continued on page 54]



Try
Miss Alice Moir's
light, flaky
Chicken Shortcake

"I always use and recommend Magic Baking Powder..."
says this well-known Dietitian

MISS ALICE MOIR, Macdonald College graduate, is the dietitian of one of Montreal's finest apartment-hotel restaurants. A restaurant famous for the delicious perfection of its pastries.

"I ALWAYS USE and recommend Magic Baking Powder," says Miss Moir, "because it combines efficiency and economy to the highest degree. Besides, Magic always gives dependable results."

In whole-hearted agreement with Miss Moir, the majority of Canadian dietitians and cookery teachers use Magic *exclusively*.

And 3 out of 4 housewives who bake at home use Magic because, they say, it gives consistently better baking results.

No wonder Magic outsells all other baking powders combined!

Always uniform . . . Magic Baking Powder gives baking results that are *sure*. In every tin, the last spoonful gives the same full leavening quality as the first.

Favour your family with a Chicken Shortcake tonight — made with Magic, as Miss Moir directs. When you note its feather lightness, its flaky tenderness . . . and its delicate flavour . . . you'll decide never to be without a tin of Magic!

CHICKEN SHORTCAKE

2 cups pastry flour (or 1 1/4 cups bread flour)
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons shortening
1 egg
1/2 cup water

Sift dry ingredients; add shortening and mix in thoroughly with a steel fork; add beaten egg and sufficient water to make soft dough. Roll or pat out with hands on floured board. Cut out with large floured biscuit cutter, or half fill greased muffin rings which have been placed on greased baking pan. Bake in hot oven at 475° F. about 12 minutes. Split and butter while hot, and fill with hot creamed chicken. Makes 6 shortcakes.



When you bake at home you'll want the new MAGIC COOK BOOK. It contains dozens of recipes for tempting baked dishes. Mail the coupon for your FREE copy.

STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED
Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ontario

Please send me free copy of the MAGIC COOK BOOK. WHM-6

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

AMAZING FOOD VALUE

To-day's thrift dinner
with

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI

57¢ serves this delicious dinner for 4

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI
BACON PEAS
BRAN MUFFINS and BUTTER
CUP CUSTARD TEA



YOU can place a generous, well balanced meal for four on your table—with Heinz Cooked Spaghetti—for just 57c. Thrifty but nourishing!

Heinz Spaghetti is cooked to a melting tenderness in a savoury sauce of fresh tomatoes, special cheese and rich cream. The recipe is one that came from a famous Italian chef. Heinz Cooked Spaghetti deserves a frequent and regular place on your luncheon and dinner menus. A real, tasty treat. A meal in itself!

Extra flavour and extra quality are cooked and sealed into every tin—in the true Heinz fashion. Order a supply of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti today—convenient sizes—very reasonably priced.

Made by Heinz, Leamington, Ont. Estab. 1909

HEINZ

COOKED SPAGHETTI

READY TO SERVE



Continued from page 53

At least one serving of meat, fish, cheese, eggs, chicken, etc.

Fresh or canned or dried fruits as often as possible.

Some butter or cream.

Orange juice or canned or fresh tomatoes, if at all possible.

Bread, cereals, including rice, macaroni, etc.

IT IS frequently possible to cook enough of certain foods at one time to use for two or three meals. A buttered vegetable for today's dinner may appear creamed or au gratin tomorrow or the next day. A cake batter may be divided, part of it baked as a small light cake, some in paper baking-cups in muffin-tins, to keep it moist longer, and the rest have fruit, spices, nuts, chocolate, etc., added for variety. Small piepans may be used. Pastry will keep well if wrapped in waxed paper and placed in the icebox to be used as wished. Very frequently it is wise to plan an oven dinner, or one which may be cooked entirely on top of the stove, possibly on one burner or element.

Evaporated milk is being used to an increasing extent, as it is so convenient, and is often cheaper than fresh milk. It stays sweet for several days after being opened. Powdered milk is very satisfactory also, as it can be mixed in as small or as large quantities as required, and is always sweet. In using sour milk in a recipe which calls for sweet milk, we add a half teaspoon of soda for each cup of sour milk, to neutralize the acid, then add the baking powder and proceed as for sweet milk. This rule applies to various batters and dough, which are baked or steamed, in which a relatively small proportion of milk is used.

THE ability to make good tea and coffee is very desirable. No other material is so suitable for teapots as earthenware. The pot should be as thoroughly washed after each using as are the cups from which we drink the tea. Letting the leaves stand in the pot till the next time it is used, then hastily rinsing it out, soon gives it an unpleasant flavor. When making tea, warm the pot with hot water, have fresh water boiling actively, and pour on the tea, measured into the pot. Let stand in a warm place for about five minutes, then use. It will be necessary to learn which brands of tea are suitable for your locality, because not all of them are equally good, made with the water in different parts of the country. The method of making coffee depends to a considerable extent upon the utensil one has for making it in, whether it is a drip outfit, a percolator, or some other type. Delectable coffee may be made in a granite pot, by measuring the ground coffee, a level tablespoon to each cup, into the pot, pouring on the water, either hot, or cold, measuring the amount, and bringing to the boiling point. Let it boil about a minute, then set aside to settle. A little cold water may be added to hasten the settling. Add a tiny bit of salt to improve the flavor, and serve very hot. A cotton bag may be used to hold the coffee, if wished. Using an egg and its shell to clear the coffee is not necessary, and is really an extravagance, as we get no food value from it.

[Continued on page 55]



Cushion Making Simplified with PRISCILLA

Cushions, so difficult to trim and bind with ribbon, present no difficulties when you use Priscilla Bias Fold Tapes, which can be sewn quickly and easily on all irregular edges without a pucker... saving time, labor and cost... giving a professional finish to your work.

Fancy bows, flowers and ornaments are also easily made with Priscilla Silk and Rayon Bias Fold Tapes, obtainable in single and double fold, and in 30 guaranteed tubfast shades, as well as exquisite two-tone Lawn color combinations. Costs Little... Sold Everywhere

SIX FREE FASHION CHARTS illustrating new modes in making and trimming frocks, kiddie frocks, fancy work, cushions, lingerie, aprons, household things, etc. Specify the particular charts you want. Write name and address plainly to Dept. H

The Kay Manufacturing Co.
Limited
999 Aqueduct Street, Montreal

Priscilla BIAS FOLD TAPE

SILK-LAWN-GINGHAM-PERCALE

Easily
the best coffee
made
"CAMP"
COFFEE

FEEL DIZZY?

HEADACHY, bilious, constipated? Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. This mild, safe vegetable remedy will have you feeling fine by morning. You will enjoy free, thorough bowel action without a sign of griping or discomfort.

Safe, mild purely vegetable
—at druggists—only 25c.

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE COMPANY, Windsor, Ont.

NR TO-NIGHT

TOMORROW ALRIGHT



FREE

Write for sample of NR

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
378 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.



THE thickening of the yolk and white of eggs are equal, although the food values are different. If we want a dish to be fluffy and light, or the leavening agent is to be the air folded in by beating the eggs, we beat the yolks and whites separately. In other cases, where the eggs are used for thickening, perhaps they are better beaten unseparated.

To make a fluffy meringue, have the eggwhites chilled. Beat till it will stand in peaks when the beater is lifted out of the mixture. Add, a spoonful at a time, either granulated or powdered sugar, two tablespoons for each eggwhite, continuing to beat. Spread smoothly, or pile in rough heaps on the pie or pudding, and brown in a slow oven for about 15 minutes. The oven should be 275°-300° F. Or it may be dropped by spoonfuls on a flat pan of warm water and browned in the oven, then carefully lifted with a fork or perforated spoon to the top of the dessert, being sure that all water drains off. Flavoring may be added with the sugar, if wished.

Custards are among the simplest of egg foods, but they seem to worry so many people. Here the egg is used for thickening, so does not need a great deal of beating. Heat the other ingredients, and pour on the beaten egg, stirring constantly till blended. This method prevents the tiny flecks of egg throughout the mixture which result when the raw egg is poured into the hot liquid. Drops of egg are cooked before they are blended with the other liquid. Return to the double boiler, with the water in the lower part not quite boiling, and stir constantly till it coats a spoon. Pour at once into a cold bowl or pitcher, and when cold add the flavoring. Chocolate, caramelized sugar, etc., may be added to the hot milk. Any baked custard mixture is put in greased dishes, set in a pan of warm water and baked in a moderate oven, of about 325°-350° F. till a silver knife inserted in the centre, comes out clean. This will take about an hour for a large dish, a shorter time for individual dishes.

A souffle has stiffly-beaten eggwhites folded into the rest of the mixture at the last. Pour into a buttered dish, set in a pan of warm water, and bake at about 325° F. till firm, 30 to 60 minutes, according to the size of it. A souffle is done when if touched with the tip of a finger, none of the mixture adheres to it. It should be served at once or will fall when it cools. They may be made of meat, cooked and chopped, fish, eggs, cheese or vegetables, as a main dish, or of fruits, etc., for desserts.

Omelets are among the easiest and quickest dishes we can prepare. A smooth heavy pan with a tightly-fitting cover, is needed. A heavy aluminum or iron frying-pan is good. Heat it and melt in it enough butter to grease the bottom and sides well. Beat the eggs thoroughly, add salt and pepper and cold liquid, 1 table-spoon for every egg. It may be milk, water, soup stock, tomato juice, or vegetable water. Other seasonings such as diced cooked vegetables, bacon, ham, cheese, etc., may be stirred in if wished. Pour into the

hot buttered pan, cover and cook till brown on the bottom and the top is dry enough not to stick to the finger-tip. Fold over on a hot platter, and serve at once, before it falls. This is really a form of souffle.

GRAVIES and sauces are a source of worry to many women. Here again, measuring of the ingredients is important. There are several ways of making them. The fat may be put in a saucepan. In the case of gravy, it is left in the roasting pan, the excess fat being removed to another dish, the dark brown extract from the meat being left in the pan, too. The flour is stirred in, and when smooth and frothy, the liquid is carefully added, either hot or cold, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Season and serve. When making gravy, it is well to remember that the flour and fat will not become any browner after the liquid is added. In the case of sauces, it is not permitted to brown at all. The liquid may be milk, or tomato juice, or soup, or vegetable stock. Or the liquid may be heated, the flour stirred smooth with a little cold liquid, and poured in, then butter added when it is cooked. If it has become lumpy, it will be wise to strain the sauce, but this is unfortunate, as it is wasteful.

CREAM of Tomato soup is another simple food which causes more worry than it should. The milk and tomato are heated separately, the seasonings added to the tomato, which may be strained or not as one wishes. The thickening may be added to either, though as a rule, most women prefer to add it to the tomato. Just before serving, the tomato is poured into the milk, *not* the milk added to the tomato, if curdling is not to occur. The large proportion of hot milk can combine with the small gradually added portions of acid of the tomato. Many people consider it wise to add a tiny portion, not more than 1/8 tea-spoon of soda whenever milk is heated, to prevent curdling. This is not enough to affect the flavor.

The cooking of vegetables occupies an important place in meal preparation. There are a few good rules to follow.

Use as little water as possible, and do not waste that liquid after cooking. Use it in soup, sauces, gravy, etc., as it contains so much of the valuable food materials.

Cook as short a time as possible to develop the flavor and break down the tough fibre.

Cook such strong-flavored vegetables as cabbage, cauliflower or onions in a larger amount of water, in an uncovered vessel, to prevent an unpleasant odor in the house.

Baking or steaming are excellent methods of cooking many of the vegetables.

Delicate-flavored vegetables are cooked in unsalted water, the salt being added at the end of the cooking period. Potatoes are cooked in boiling salted water till soft, then drained, the pot shaken till they are mealy, and set on the back of the stove to dry off,

[Continued on page 56]



KRAFT CHEESE OMELET

Grate one-quarter pound of Kraft Cheese. Beat 6 eggs slightly, add 1/4 cup of milk, seasonings, and half of the cheese. Melt 2 tbsps. butter, pour in egg mixture and cook very slowly until almost done. Place under low broiler flame to dry the top. Sprinkle with remaining grated cheese, fold and serve. (Serves 4)

Rare flavor
in cooked dishes

Try this Golden Omelet made with Kraft Cheese

THERE'S a golden, cheese-flavored sauce slipping out of this omelet's fluffy sides! A knowing cook sprinkled the top of the omelet with small pieces of Kraft cheese just before she folded it. A quick turn—and what a delicious cheese flavor!

Here's cooked cheese goodness at its best. Kraft Canadian cheese, with its mellow "cave-cured" flavor. A cheese you can cook with to perfection, because it melts so smoothly and blends perfectly with other ingredients.

Try it in rarebits, in soups, for fluffy soufflés and for dozens of other tasty baked cheese dishes . . . You'll love it toasted to a bubbling, golden brown!

Kraft cheese dishes are *healthful* dishes because Kraft cheese is rich in valuable body-building milk minerals—calcium, phosphorus—it is the most highly concentrated source of protein known.

Start out with a half-pound of Kraft cheese from your grocer *today*. Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co. Limited, Montreal.



FREE RECIPE BOOK

KRAFT-PHENIX CHEESE CO. LIMITED
147 St. Paul St. W., Montreal. WHM-6
Please send me free Cheese Recipe Book.

Name

Address

..... Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

KRAFT-PHENIX PRODUCTS
CHEESE • MAYONNAISE • SALAD DRESSING



IT'S GREAT TO SEE THEM EAT!

IT GIVES you a real thrill, doesn't it, to see your youngster enjoying his food? To watch him dip lustily into the cereal bowl and cram his little mouth full? For it's a cheery sign that he's well—and that he's doing his part toward building strength and growth and health.

So tomorrow, give your son or daughter a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies and milk. Makes no difference whether it's breakfast, lunch or supper — watch him eat!

Rice Krispies fascinate children. Delicious, toasted, rice bubbles that actually crackle in milk or cream. One of the best cereals for young folks ever made.

Rice Krispies are such good, nourishing food. So easy to digest they don't overtax. So much better than many heavy dishes — particularly at supper. For Rice Krispies invite restful sleep. Splendid to serve with the after-school glass of milk.

You'd be interested to see the care with which Kellogg's Rice Krispies are made. No hands ever touch this cereal. Gleaming machinery. Spotless ovens. Sunlit kitchens. And Rice Krispies are sealed in a WAXTITE bag which is placed inside the red-and-green package and keeps every kernel oven-fresh. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont. Quality guaranteed.



For the children

Tune in Kellogg's Singing Lady every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday at 5.30 Daylight Saving Time over WJZ, WLW, WBAL, KDKA, WBZA, WGAR, WJR. Songs and stories children love.



with the lid off, or they will become soggy and damp. When baked potatoes are taken from the oven, they are at once broken open, or pierced with a fork or the point of a sharp knife to allow the steam to escape. As a rule, a simple seasoning of butter, salt and pepper is better liked with vegetables than elaborate sauces. Those which are left over might frequently be re-heated in a white sauce, or used cold in salads, or combined with meat etc. in a scalloped dish, or in a stew or soufflé. Celery and lettuce will keep for a few days if washed, wrapped in cheese cloth and then in waxed paper and kept in a cold place, unless one is fortunate enough to have an electric refrigerator with a moist cold compartment for storing fresh fruits and vegetables.

WHEN buying meats, it is well to remember that a satisfactory roast should be not less than four or five pounds, which will mean considerable using up of left-overs, which some men do not enjoy. It might be better to make more frequent use of the meats which may be cooked in smaller amounts such as steaks, chops, cutlets, etc., for the very small family.

A jar of salad dressing will keep for weeks, and makes it possible to serve

a delicious meal on very short notice. When making a cooked dressing, if it curdles, smoothness may be restored by beating with a Dover egg beater.

The old jokes about "Can-opener Cooks" are out of date, because we know now that it is often better economy to use a can of some food than to prepare some other dish. A good up-to-date housekeeper is not at all ashamed of making good use of the many excellent foods provided for us in cans. For example, canned grapefruit is frequently cheaper than the fresh fruit, and we have learned that it is just as good. But we do not limit our use of them to a mere opening of the can and heating if necessary, but combine them in all sorts of interesting and delicious foods. Now-a-days the canners are providing small sized cans for the use of the small families of one or two people.

We have known women who have but small families, to arrange with a neighbor who had only herself and her husband to cook for, to co-operate in baking, and share with each other, making it possible to use full-sized recipes which they divided. This makes the work lighter for both of them, and at the same time permits a greater variety, and less waste of food.

THE TWIST

Continued from page 30

THE police had come and gone, and with them Peter Drake, his signed confession, and the revolver which experts were to identify as having fired the fatal bullet.

"You said something a while ago about another round of drinks," suggested George Arnold. "What about it?"

"I hadn't forgotten," smiled Walter Keith, as he reached for the whisky. "What about you, Mac? Do you feel like stepping off the water wagon just for one? It's been rather a strenuous evening for you."

"You bet it has!" agreed MacLeod, "I wanted a drink the worst way a while ago, but that's over now. I couldn't get over the idea that you were going to accuse me of having killed John Floyd, and though I knew I was innocent my nerves nearly got the better of me a few times . . . You didn't really suspect me, did you, Keith?"

"It might have been you and it might have been Arnold," answered Peter Keith, "but I had a strong hunch that it was Drake. That may have been partly because he was really an outsider in the syndicate, but also partly because he was more the type. I figured that if I could undermine his nerve he could be scared into making a damaging admission. Well, I succeeded."

"Thanks to that news broadcast," put in McLeod. "You were just plum' lucky, that's all. Talk about the long arm of coincidence! Getting word that his accomplice has told the police everything—"

"One moment!" interrupted George Arnold. "There's something I tried

to say when that news broadcast came in, but you wouldn't let me. I've never known KOMO to give out news at a quarter after ten before. Half past ten is their time."

"Not over this radio!" chuckled Walter Keith. "I get my news broadcasts when I want them."

"Show me!" challenged George Arnold. "Get one right now!"

"Certainly," answered Keith. "I told you that this was a combination model, and that means it's a phonograph as well as a radio. I'll show you!"

He leaned over the top of the machine and fumbled inside for a moment, then straightened up again and twisted a knob. "Listen!"

From the loudspeaker there came the familiar announcement:

"This is KOMO, giving you the news of the day as it will appear in tomorrow morning's paper. There has been a train wreck near Mobile, Alabama, in which—"

"Nothing but a phonograph record after all!" gasped Chester MacLeod. "You tricked him with it."

"That wasn't so hard," smiled Walter Keith. "My greatest trouble was in keeping Arnold away from the radio so that he wouldn't gum up things by playing that record before the time was ripe. I'm afraid I had to be positively rude to him more than once. No hard feelings, I hope, Arnold?"

George Arnold didn't answer. He didn't even hear the question, for he had shifted to the low chair by the radio and was busy fishing for distant stations.

Make This Slip To Emphasize Slender Lines



BOILFAST
50 YARDS
COLORS

Here is a slip made to emphasize the graceful lines of your slimmest and most closely fitting evening gown. Make it of Crepe de Chine or Satin, plain or with lace edging. Use J. & P. Coats' Spool Silk to make a fine even seam with stitches barely noticeable.

With J. & P. Coats' Spool Silk any woman can make lovely and serviceable garments such as lingerie, negligees, dresses and pajamas. This fine thread makes sewing easy because it slips through the fabric without knotting or pulling. Over 100 BOILFAST SHADES enable you to match any material. J. & P. Coats' Silk Thread comes in the handy 50-yard spools at your favourite store.

Illustrated:
Butterick Pattern No. 4137.

J. & P. Coats' Spool Silk

MADE IN CANADA BY
THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO.,
MONTREAL
Makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton

VACATION ACCESSORIES



7542. A comfortable brassiere with "uplift" lines, fitted body portions, and wide pantie sections are comprised in this desirable Combination. Crepe de chine, rayon, or celanese, as well as batiste, dimity, or voile may be used for its development. As pictured lace edging was used for trimming. A finish of bias piping or banding would also be attractive.

Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch material. To trim as illustrated will require 2 yards of narrow lace edging for the brassiere and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of wider lace for the panties, and 2-1 3 yards of veining or insertion. The shoulder straps of ribbon 1 yard.

7543. Printed linen was chosen for this pleasing model. The waist portions are lengthened by straight line skirt portions, with low placed fullness at centre front and back. Yoke inserts trim the upper part of the waist front. The sleeve is short and finished with a turned cuff. A narrow belt confines the fullness at the waistline. Pongee, linen and seersucker are suggested for this style. Gingham and tub silk also may be used.

Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 46 will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Yoke inserts, cuffs and belt of contrasting material will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard in the 36-inch width. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view will require 7 yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide. The width at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards.



7543

7545. Ladies' Pajamas.

Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $1\frac{2}{3}$ yard of plain material and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of figured material in 35-inch width if made without the bolero. The bolero will require 1 yard. Price 15c.



7545



7541



7545



7553

7541.—Jersey, sateen, lightweight woollens or cotton prints, seersucker or gingham may be used for this style. It is made in coat style, with reversible front, closing from right to left or left to right.

Designed in 4 sizes: Small 34-36, Medium 38-40, Large 42-44, Extra Large 46-48 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material. To trim with bias binding as in the large view will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide.

7553. Comprising a blouse with coat closing—collar rolled low—and short—cuff trimmed sleeves—not forgetting the convenient blouse pocket—and "shorts" trousers—ever roomy and comfortable. Madras, linen or broadcloth also striped gingham is suggested for this little suit. It is equally attractive in pongee or woolen.

Designed in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 will require $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 54-inch material. The blouse alone will require $\frac{7}{8}$ yard in 35-inch width material. The trousers will require $\frac{7}{8}$ yard in 35-inch width material. To make the collar, cuffs, belt and pocket facings of contrasting material will require $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard in the 35-inch width. The trousers-pockets will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of muslin.

Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

WHEN SENDING FOR PATTERNS DO NOT OMIT TO STATE THE SIZE REQUIRED
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MAN.



Nobody "DIRTY FACE" loves a

And yet only one skin in a hundred is really clean! Only one woman in a hundred as lovely as nature intended she should be!

Beware the ravages of dirt that ages the skin, stretches the pores, makes a woman look lots older than her years. Get rid of dirt with the regular aid of Daggett & Ramsdell's two wonderful creams. They are the best that money can buy, yet they are within reach of every purse. Why not buy a jar of each today, and avoid 'Dirty Face'? Every store carries them.

● EVERY NIGHT use Perfect Cold Cream liberally to get rid of below-the-surface dirt. This marvelous cream provides the essentials every skin must have—lubrication, moisture, protection. Three groups of special ingredients supply them, all balanced properly of course. Famous for more than 40 years.

● DURING THE DAY whenever your skin needs freshening, cleanse it quickly with the new Perfect Cleansing Cream (liquefying). Melts instantly upon application, its fine oils cleanse in half the usual time.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

Daggett & Ramsdell (Canada) Limited

MARMITE its GOOD

Little drops of Marmite
Added to a stew,
Add a lot of flavour
And nutrition too.

Cheapest and best for
**SOUPS, STEWS
SANDWICHES, ETC.
ALSO AS A BEVERAGE**

Marmite, the great British yeast food, is particularly rich in the all-important Yeast Vitamin B. Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

Write MacLAREN-WRIGHT Ltd.,
Toronto 2, for free sample
and special recipes.



W. H.

You Can Be Always Well

Write for free booklet, "HOW TO KEEP WELL," and other literature, also sample of Roman Meal and Kofy-sub, the new alkaline beverage, to

ROBT. G. JACKSON, M.D.
533 Vine Ave., - Toronto 9, Ontario

Women Wanted

to sew for us at home. Sewing machine necessary. No selling.

ONTARIO NECKWEAR COMPANY

TORONTO 8. Dept. 203, ONTARIO

5 MINUTES

More Daylight
—2 Miles
from shore!



TAKE SUNLIGHT WITH YOU

—storm rumbling — sun sinking — miles to paddle. What a comfort an Eveready Flashlight would be. Let the powerful Eveready Beam flood the night with sunlight—pick out danger—see you home safely.

Eveready light is brighter —keeps its dazzling newness longer. There's no substitute for Eveready quality—new models 98c up, complete.

E.F.4

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON
COMPANY, LIMITED
Vancouver TORONTO Montreal
Calgary Winnipeg
Owning and operating Radio Station
CKNC, Toronto

\$1.50

98¢



Tek and
TUMBLER
special!

See what your druggist has for you! A beautiful shatter-proof tumbler for your bathroom. A number of lovely pastel colors to choose from. Get a tumbler FREE with your purchase of TEK—the modern tooth brush.

Tek worth - 50c.
Tumbler worth - 35c.
Total Value - 85c.

both for
50¢

Product of

Johnson & Johnson Limited
MONTREAL CANADA



2 or 3 drops

of Silvo on an old soft cloth, a few light rubs, and your silver is restored to its original charm. Silvo is safe to use—easy to apply and contains no acid, mercury, or other harmful ingredients.

Silvo

LIQUID SILVER POLISH
Made in Canada

RECKITTS (Oversea) LIMITED
Montreal Toronto Vancouver

THE TRAP

Continued from page 15

His hard hand went out. Silently the two men gripped.

"Well, we seem to have made a good landing," said Captain Dare, turning for a first look at the land behind them. "Grass, meadows for my cattle, and a soil that grows such weeds must grow crops also. I foresee here my colony . . ."

"Colony!" ejaculated the other. "You mean to say . . ." He laughed incredulously. "Come, man, out with it! What is it that takes you north? Is it gold or sea-otter, or seal?"

Captain Dare shook his head, smiling sadly. "I was going to plant a colony."

"I don't believe it!" declared the stranger. "No man would be such a fool as to risk his life . . . Colony!"

"Look for yourself," returned Captain Dare, motioning toward the cargo.

The burly man moved among the litter on the beach. His rough boot touched the bags of seed, implements, tools. The dark face showed utter scorn, then broke into half-angry laughter:

"Days we have followed you believing it was sea-otter you sought! Or hidden treasure, or a seal's paradise! Colony!" He struck his heel contemptuously upon a rock and swung toward his ship. He turned, moved by another impulse. He was laughing again:

"After all, but for you the trap would have had us too! We could take you on, your crew and this junk . . ."

Captain Dare sighed, shook his head: "I must think things over. It is very uncertain—what I can do. But night will be upon us, and the mist. You will have to back out of this. Why not wait here till morning?"

"Damned trap!" muttered the other worriedly.

He held a colloquy with his men, and presently they returned from the ship and all gathered around a huge bonfire on the beach. An air of friendliness prevailed. Supper was eaten, pipes lit. There was much talk and laughter and tipping of brown bottles. Just beyond the circle of firelight Dick rolled himself in his blanket and slept. He woke in the night as though a voice had called him. He could see, against the firelight, Captain Dare standing tall and straight, holding a glass aloft.

"Gentlemen," the Captain's glass lifted, "Gentlemen, to a dream that is gone! A dream that is dead! My colony . . ." The words rang through the night with a brave and beautiful eloquence. Dick raised himself on his elbow and listened. It was as though the finished picture rose out of the future and looked back at him—cattle grazing kneedeep in grass, grain ripening in mellow sunshine, yellow broom on the hills. And over it all . . . "Gentlemen," the Captain's glass lifted high as though in salute: "Gentlemen, the flag!"

Dick lay back among the blankets, a great sense of loss and loneliness upon him. Afar off in the night he heard the rumbling call of the bull, lonely in the vast night. The deep-throated note of it stirred him, reached far down and touched a fibre within him that might have lain dormant awaiting this call. The flame of ambition flared up, absorbing him, consuming him. His thin frame tensed with purpose. That dream should live! It should yet live!

HE WOKE with a sense of confusion and hurry. The entire camp was astir. Captain Dare was shaking him by the hand: [Cont'd on page 59]



Permanently Cured of Superfluous Hair

Wonderful Hindoo Secret
Revealed FREE

"Can it be possible," you may think, "that this lady once suffered acutely from the humiliation and shame which is the lot of every woman who is afflicted with ugly, unwanted hair. 'Can it be possible?' you will exclaim again, that for a long time she had to veil her face—because of a distinct moustache and a hideous growth of superfluous hair that was almost a beard? Yes! these are facts—and, as the young wife of an officer in India, she suffered untold misery on account of the disfigurement. Over a period of years this lady tried all manner of so-called remedies—including the electric needle—but none of them was any good in her case. Then permanent relief came, from an unexpected source. One day her husband saved a Hindoo soldier from death. And in thanks the humble soldier disclosed a well-guarded secret which keeps Hindoo women free from superfluous hair. In desperation the lady (whose photograph you see here) tried it out. And from that glad day—now years ago—she has not had a single superfluous hair. She was completely cured. Miraculous? Yes—and yet never once, in scores of other instances, has this secret recipe failed. If you, too, suffer, write to Mrs. Hudson (Ent. 274 F.) No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, London, W. 1, Eng., to-day: she will gladly pass on to you, free, the secret of this 'miracle.' All she asks is that you send her the coupon below (or a copy of it) with your name and address, together with six cents in stamps to cover postage, etc. State whether Mrs. or Miss."

THIS FREE COUPON or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 6 cents in stamps.

Mrs. Hudson: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: **FREDERICA HUDSON** (Ent. 274 F.), No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W. 1, England.

IMPORTANT NOTE—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write to her with entire confidence to the above address, where she has been established since 1916.



PROTECT Precious Eyes

From the dangers of Ulcers, Styes, Inflammation and Strain. A little Singleton's will bring them speedy relief and restoration to normal health.

SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT

is the oldest household remedy for the eyes in the world. First made 335 years ago. Use Singleton's for all Eye Troubles. Obtainable from all Druggists and stores, or direct.

STEPHEN GREEN Limited
(Dept W.), 210 Lambeth Rd., London, S.E.1, Eng.
Free Book, "How to Preserve the Eyesight," sent on request.



"I LOVE YOU" he told this blonde

THOUGH men fall in love more easily with blondes than with brunettes, tests show that blondes who have dull, faded-looking hair do not appeal to men nearly as much as when the hair is radiant, golden and young-looking. **BLONDEX**, an amazing special shampoo, gives streaky lifeless hair the lustrous golden sheen men adore and other women envy. **BLONDEX** contains no dye, no harmful chemicals. Is remarkably beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try it today, and see how much lovelier it makes your hair with wavy, silky softness and radiant golden lights! At all drug and department stores.



Only
Canada's
Leading
Hair
Specialist
Could
Offer
This
Reliable
Way to
Overcome

Grey Hair

Many years of intelligent experience which have justly won for him the title of Canada's leading hair specialist, have made it possible for W. T. Pember to offer INECTO-Rapid, the reliable, scientific way to overcome grey hair.

INECTO-Rapid scientifically and surely overcomes greyness by penetrating the hair shaft and replacing the lacking pigment. It has a further action, nourishing the papilla, the real life of the hair.

Have you tried INECTO-Rapid? It can be applied safely and easily at home. Get it at your hair goods store, drug store or department store, or order direct by mail from the W. T. Pember Stores, trial size \$1.65. Medium size \$3.25. Large size \$5.25, postpaid. Send sample of hair.

THE W. T. PEMBER STORES LTD.
129 Yonge St. Toronto



Safe, RELIABLE, QUICK — X-Bazin
leaves the skin virginally white, smooth and free of hair. Discourages re-growth. Cream or powder... for fastidious women who want the best.

The most inexpensive and economical depilatory obtainable.

Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL

It's Summer Now!

This is the season when clothes are pretty as well as chic, when you may indulge your love of color to your heart's content. This year the styles are entrancingly lovely—softly feminine or briskly sporting. Let the Western Home Monthly Summer Fashion Book help to outfit you for any occasion. Mailed to any address 25c postage prepaid.

THE WESTERN HOME
MONTHLY
Winnipeg, Man.

THE TRAP

Continued from page 58

"Good-bye, Dick. Au revoir! I go la longue traverse!"

Dick caught the words blown past him on the wind, held them to his desolate heart. Motionless he watched the brown ship till it was lost in the deep-walled channel. Then he turned with a sobbing breath to the wreckage and disordered cargo on the beach, clinging to them with some dumb, wistful sense of companionship. Presently someone shook him by the shoulder:

"Come on! Think we're gonna wait all day?"

The boy shook his head: "I'm not going."

"Not going! You crazy?"

"I'm not going," repeated Dick, slumping back among the cargo.

"Well, of all the fools!"

With a sudden jerk the man lifted Dick to his feet, dragged him across the beach where he pushed him into the boat and sprang in himself. The boat shot out from shore, keeping well out of the reaching fury of the Trap. They were steering cautiously through the dangerous rocks when Dick stood up. The very wreckage on the bank cried out to him! A moment he balanced himself, then leaped for a rock. The crew shouted, cursed him. Hands clutched at him. But he was too quick. From boulder to boulder he sprang, and as the boat was swept into a riffle he gained the bank.

"Let the fool go!" shouted a voice.

Dick watched the boat fight its way through rapids, around jagged rocks, and into the curve of the deep-walled channel. Then he was alone, alone with the island, the cattle, and the white anger of the Trap.

For a long time he sat motionless, thought suspended in space. There was a feeling of death in the air, of hushed mourning. Before him stretched the shore of the universe, and he sat alone upon it. Gradually a sense of reality returned. Loneliness struck at his soul with primeval terror. He cowered among the wreckage of the sunken boat. The voice of the Trap rose in white crescendo, fell away into silence as complete as though it had never been broken. And then he heard the fierce call of the bull. It rang through the loneliness like a human voice. He started up, ran blindly through the deep grass toward it. On the crest of a knoll he fell, half sobbing. Below, on the banks of a silvery creek, the cattle grazed contentedly, and the red bull stalked among his herd as though the earth were his. Unconsciously some feeling of reassurance, of strength, returned to Dick.

Hours later he retraced his steps to the beach. As he neared it he heard voices shrieking, screaming, and he saw, wheeling and fluttering over the cargo, hundreds of white gulls. He ran toward them, snatched up sticks and stones and beat them off. But he found that beak and talon had made fearful inroads on his supplies. He stared about helplessly, till it dawned upon him that he must have a shelter of some sort.

He fell to work erecting a leanto over the cargo. There was driftwood on the beach, trees bleached and easy to cut up. There were tools in plenty, nails too. He came upon a gun and ammunition. One shot scattered the marauding birds. But hunger soon overcame their fear of his gun. He worked in a sort of frenzy, and when darkness fell he was exhausted, but the cargo was safe under a crude shelter.

[To be concluded next month]

\$500 CASH in FREE PRIZES

NO ENTRY FEE ▼ NOTHING TO SELL

? How Many People Will Attend the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede this Year ?

Send in your estimate, with your name and address on a postcard or on the back of a coupon taken from a package of Royal Crown Soap Powder. The official figures for the past two years are given below.

The manufacturers would like everyone to use Royal Crown Soap Powder and if the winning estimates are sent in on the back of the coupon taken from a package of Royal Crown Soap Powder, the prizes will be:

TEN TIMES LARGER

If the nearest correct estimate is received on a post card the first prize will be \$20.00, but if on a coupon from a Royal Crown Soap Powder Package it will be TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

PRIZES

	Free Prizes for Winning Estimates	If Winning Estimate is sent in on back of Royal Crown Soap Powder coupon, the amount will be increased to:
First Prize.....	\$20 00	\$200 00
Second.....	10 00	100 00
Third.....	5 00	50 00
Fourth and Fifth.....	2 50 each	25 00 each
Sixth to Fifteenth.....	1 00 each	10 00 each

ATTENDANCE FIGURES
LAST 2 YEARS

1930.....	202,626
1931.....	198,118

RULES OF CONTEST

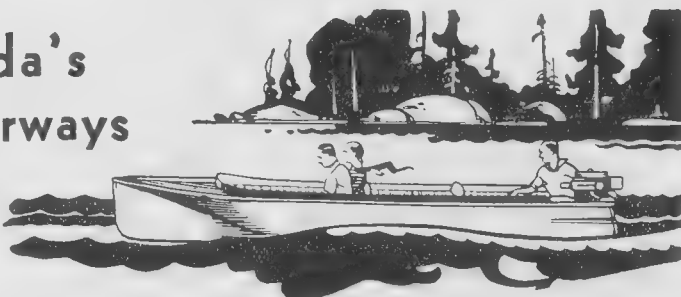
- (1) Prizes will be given to the correct or nearest correct estimates, the official figures to count.
- (2) More than one estimate may be submitted if desired, but there must not be more than one estimate on each coupon or card—otherwise entry will be void. Only one prize to any one individual.
- (3) Contest closes July 9, 1932. (The Calgary Exhibition opens July 11.)
- (4) In the case of ties, the first received will rank highest.
- (5) No correspondence can be entered into—Manufacturers' decision final.
- (6) No officials, employees of the Royal Crown Soaps Limited nor their families may enter.
- (7) Write name and address plainly.
- (8) Results will be announced in Press.
- (9) All entries must be mailed to Contest Department, The Royal Crown Soaps Ltd., Winnipeg.

Royal Crown Soap Powder is one of the finest cleansing materials obtainable and can be used for any cleansing purpose, from washing dishes to laundering. Granulated to a superfine powder and contains no injurious chemicals. Softens water.

Do not Delay—Read Rule 4. You can purchase Royal Crown Soap Powder from your grocer. If you send in your estimate on the back of a Royal Crown Soap Powder coupon the first prize will be \$200. SEND YOUR ANSWER TO CONTEST DEPARTMENT, THE ROYAL CROWN SOAPS LIMITED, WINNIPEG.

CUT OUT & SAVE THIS ADVERTISEMENT

Canada's
Waterways
Invite
You!



Wholesome pleasure and healthful recreation
for the whole family at low cost.

Nature has provided a real playground. Use it and make this year's holidays the best yet.

The equipment is inexpensive.

Buying boats this year is not spending—it is investing.

You will think so when you read our 1932 catalogue.

Send for one now.

Careful Buying

demands
that you

Investigate

Peterborough
Values

The most complete line
of watercraft in Canada.

Guaranteed quality
at popular prices.

PETERBOROUGH
BOATS
"FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS - BUILT RIGHT"

The Peterborough Canoe Co.
Limited

288 Water Street Peterborough, Canada



SHOES by BLACHFORD

- ONYX
- GEORGINA
- ARCHGRIP
- ARCHEL

Crafted by Canada's leading shoe stylists. Identified by the name "Blachford"

SOLD THROUGHOUT CANADA

Blachford Shoe Manufacturing Company Limited, Toronto, Canada

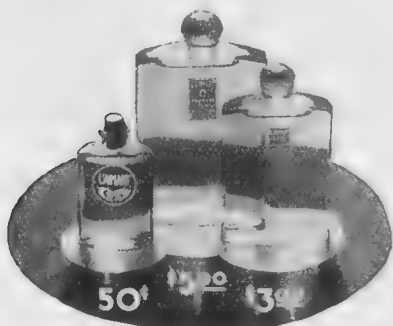


Hair OFF

Face
Lips
Chin

Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 93-95 Church St., Dept. 843, Toronto, Ontario Canada.



PERFUMES

Popular sizes, luxurious perfumes not necessarily costly—offer a glorious fragrance for every occasion of the new vogue of diversity and outdoor chic gaiety, when combined with Coty Face Powder—L'Aimant, L'Origan, Paris, Chypre, Muguet.

FREE—a delightful little sachet

FILL IN THIS COUPON AND MAIL

2027 McGill College Ave.

Montreal

5

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

WILLIE DRIFTIN'

Continued from page 11

Mrs. Mayor of Giddens began telling Willie again about his being a representative citizen of Montgomery. He misplaced the enthusiasm in her eyes and saw the possibility of selling her any number of dusters. But getting a customer to agree about anything is a point gained. Eventually she listened, held the flimsy grey duster in her hand and raked out a silver fifty-cent piece from her apron pocket. "Now will you be so kind," said Willie, bowing dashing, "as to write on a slip of paper endorsing my merchandise?" In the wilderness of her ranting she had somewhere made mention of being the Mayor's wife. "You can easily see how your endorsement would assist me, and you have a real investment there."

He was quite sold on the idea.

"Certainly," she replied with gusto.

She took the proffered pen and wrote in a stormy masculine hand, "This man is a representative citizen of Montgomery. I bought one of his dusters. Signed, Mrs. J. G. Leary."

Willie bowed himself out of the door and backwards into the colored maid who had stood there during the performance in hopes of witnessing violence.

IN GIDDENS his success was assured. He had but to present the slip of paper at the front door and he was instantly admitted among titters and questions. Mrs. Leary was a model of dominance. The Chamber of Commerce with its bickerings was a new and interesting sore and the ladies of Giddens were having a huge time being ironical towards unsuspecting Willie.

He sold all the twelve dusters for six dollars, and sent three dollars back for more. His salesmanship grew with momentum. He sold the town.

In three weeks he was ordering dusters by the dozens, staying at the dingy little hotels and acting fussy about his clothes. The puzzle remained in his mind how those duster people could have known so much about him. But he was grateful and wrote them long personal letters which for some unknown reason they answered. They painted rare pictures of wealth and ease and comfort, which he further embellished with thoughts of Cate Greenway.

Being unused to money he spent no more than was necessary to live presentably. He remembered who and what he was, and canvassed from door to door of every little town within a hundred miles radius. He could never quite see the necessity of paying railway fare until he realized the damages done his clothes by travelling informally under the box cars.

IN THE months following, Willie was buoyant, sure of himself and entirely confident that increased sales of dusters would speed the millennium. He was quick at knowing the right thing to say to the right person. People were types and they, one and all, needed a duster. The fact that five hundred dusters were sold in Giddens was a great advertisement and, like sheep, the other little towns felt the need of dustless homes.

Then one day as Willie jauntily toed down the street he met an old acquaintance.

"Well, suh!" thundered the man, "If it ain't Willie Driftin'. Boy, I never would a known you. Been crackin' safes, huh? Boy, this ain't you show'nough?" He squatted and slapped his knees as though the joke was a huge one. "And them clothes, wh-eeee!"

"Good morning," said Willie airily, "I see we are going in opposite directions."

"And beat that," the man said, the laughter going out of his face, "High-hatting me, when six months ago all everybody could do in Montgomery was to keep him out of hock for loafin'. O! Boy!" and he roared again to the accompaniment of Willie's departing footsteps.

But something vital had happened to Willie, and was smothering him. A great upholding cord had snapped about his ego, and for the first time in six months his shoulders slumped forward.

"Six months ago everybody in Montgomery." That man was a liar, a plain liar. "Six months ago everybody in Montgomery." Willie was thinking of Cate Greenway. He had been planning to go to Montgomery next and show her how a gentleman behaved and dressed. Could she have known that six months ago everybody in Montgomery was condemning him for loafing? He had planned to show her that he wouldn't even look up as she passed by.

Willie drifted to a bench and sat in the sun. His sample case looked little and cheap. Before he had thought imitation leather rather neat. He noticed that his shoes were dusty. He did not brush them off. He was no longer a representative citizen, and so why bother? "Six months ago everybody in Montgomery was trying to keep you out of hock." Yes, but why had they cared whether he got in jail or stayed out?

Willie Driftin' had always been known to drift back to Montgomery. Drifting back this time he rode in the coach instead of under a freight. He drifted back with a sample case of dusters, a fat little roll and a rebroken spirit.

He tried to persuade himself that the old acquaintance was dead wrong and only envious. He couldn't. He had learned, too, a little about form letters and his head was bowed. He was Willie Driftin' drifting home.

He went around to the back of the tobacco warehouse and sat in the shade. Dreams of Cate Greenway floated towards him and were rebuked. Let her shy. Mr. Cooper, the real estate king, came whistling through the back door of the warehouse and stumbled upon Willie.

"Pardon me," said Willie sulkily.

"Hey, you, there, Willie," called Mr. Cooper jovially. "Just the very man I been wanting to get up with. What's all this talk I hear about your selling all them dusters? Say, boy, if you can sell them things you can sell anything. I need a real salesman on my staff for a new development I'm opening in Montgomery. What you say, commission to begin with and a chance of being promoted right on."

"You mean it?" said Willie jumping to his feet, the representative ego throbbing again through his veins.

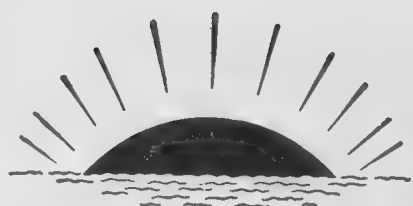
"Absolutum," answered Mr. Cooper and the deal was closed.

Then one day two years later, coming out of the office of Cooper and Watts, Realtors, Willie ran into a vision of amber creaminess and the sound of a mellow-sure voice. "Willie, it is you! My goodness, you look prosperous and—handsome—"

Willie colored violently and stuttered something. He was a salesman through and through, but somehow his "line" had deserted him.

"Why—why," he said, "I being a—man of honesty and farsightedness, do think you are the most desira—" Heavens! his mind was reverting to the original letter!

But then his spiel returned to him and he proceeded to successfully sell himself as a good and sound investment.



FOUND!

a substitute...

for cold cash!

Use Sunset on those old garments instead of throwing them away. It will be like "finding money" to see them up-to-date in colour and freshened in texture. They'll look like new again.

SUNSET Soap DYES

FOR FAST DYEING

have a remarkable record for successfully rescuing dull, faded dresses and draperies from the discard.

Wool, silk, cotton, linen and mixed goods—all are beautifully dyed with Sunset—the same colour in one dye-bath. Quick and clean to use—no stained hands or spoiled utensils. 22 colours, each 15c per cake. And no matter if the material is light or heavy, Sunset dyes it successfully—it will look and feel new.



Sunset is made with the finest quality aniline dyes money can buy. And material dyed with Sunset has the real beauty which can be gotten only when finest quality ingredients are used. The fine soap in Sunset softens and opens up the fabric, allowing the deep penetration and even distribution of dye which it is impossible to obtain without the soap.

Pink	Orange	Black
Old Rose	Light Brown	Gray
Scarlet	Dark Brown	Taupe
Cardinal	Light Blue	Heliotrope
Wine	Bright Blue	Purple
Sand	Old Blue	Light Green
Khaki	Navy Blue	Dark Green
	Yellow	

Ask your dealer to show you the Sunset Colour Card. If he does not stock Sunset send us for colours wanted. We will also send a free copy of latest Colour News.

Made in Canada

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION, LIMITED

Dept. 102, Toronto, Ontario

Sales Representatives:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario



"Tint GRAY HAIR"

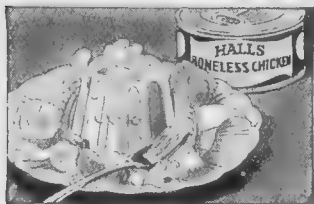
Bring back to unsightly gray, faded or bleached hair its natural color and beauty. Instantly, easily impart any shade from lightest blond to deepest black. Just comb thru safe, sure Brownatone. Used by thousands for over 20 years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Absolutely harmless to hair, scalp or skin. At all dealers, 50c. Or send 10c. for trial bottle.

Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. O-39, Windsor, Ont.

BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE



"What Delicious Chicken Salad!"



THAT is what your guests will say if you make your salads with Halls Boneless Chicken.

With Halls Boneless Chicken on hand, you can prepare a delectable salad in a few minutes notice and assure the success of your bridge, your lunch or your impromptu party.

Halls Products also include Concentrated Chicken Broth, Noodles and Chicken, Sliced Turkey Breast, Turkey Sandwich Spread, Chicken Sandwich Spread.

Ask your Grocer

114

HALLS CHICKEN PRODUCTS



THE FLAVOR LASTS



Chew it
after every
meal . . .

See how much better
You will feel . . . CM-35

WRIGLEY'S

MAPS

EXCELLENT pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province postpaid. For sale at the best stationers, news dealers, drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

Stovel Company Limited
"A Complete Printing Service"

Other Maps for all Purposes.
Write for price list or further information

THE THING THAT COULDN'T

Continued from page 51

somewhat surprised by her sudden advent on the scene, but she explained that she chanced to be there mailing a letter."

Was there a hint of mockery in the smooth, courteous tone? Again the lawyer looked at Polly.

"There is the letter," said she, handing him the envelope she held crushed in her hand. "It is the one you left lying on your desk before dinner."

Trent instantly saw two things, both of which he concealed from the editor; the envelope had no stamp, and it was addressed to Pierce in Lois' writing. He puzzled over it for a moment, then looked at Polly in startled inquiry, and she nodded slightly. Trent turned very pale.

"Yes? And then? He seemed to speak with difficulty, and crumpled the envelope in his grasp.

"Then she said that you all knew the man and would vouch for him, and insisted upon my bringing him over here."

"She did quite right. We are under some obligation to Giuseppe. He once did me—a service—a great service. I assure you, Mr. Pierce, that the man is entirely trustworthy.

If you miss anything as a result of this fellow's visit," he laid a hand on Cotes' shoulder, "I'll be personally responsible."

"That being the case," said Pierce, "of course there's nothing more to say. I'm sorry to have troubled you."

While he and Trent were exchanging parting civilities at the door Polly hurried Giuseppe toward a back hall.

Once in the seclusion of the back hall, he took Polly in his arms and kissed her.

"We did it, little one," he murmured.

He took the back stairs three at a leap; and having paused for a moment's readjustment after that first kiss, Miss Vance returned to the hall, where the guests were excitedly discussing the dramatic little scene and asking questions about the handsome young Italian. Mrs. Trent looked at her sister once and bore down upon her without loss of time.

"Polly!" she exclaimed, in an indescribable tone. "Go and wash your face! There's coal dust on it!"

Consequently, when Cotes presently appeared in his own person, wearing a collar and tie of Trent's, a humorous gleam behind his eyeglasses, his hostess refused to see him, nor could she understand why her husband went in silence and wrung his hand. When, finally, the other guests had finished telling him what he had missed, and had gone, she said, "Come, Polly," cast one pregnant glance at her husband, and would have left the room had not Trent put his arm around her, detaining her.

"I don't think you quite understand, dear," said he. And then, very gently, they told her.

Much later, as Cotes was saying good night, Lois volunteered:

"By the way, Polly and I are going to Lenox when the leaves turn. Can't you arrange to come, too?"

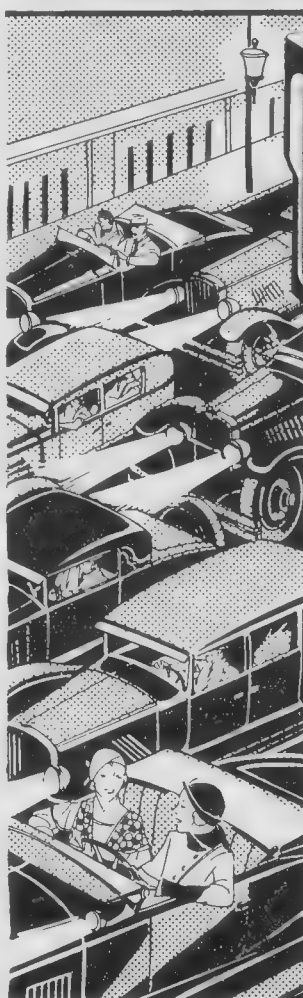
"I thought you had other plans for Polly," suggested her husband, mischievously.

"I've changed them," she retorted.

But Cotes did not know, until long after, what was yielded to him in that moment, and went away to push a legal envelope under Pierce's door and to toss a roll of garments through the cellar window, which was still open.



The Majority of ENGINEERS can't be wrong!



Canadian Motor Car
Manufacturers Buy More Prest-O-Lites Than
All Other Batteries Combined

When you choose a battery for your car, you can't go wrong in following the judgment of the engineers who build 20 leading Canadian Cars and Trucks.

Look at this list of famous manufacturers who use PREST-O-LITE as standard equipment on their cars. Follow their example and get a Prest-O-Lite. You will have a better battery—and a battery that will cost you less in the end.

Cadillac	Reo
Chevrolet	Willys (Six and Eight)
Durand	Chevrolet Trucks
Frontenac	G.M.C. Trucks
Ford (Partial)	International Trucks
La Salle	Reo Trucks
McLaughlin-Buick	Rugby Trucks
Oldsmobile	Willys Trucks
Packard	Willys-Knight Trucks
Pontiac	

"Trust the motor car manufacturer to choose the best."
PREST-O-LITE STORAGE BATTERY CO., LIMITED
Montreal - Winnipeg - TORONTO - Vancouver

Prest-O-Lite
Storage
Battery
—right for every car

Is the Present Social Order Doomed?

Part IV

Corporatism vs. Individualism in Industry and Finance

THE present order is condemned by apparently incurable evils, such as: 1. Periodic industrial dislocation producing, (a) Unemployment; (b) Paralysis of business; (c) Impairment of social services with their attendant train of poverty, misery, physical and moral disintegration, social unrest. 2. Industrial maladjustment, producing, (a) Uncoordinated production and consumption; (b) Arbitrary control by capital; (c) Inequitable distribution of profits; (d) Inequitable protection of factors in industry. 3. A financial system whose vast autonomous power constitutes a menace to the social and economic well-being of the nation.

These evils have many contributory causes but in the last analysis they may be traced to one main cause, namely, an unbridled individualism as opposed to corporatism in industrial and financial operations.

This individualism shows itself in two particulars. In *Objective* and in *Control*.

1. *The Objective*. Ostensibly and in theory the *Objective* in industry is the *service* of the people. In reality and in practice the main *Objective* in industry is profits for the owners. The objective of service is present and is indeed necessary to success but the driving spur in all industrial operations is the profit to be derived for those who furnish the capital. And in modern mechanized industry the principle which governs seems to be that the surplus of profit after all costs of production are met should be assigned to capital.

2. *Control*. With power goes control. Hence in industry the right of control has always been assigned to capital.

Similarly in finance. The main and primary *Objective* in banking operations for instance is profit to the shareholders. As with industry, the ostensible objective of the bank is the safe guarding of the moneys of depositors. But here as in industry the real objective in banking is the profits from the business to the shareholders.

The same is true of all our great financial institutions, trust, loan and insurance companies. That profit for the owners is the dominating objective, is frankly and publicly avowed and defended. More than that this principle hitherto has been accepted by the general public as both right and reasonable.

This principle of individualism the Socialist definitely challenges and asserts the contrary principle that after due payment out of profits is made for the use of capital and after due payment is made for cost of production including service rendered, the surplus profits should be handed over to the Government for the use of the whole body of the people.

The following extracts from the *Manifesto of The League for Social Reconstruction* practically make this demand.

1. "Public ownership and operation of the public utilities connected with transportation, communications and

electric power and of such other industries as are approaching conditions of monopolistic control."

2. "Nationalization of banks and other financial institutions with a view to the regulation of all credit and investment operations."

It is to be noted however that the application of the principle of public ownership and control is not demanded for all industrial operations but only for public utilities connected with cer-

associated with public ownership and operation of public utilities as set forth in the *Manifesto*, whatever difficulties and dangers there may be attached to the nationalization of banks I am prepared gladly and freely to accept them rather than continue the present order with its crass, selfish, pagan, individualism, which is the negation of the loftiest altruism and the very apotheosis of an age-long ego-centric pagan civilization.

For instance as to *Objective*. The ostensible objective in industry is *Service*. Make this true in reality and you eliminate *Individualism* and substitute therefore *Corporatism* which is the essential condition of success in industry.

Co-operation is possible when each of the four factors in industry receives its full rights and among these rights the first in importance are, a *fair return* from the product of industry, and *security* in industry. After all these rights have been secured and all costs of production met, the question as to the disposal of the surplus profits arises. And this introduces the element of *Control in Industry*.

UNDER the present order, control has been considered a prerogative of capital but in a very large number of industrial organizations in the United States and Canada, control to a greater or less degree has been vested in a Board representative of the three operating factors, capital, management and labor. In a few cases representatives of the community have also had a place. This Board has full control of operations. In some cases control has extended to such questions as policy and disposition of surplus and with the very best results. The principle of *corporatism* means that the complete control of industry is vested in a board representative of the four factors in industry, capital, labor, management, and the community. Certain surprising and beneficent results would immediately follow. For instance the elimination of strife, the protection by mutual effort of the interests of capital, labor, management and the community. Security against loss by unemployment on the part of capital and labor alike, the correlation of production and consumption (an immense gain). Insurance of capital against operating losses, against failing markets, against senseless competition, and insurance of labor against accident, sickness, old age, etc. These benefits and many others would transform industry in spirit and in results.

I have not dealt with corporatism as applied to our financial institutions. But the success of the Federal Reserve Bank in the United States gives ground to hope that it is possible to eliminate from our financial institutions,

magnificent as they are, the element of unlimited private gain as a motive. It cannot much longer endure that such splendid institutions as our Canadian banks will much longer combine to exploit the confidence of depositors, the necessities of borrowers, the enterprise of industries, the credit of Governments, mainly in the interest of the few, but will rather find a way by which all these may be used, chiefly for the advantage and profit of the Canadian people. In other words these institutions will find a way to substitute for the age-worn, discredited, unethical, pagan principle of individualism, the older principle, tested and accredited in the lives of the greatest and best of our race, the principle of corporatism.

The End

Word Building Contest Prize Winners

THE Western Home Monthly extends hearty congratulations to the prize winners in the Word Building Competition. Cheques are being mailed to the fortunate contestants whose names and addresses appear below.

J. A. Chapleau, 4864 Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal, Que. (Including \$1,000.00 for promptness)	\$3,500.00
F. W. Leslie, Spry Bay, N.S.	\$1,500.00
Mrs. C. T. Rodman, Box 166, Biggar, Sask.	1,000.00
Mrs. M. L. McIntyre, Belton, Ont.	500.00
Mrs. P. G. Thomson, R.R. No. 1, Mansfield, Ont.	300.00
F. McCoy, 11640-88th St., Edmonton, Alta.	225.00
R. L. Taylor, R.R. No. 2, Brussels, Ont.	150.00
O. Shiers, 240 Queenston St., Winnipeg, Man.	100.00
Mrs. V. C. Watson, 215 William St., Kingston, Ont.	75.00
D. K. Mylrea, Oak River, Man.	50.00
J. Kendall, De Wet, Man.	25.00
Mrs. J. M. Iredale, 114 Lewis St., Winnipeg, Man.	25.00
H. R. McHoull, Box 1150, Cornwall, Ont.	25.00
C. Packer, 202 Davidson St., Winnipeg, M.	25.00
Belle Bush, 8 Hatfield Court, Calgary, Alta.	25.00
J. McCormick, 101 Maitland St., Toronto, O.	25.00
Roy H. Poppewell, Box 20, Dinsmore, Sask.	25.00
Mrs. C. H. Gerow, Box 209, Lloydminster, Sask.	25.00
Rose Tooke, Tarnopol, Sask.	25.00
Mrs. L. C. Bell, Box 78, Davidson, Sask.	25.00
Mrs. J. J. Taylor, 1050-7th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.	25.00
Ethel M. Wilson, 2818 Birch St., Vancouver, B.C.	25.00
E. G. Fodor, Evesham, Sask.	25.00
D. K. McIntosh, Blind River, Ont.	25.00
Rev. A. Page, Box 421, Thamesville, Ont.	25.00
Mrs. D. F. Campbell, Box 12, Cypress River, Man.	20.00
Margaret McGillawee, Gadshill, Ont.	20.00
Mr. Fred Dufresne, Box 45, Lancaster, Ont.	20.00
J. A. Emmett, Paris, Ont.	20.00
Mrs. H. Lapp, 183 Somerset St., Ottawa, O.	20.00
Minnie V. Howey, 663-4th Ave. E., Owen Sound, Ont.	20.00
O. L. Lorass, Box 552, Vanscoy, Sask.	20.00
William Walker, Newdale, Man.	20.00
Mrs. E. Pardo, R.R. No. 1, Blenheim, Ont.	20.00
C. M. Robbins, Dartford, Man.	20.00
Catherine deN. Fraser, 3055 Sherbrooke St. W., Westmount, Montreal, Que.	20.00
H. H. Moore, 46 St. Paul Street, St. Catharines, Ont.	20.00
Miss E. McNaughton, Alisa Craig, Ont.	20.00
Mrs. Earle Beattie, Melbourne, Ont.	20.00
M. McCabe, 123 Lenore St., Winnipeg, Man.	20.00
Miss J. Stokes, 39 Havelock St., Toronto, O.	20.00
Gust A. Anderson, Lavoy, Alta.	20.00
Mrs. A. I. Mackinnon, 9924-106th St., Edmonton, Alta.	20.00
Mrs. H. Godfrey, Inwood, Ont.	20.00
Donald Ellis, Fort Williams, N.S.	20.00
Emily Leavens, Vedder Crossing, B.C.	20.00
B. Pengelly, c/o G. H. Thompson, R.R. No. 5, Mount Forest, Ont.	20.00
T. A. Thorssen, 1316-13th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.	20.00
Mrs. C. G. Lovejoy, General Delivery, Nelson, B.C.	20.00
Geo. R. Tottenham, 124 Bagot St., Apt. 2, Kingston, Ont.	20.00
A. J. Hayward, 543-8th St. E., Owen Sound, Ont.	15.00
E. E. Abbott, 150 Melrose Ave., Toronto, Ont.	\$15.00
Sophie Buob, Apt. 3A, 1469 Mackay St., Montreal, Que.	15.00
Dorothy Watson, R.R. No. 3, Centreville, Kings Co., N.S.	15.00
Walter S. Reive, R.R. No. 1, Churchill, Ont.	15.00
Mrs. L. S. Iseler, 57 Union St., Port Colborne, O.	15.00
Ronald McQueen, Kaslo, B.C.	15.00
Pedro Hauert, Naco, Alta.	15.00
D. Miller, 1069-15th St. W., Vancouver, B.C.	15.00
O. Leland, 463 Adams St., Port Arthur, Ont.	15.00
Mrs. E. Chilton, 1045 College St., Toronto, O.	15.00
Herbert L. Howe, R.R. No. 1, Nelson, B.C.	15.00
Boyd Wilson, Delhi, Ont.	15.00
Mary Wadge, Drawer 1402, Kirkland Lake, O.	15.00
H. S. Marjerson, Box 54, Apple Hill, Ont.	15.00
Miss E. M. Wilson, c/o Bank of Montreal, Moose Jaw, Sask.	15.00
Mrs. J. Puddicombe, Box 67, Canwood, Sask.	15.00
J. McNally, 34 Ross St., Toronto, Ont.	15.00
Mrs. D. McCallum, 554 Hatch St., Woodstock, Ont.	15.00
Mrs. Rebecca Young, General Delivery, Calgary, Alta.	15.00
J. Anderson, 307 Ross Bldg., Saskatoon, Sask.	15.00
Miss Ida Astle, c/o Y.W.C.A., Victoria, B.C.	15.00
Mrs. Wm. Smith, R.R. No. 1, Kingsville, Ont.	15.00
Mrs. N. B. Gram, Box 144, Wilcox, Sask.	15.00
Leo. F. X. Cormier, Box 54, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	15.00
Mrs. Shirley A. Campbell, 238 Kingsway, Winnipeg, Man.	10.00
A. E. Marshall, 621-2nd St., Medicine Hat, Alta.	10.00
Miss L. Adamson, 387 Kennedy St., Winnipeg, Man.	10.00
H. R. Hare, 826-5th Ave. N., Saskatoon, Sask.	10.00
Alvin Hunter, R.R. No. 1, Mount Elgin, Ont.	10.00
C. C. Fraser, Box 46, Cooksma, Que.	10.00
Mart McMahon, 1211 Second Ave. S., Lethbridge, Alta.	10.00
Mrs. C. C. Thomas, 4445 Ada Blvd., Beverly, Alta.	10.00
Mrs. J. R. Appleton, R.R. No. 1, Vienna, Ont.	10.00
Victoria Shires, Box 69, Lamont, Alta.	10.00
V. J. Gaylor, 12204-103rd Ave., Edmonton, A.	10.00
Mrs. Reg. Parker, 217 Second St. S., Medicine Hat, Alta.	10.00
Mrs. C. Scott, R.R. No. 2, Mount Brydges, O.	10.00
J. G. Lothian, Box 30, Pipestone, Man.	10.00
Mrs. Marion James, 418 Kingston Cres., St. Vital, Winnipeg, Man.	10.00
Miss Elva J. Robertson, 262 Furby St., Winnipeg, Man.	10.00
Norman Leslie Phoenix, Landis, Sask.	10.00
Wm. N. Machan, Apt. B, 456 Pine Ave. W., Montreal, Que.	10.00
Mrs. Ted Wilson, 362 Newton Ave., Elmwood, Winnipeg, Man.	10.00
I. Smith, 3491-16th Ave. W., Vancouver, B.C.	10.00
Mrs. Wes. Nelson, Mono Rd. P.O. Ont.	10.00
L. M. Jones, 1173-2nd Ave. N.E., Moose Jaw, Sask.	10.00
Arthur E. Lane, Box 1824, Trail, B.C.	10.00
Miss E. M. Perkins, 62 Duchess Ave., London, Ont.	10.00
E. Ainsworth, 325-20th Avenue W., Calgary, Alta.	10.00

tain public services and only for such industries as approach monopolistic control. Because of this very important limitation, the manifesto is not entirely socialistic.

Certain implications of thorough going Socialism are so dangerous to some of the fundamental principles of a sound social order, as well as to some of the principles necessary to the highest type of individual character that I can not bring my mind easily to accept it. But were I forced to the alternative of choosing between the type of Socialism set forth in the *Manifesto of the League for Social Reconstruction* and the present order which has brought upon the world the recurrence of the evils enumerated in this paper I should unhesitatingly accept the former. Whatever evils may be

THIS fatal individualism is the main cause of modern war, and the chief bar to international amity. It is the spur to our ruthless and destructive competition in trade. It is a fundamental article in the creed of gangland and the energizing motive of the bandit. It is the drag on the wheels of ethical progress, it clips the wings of idealism.

Our present order once rid of this evil principle of individualism would render unnecessary the drastic demands of Socialism and of Communism. Can this be achieved? I firmly believe it can, but only by an elemental and very fundamental change.

The substitution in industry and finance of the principle of corporatism for individualism would remove from the present order its most deadly evils.

There's a Real Thrill in Driving the New Ford Eight

MOTORING is a real joy in the New Ford Eight because of the smooth, quiet, vibrationless performance of the V-type eight-cylinder engine, and the riding comfort of the low, roomy bodies. There are many other features.... Quick acceleration. Ease of steering and control. Seventy-five miles an hour. Fifty-five miles an hour in second. Silent second gear. Silent, synchronized gear shift. Large, effective, four-wheel brakes. Flexible springs and new self-adjusting Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers. Reliable, carefree service over many thousands of miles. Low first cost and low cost of operation. Attractive lines, colors and upholstery.

THE NEW FORD EIGHT



"THE CANADIAN CAR"



THE NEW FORD EIGHT CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET
Low, good-looking, modern. Wide seat upholstered in genuine leather or Bedford Cord. Water-proof, non-shrinkable tan top is easy to raise and lower. Windshield and all windows are made of safety glass. Comfortable rumble seat. Full-width, single-bar bumpers, chromium plated. Distinctive steel-spoke wheels with large hub caps.

MATERIAL & WORKMANSHIP

Guaranteed for the life of the TIRE



**2 Extra
Cord Plies
UNDER the
TREAD at
NO EXTRA
COST**

BECAUSE of the advanced construction features found only in High Speed Tires, Firestone has no hesitation in giving with them an unqualified guarantee—not just for so many miles—or for so many months—but the material and workmanship are guaranteed for the life of the tire.

When you consider that only Firestone Tires can give you these advantages—at no extra cost—it certainly pays to specify FIRESTONE:

- 1** TWO EXTRA CORD PLIES UNDER THE TREAD—This patented construction gives 26% greater protection against punctures and blowouts, and assures you of safety at any speed.
- 2** GUM-DIPPING—Prevents internal friction and heat, and increases the flexing life of every cord by 58%.
- 3** SILENT NON-SKID TREAD—The scientifically compounded and designed Firestone Non-Skid Tread grips and holds the road, giving maximum safety and 25% longer wear.

Drive in to your nearest Firestone Dealer today and see for yourself the Extra Values in Firestone Tires which are guaranteed to give you extra mileage and safety.

The
NEW
1932

Firestone

HIGH SPEED TIRES

**Do you realize
how low fares
are to . . .**

Europe?

20% Reduction

in transatlantic steamship fares, coupled with the favourable exchange situation existing between Canada and Great Britain, now makes possible a trip to Europe at the lowest cost in years.

Under present conditions that trip to Europe you have planned for years is easily within your reach.

The new low rates apply to all Canadian Pacific liners, led by huge new **Empress of Britain**.

	ONE WAY	ROUND TRIP
Cabin Class	\$112 up	\$207 up
Tourist "	\$84 up	\$148 up
Third "	\$60 up	\$108 up

Frequent sailings each week from Montreal and Quebec (trains to ship-side) to British and Continental ports.

All-Expense Tours to the British Isles and the Continent . . . 17 days as low as \$169 . . . Glasgow Reunion, Eucharistic Congress Tours at new low fares.

ORIENT and HONOLULU

Direct Express . . . Empress of Asia and Empress of Russia. Fastest crossing. New low rates. Via Honolulu . . . Pacific's greatest ship, Empress of Japan and Empress of Canada, her running mate in luxury.

All Expense Tours—Japan, China, Korea—62 days \$565 and \$740; 73 days, Philippines included, \$1385.

All Empresses sail from Vancouver (trains to ship-side) and Victoria.

HONOLULU
Short First Class Bargain Trips, \$150 up

AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND
NEW LOW FARES via Canadian Australasian line—the modern motorship Aorangi and her running mate Niagara sail from Vancouver and Victoria . . . via Honolulu and Suva.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER

BY BOBBY BURKE

Muriel Woodworth of 130 North St., Halifax, wins a gold button with the charming poem she sends us—called

BOOK HOUSES

*I always like to think the cover of
A book, is like a door,
Which opens into some one's house
Where I've not been before.*

*A pirate or a fairy queen
May lift the latch for me,
I always wonder when I knock
What welcome there will be.*

*And when I find a house that's dull
I do not often stay,
But when I find one full of friends,
I'm apt to spend the day.*

*I never know what sort of folks
Will be within, you see,
And that's why reading always is
So interesting to me.*

Annie Fellows Johnston.

Mary Reid of Nelson, B.C., sent us in, last summer, the "Canadian Camping Song" and we have the greatest pleasure in publishing it now. Mary gets a gold button for this poem.

CANADIAN CAMPING SONG

*A white tent pitched by a glassy lake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me.
I fear no blaze of noontide rays,
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare—
The odor of forest pine.*

*A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row, or a sail;
With always a fish for a midday dish,
And plenty of Adam's ale;
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
We glide through the pleasant days;
When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
We kindle the camp-fire's blaze.*

*From out of the gloom sails the silvery moon,
O'er forests dark and still;
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
Comes the plaint of the Whip-poor-will;
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above;
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
And dream of the ones we love.*

Sir James D. Edgar.

SOMETHING TO DO IN THE SUMMER

We haven't said much about our Holiday Competition this year, but we haven't forgotten it, and we hope that a great many of you will be interested in it, and will send in your stories and try to win the really splendid prizes. To last for two months your competition must be in diary form, that is something you write in every day, or every week. We've had all kinds of different things for you to do, and this year we think we have a specially good one. It is called "Our Wonderful World" and we want one entry a week for July and August. Something that you know about that is wonderful—it may be a mountain peak, it may be a flower that has more blossoms than any other flower ever had, it may be a hen that lays very large eggs, it may be a city sparrow that builds a nest in a queer place, it may be anything that you know about, or hear about that you think is different and "Wonderful." There are beauty spots near your own home that are wonderful to

people who come from a distance to see them, there are buildings that are odd and strange, there are animals that do wise things; oh, the world is full of wonders, and we want to hear about the ones that you know. There will be a prize of a camera for the best story of "Our Wonderful World," there will be a picture framed and ready to hang in your room for the second prize, and a small pocket pencil for the third prize, and three gold buttons if there are any other people who send in good stories. Begin your diary the first week in July and send it in before the 30th of August. The names of the prize winners will appear in the October number.

LETTERS FROM CORNERITES NEW AND OLD

SYLVIA and Betty Tillard of Lousana, Alta., are two sisters who have written us delightful letters and sent us some poems, some of which we hope to publish later on. Sylvia has sent us a poem of her own, and we can assure her that when we publish it, she will get a star on her gold button.

Millie and Mary Larson of Marysville, B.C., are two other sisters who have been friendly enough to write the Cosy Corner nice letters. Millie has a calf named Pearl, and a cat called Tilly, while Mary's pets rejoice in the names of Rose and Felix. (We can guess which is the cat in this case can't we?) Both girls send us poems which we shall keep in our Treasure Drawer for some other day.

From the East Coast of Canada comes a letter from Lillian Everest of Brazil Lake, N.S., telling us how pleased she was to see her last letter in the Corner, and enclosing a candy recipe for us, which follows:

MOLASSES TAFFY

1 cup white sugar, 1 cup molasses, butter the size of an egg, vanilla.

Boil till it threads, take off stove, add vanilla and pour in buttered pans.

Dominion City, Man., is the home address of Gladys Stimpson who is twelve years old, in grade VI, and wishes to join our Corner. We are delighted to have you Gladys, and are sure other members would like to write to you.

Gertrude Jacobson of Cranbrook, B.C., would like to have some "pen pals" in the Corner. She is eleven years old, with fair hair and blue eyes, and she likes the C. C. C. She has good taste, don't you think so?

Meadowvale Farm, Pitts Meadow, B.C., is the name of Joan McArthur's home, and she sends us one of Robert Louis Stevenson's lovely poems which we hope to publish later, and when we do, Joan will have a gold button. We are so glad Joan heard about us and decided to write.

Eva G. Mumford of Newport, R.R. 2, Hants Co., N.S., is one of our older members, but none the less welcome. Eva is seventeen, and was born on January 21st. We wonder if she has a "twin" in the Corner? We are very glad to have you among us Eva, and hope that you will stay with us as long as you find us interesting. We won't shut you out with an age limit. Eva sends us a poem that is a great favorite of Bobby Burke's and it will appear one day very soon.

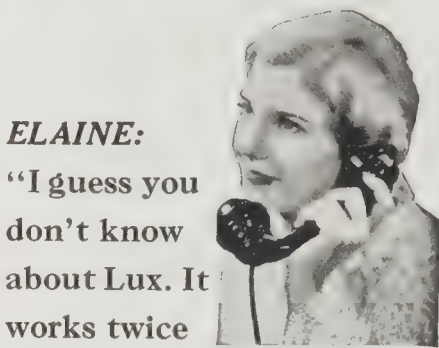


Three of our Cornerites feeding pigeons in the City Park, Winnipeg



NANCY:

**I'm only half
through my
dishes . . how
do you get
finished
so soon?"**



ELAINE:

**"I guess you
don't know
about Lux. It
works twice**

**as fast . . and my dear, it's
simply grand for your
hands!"**

TURN YOUR DISHWASHING INTO BEAUTY CARE

while you wash dishes faster

LOTS OF WIVES are washing dishes these days—it's so expensive to bother with maids. But these clever women never let their hands get that "housework look." Lux gives them beauty care right in the dishpan.

So many soaps—cakes, powders, chips—contain harmful alkali which dries up the beautifying oils of the skin. Gentle Lux protects these natural oils—leaves your hands actually softer and whiter after doing dishes than before!

And the tiny, sheer Lux diamonds work so quickly. They dissolve twice as fast. And they are so economical. Use Lux for all your dishes—it costs less than 1c a day!



LUX for dishes

*Lovely hands for less
than 1¢ a day*

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
Soapmakers by appointment to their Excellencies
the Governor-General and Countess of Beasborough



Sunlight and Shadow

"THE world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel," wrote a witty gentleman more than a hundred and fifty years ago, who a few years later had his head chopped off by the guillotine in the French Revolution. We should all think and feel, but surely the sane thing is to be neither a gloomy weeper nor a lightheaded, thoughtless laughter, but to see life as it is, with its sunlight and shadow, its joys and its sorrows—to see it with steady, hopeful eyes, rejoicing when there is sunshine and being as courageous as possible about it when gloom prevails. No matter how dark the outlook, we can still do our best to make things better. No life is complete that is not devoted to something above and beyond the individual. Real happiness can be got only out of the fundamental things of life. There is nothing at all new in these thoughts which The Philosopher has just written down. But they are worth consideration, all the same.

Our Lawmakers and Rulers

IT IS not at all unusual to hear disparagement of the men elected to the House at Ottawa and to the Provincial Legislative Assemblies. And this is not the only country in which the elected legislators are the objects of a great deal of blame for being mere talkers and players of politics. Such ridicule and condemnation of elected legislators in any country are simply ridicule and condemnation of the citizens of that country for not exercising rightly and fully the power of self-government. Take the member of the Dominion House of Commons at Ottawa, or the member of a Provincial Legislature, whoever he may be, who in all Canada at this time most deserves condemnation for failure to do his duty faithfully as an elected representative of the people. How did he become an M.P., or an M.L.A.? He did not nominate himself as a candidate. He did not elect himself. He was placed at the head of the poll by the majority of the citizens of his constituency who went to the voting places on election day and marked their ballots.

Thoughts of a Listener

WHAT is it one speaker has, and another has not, that gives him the power of persuading and influencing his hearers? If this question had to be answered in one word, said The Philosopher to himself while listening to a speech recently, that word would have to be, Genuineness. There are speakers who are skilful actors and know how to play upon their hearers. But character is what counts in the long run, not cleverness. There is no ambition more honorable than the ambition to serve the public good by taking part actively in the discussion of public questions and the shaping of public opinion. In this, as in every other endeavor that is worth working at, success depends on earnestness. Most poor work in any field is poor because the worker has not worked earnestly with all his might. Too many of us are not whole-hearted in living our lives to the full measure of our powers, and so do not get up enough head of steam to make the grade.

CONTENTS

Editorial

EDITORIAL.....	3
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	66
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.....	68

Fiction

THE THING THAT COULDN'T—Margaret Cameron.....	7
WILLIE DRIFTIN'—Crichton Alston Thorne.....	11
THE TRAP (Part I)—Mary Shannon.....	15
OUT OF THE WOODS (Part II)—John Middleton Ellis..	18
THE TWIST—Philip Winter Luce.....	20

Articles

TACKLING THE GREAT TYEE—Jack Paterson.....	4
SHANGHAI'S RUDE AWAKENING—George M. Battey....	12
HAWAII . . . A NEW PLAYGROUND FOR CANADA— Harold Coffin.....	16
IS THE PRESENT SOCIAL ORDER DOOMED?— Ralph Connor.....	62

Regular Departments

LEGAL INFORMATION.....	46
DOLLARS AND CENTS.....	47
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell, F.C.I..	48
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke.....	65

Shadowland Section

OUR CANADIAN ALBUM . . . MISS BEATRICE LILLIE (LADY PEEL).....	31
SHADOWLAND GALLERY.....	32
SHADOWLAND ODDMENTS.....	34
CRITICISMS: FAVOURABLE AND OTHERWISE— Jerome Carver.....	35
LITTLE RAMBLES IN HOLLYWOOD WITH E. G. BAYNE...	36

Women and the Home

FASHIONS.....	50, 57
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....	52

Verse

SOME PRAIRIE CLOUDS—N. A. Colley.....	29
JUNE NIGHT—Dorothy G. Doyle.....	29
A FOOL, A SAGE AND A LOVER GAY—L. B. Birdsall....	46
ON TWILIT EVES—Mary Matheson.....	47
THE WEDDING OF THE SALAD—Alice Gent.....	52

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG

Bannatyne and Dagmar

MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR

Youth and Years

THERE is a large amount of what may rightly be called natural conceit in every normal young person. Nobody who understands anything about life can fail to realize that youth without that good conceit of itself would not be natural youth. But youth has, too, its intervals of lack of self-confidence, when it envies elder people their experience of life and the wisdom that can be bought only with experience. Such intervals of uncomfortableness do not last long, however. Youth can soon "snap out of it" into confidence and hopefulness. When we begin to lose that elasticity of spirit we are beginning to be old. And when we no longer understand and sympathize with youth, then we are old, indeed—no matter what the years of our life may be.

Our Wills and Our Lives

THERE are several important truths to be understood and made factors in our lives, if our lives are to be lived rightly and successfully. One of the most important is that only will power can make us masters of ourselves and masters of our life conditions and our fate, so far as we human beings can achieve mastery of our lives. Will power can be strengthened by exercise. It can be both strengthened and trained. To will to do a thing and then fail to do it is to weaken will and give it the wrong training. Weakness of will can become one of the worst of bad habits, like lying. Here is a passage from the historian and philosopher Lecky, which is worth remembering as a guiding light: "The establishing of the power of the will over our course of thinking, so that we can cast away thought about this subject or that and concentrate on a chosen course of thinking—this is the best fruit of judicious self-education." Lecky might well have added that in that power we can find relief and true consolation.

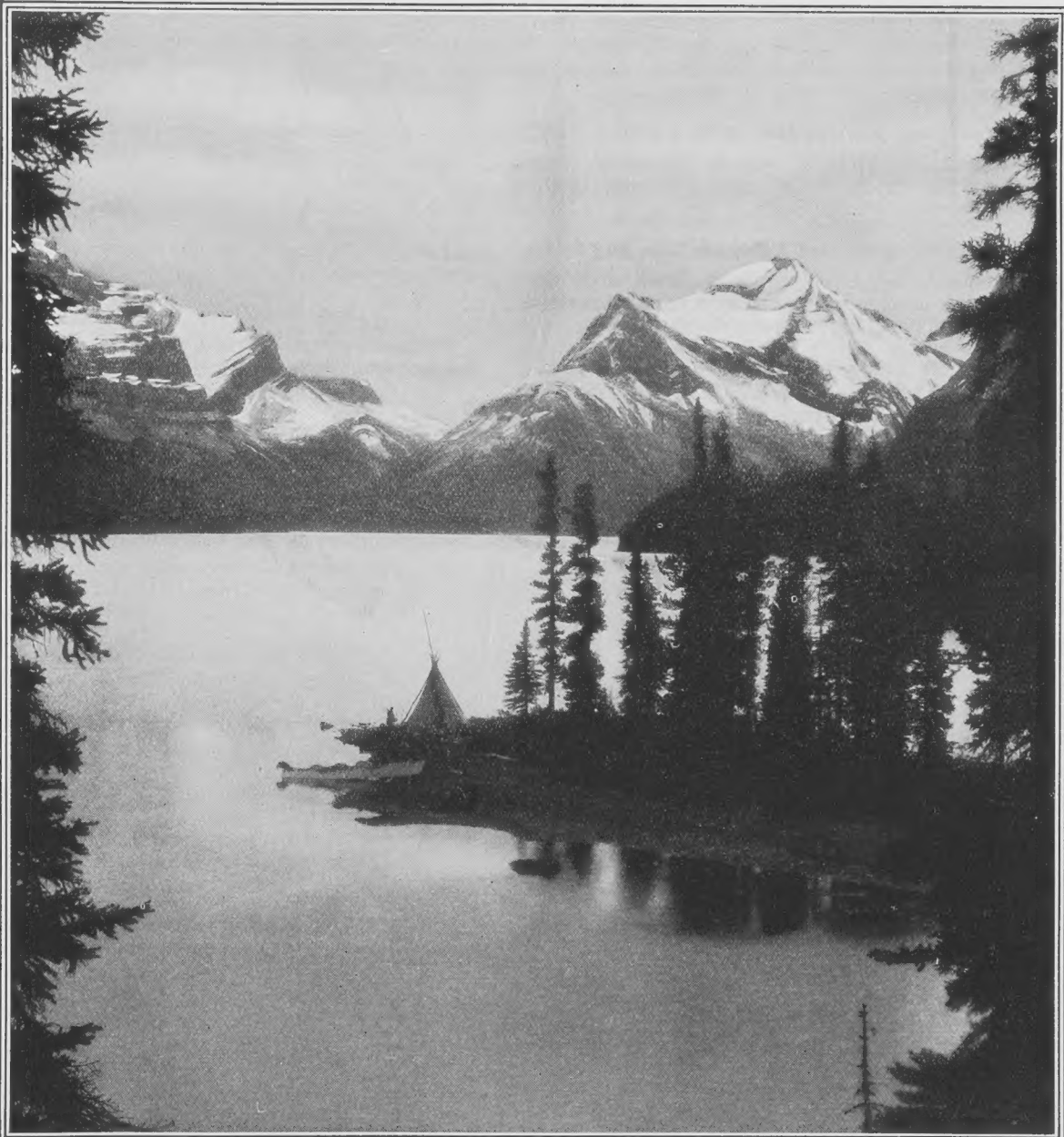
Wishful Dreaming Helps Nobody

"AH, HAPPY, happy years!" sighed the poet Byron. "Who would not be a boy again?" The Philosopher, for one, if he were put on his oath, would have to say that he does not really wish to be a boy again. Do not think, shocked reader, that he is unsympathetic with childhood or with youth. Not at all. People who say they would like to be children again often mean that they could live their lives over again, with their present knowledge of life to guide them. They would not be children again, but abnormal little old men, or women, of childish physical dimensions. There are always in the world men and women who are still boys and girls. They have never fully grown up. Are they not often the worst mischief-makers in the world? Most of the characters in history whose fame is based on the havoc they wrought were children masquerading as adults, wicked children of mature years, who happened to have the power to make other people's lives their playthings. Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up, is a myth. What would be done with a real Peter Pan? But, of course, a real Peter Pan is impossible.

The ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Jasper AND Maligne Lake

*for this year's
... Vacation*



CROSS the continent through Canada's highest Rockies by the route of the easiest gradient and lowest altitude for comfortable travel. Mt. Robson with its mighty glacier. White-robed Edith Cavell. Pyramid Mountain in its startling and gigantic symmetry. See and marvel at them.

Here is more than a trip from coast to coast. Here is breath-taking mountain splendor you will remember always!

Stop off at Jasper Park Lodge for riding, climbing and golf in the midst of mountain majesty.

Whip the trout filled waters of lovely Maligne Lake, now open to the fisherman for the first time.

New low rates at Jasper fit 1932 budgets. \$8.00 a day, room and meals, with ten per cent discount if you stay two weeks or longer.

Any Canadian National Agent will give you illustrated booklets and full information.

*Rail Fares are
Lower, Too
To JASPER
and RETURN*

From—

Halifax . . .	\$115.70
Quebec . . .	98.45
Montreal . . .	92.20
Ottawa . . .	88.90
Toronto . . .	79.55
Winnipeg . . .	54.50
Saskatoon . . .	31.35
Edmonton . . .	11.75
Vancouver . . .	35.85



CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Largest Railway System in America

WHAT *the* WORLD is SAYING



"But what's the attached slip for?"
"Oh, that's your divorce coupon, sir."

Even For Those Who Fear The Worst

Life is full of uncertainties.—New Westminster British-Columbian.

Many Speak Much Oftener Than That

There are not enough people who speak as they think.—Quebec Telegraph.

And She Does Her Work Free

Old Ma Nature is the greatest and best beauty doctor.—Peterboro Examiner.

And A Saxophone Doesn't Give Milk

We prefer the voice of a cow any day to that of a saxophone.—Neepawa Press.

It Doesn't Always Sound That Way To Us

The Hindus call the radio "the sound coming from heaven."—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

And Yet They Don't All Like The Same Bunk

It is an old story that politics makes strange bedfellows.—Ottawa Citizen.

Important Fact In Social Forestry

Money is also the root of the most impressive family trees.—Niagara Falls Review.

You Feel Them When Sliding Down

It must not be forgotten that there are splinters in the ladder of success.—Vancouver Province.

He Might As Well Use Cellophane

There is no greater mistake any man can make than to be wrapped up in himself.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Aren't Most Robbers Safe Down There?

"Safe Robbers in New York Get Away with \$100,000."—News headline in Toronto Mail and Empire.

Millinery Note

Much of the smart of a smart hat is when a woman sees it on the head of another woman.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Quarrels Spoil Chorals

Lack of harmony among members of a choir soon shows in their singing, said Dr. Armstrong, of London, England, one of the adjudicators at the Manitoba Musical Festival, in Winnipeg.—Minneapolis Journal.

His Home, Suite Home

Does that special bachelor suite built at the Chateau Laurier for Premier Bennett mean that he intends to continue in single bliss, like those two other distinguished bachelors, Mackenzie King and President Beatty, of the C.P.R.?—High River Times.

Maybe The Liquor Is Disguised As Cold Tea

One of Sir Thomas Lipton's yachts is now used as a rum-runner, it is said, off the Long Island coast.—Montreal Gazette.

Clubs Were Arguments In Those Days

Prehistoric man was immeasurably happier than we are. He didn't have to listen to political speeches.—Medicine Hat News.

Also "Armaments Reduction Postponed"

A newspaper headline that might almost as well be kept standing in type is "Armaments Reduction Proposed."—St. John Times-Globe.

It Was When The Knee-length Skirt Arrived

Every person of middle age can look back to the time when modern rubber development can be said to have begun.—Journal of Commerce.

How About A Grand Slam With A Rolling Pin?

Miss Mary McHale, who is to marry Oswald Jacoby, the bridge expert, says she knows nothing about cards.—Toronto Star.

Have You Never Had A Crooner Burn You Up?

Fire in a suite in an apartment block on Beverley Street last evening was caused by a radio short circuit.—Toronto Telegram.

And He Drinks It To Keep Warm In Winter

The girl who wears fur in July is not crazier than the man who drinks whisky to keep him cool in summer.—Kitchener Record.



Pup: "The big chump! Wot does he think I am—a butterfly!"

Agricultural Note

Certain crops are associated with certain tools and implements, as, for example, hay and the scythe, corn and the cultivator, potatoes and the hoe, and wild oats and the rake.—Chilliwack Progress.

If Some Crooners Could Only Be Traded Off!

Exchanges of radio programmes are being arranged between this continent and Europe.—Duluth Herald.

Why Pick On The Radio Sets?

Complaint is made that some radio sets do too much squealing. They are not the only offenders in that way.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Ye Ed Thinks Out A Truth For Himself

Many people in the world are unhappy because they cannot have things which are making other people unhappy.—Chilliwack Progress.

Remnants Of A Prehistoric Conference?

Spears and arrow-heads are among the palaeolithic remains found in a cave near Geneva. As if Geneva, where disarmament conferences are performances going on most of the time had not enough of those things to worry about.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Can He Shut Her Up Like A Book?

The man who says he can read a woman like a book may find that there are some pages not so easy to decipher as he thought.—Lethbridge Herald.

And So, No Doubt, They Fled In Tears

The kidnapping racketeers started to abduct a broadcasting crooner in New York, but his bleat softened their hearts.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

More By Some 9,900 Than We'd Figure It Now

Professor Wrong, Toronto, once said that not more than ten thousand Canadians understand the country's problems.—Hamilton Spectator.

Educational Value Of The Radio

Our youngest has learned that it is bedtime when the "ping" sounds at the end of the Uncle Rube Spinach bedtime halfhour.—Fargo Tribune.

Northern Manitoba Natural History Notes

There is not a known case of wolves eating an old settler, we read in an Eastern paper. It would be pure waste of time. A wolf has his living to make. For the information of the writer of that article, we might add that native dogs in the north never attack porcupines. A native dog nose better.—The Pas Herald.

Man, The Victim Of Illusions

When a man has long outgrown the belief in fairies and in Santa Claus, he can still believe in statistics.—Ottawa Journal.

But Isn't Australia Bounded By Kangaroos?

The only thing which Australia and Newfoundland have in common is that they are both bounded by salt water.—Moncton Transcript.

Surely Coast Indians Didn't Wear Shirts Then

It is now asserted by archaeologists that there was an influx of Chinese into British Columbia about two thousand years ago.—Victoria Colonist.

The Map Remains Unchanged

A London paper referred recently to "Regina in Manitoba." There must have been an earthquake out on the prairies to move Regina like that.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

What Is So Remarkably Odd About That?

According to the criticism we have been reading of a current movie, the hero in the said film "is drawn into a love affair he knows nothing about."—Quebec Evenement.

It Has Sounded Like That A Long Time

Crooning, says a writer on music in the London Times, is dying on this continent. Sometimes, when we listen to it, we almost think so.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

New Film Slogan: The Wide, Open Faces

A writer in the Journal of Photography says that there is a tendency among the film directors at Hollywood, in selecting casts, towards choosing round faces, wide between the eyes and with fair breadth of nose.—New York Times.



"It rather looks as though it will be Switzerland this year, Hubert."

Puffed! *twice-crisped*— now more delicious than ever

Voted "first choice" by children everywhere . . . now Puffed Grains have been made twice as crisp . . . twice as delicious

TIRE D of coaxing children to eat cereals? Then try *tempting* with the new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Always, children prefer Puffed Grains above all other cereals. They chose them out of 11 leading ready-to-serve cereals as "the cereals we like best of all."

Now Puffed Grains have been made even more delicious. A new process crisps them. Then crisps them again. Then hustles them piping hot into the new Seal-Krisp package. You never tasted

such freshness. Never tasted such just-baked crispness.

Puffed Wheat is the whole wheat grains— toasted and crisped to perfection. Puffed Rice, the rich, creamy, plump rice grains. No other cereals bring you Nature's health grains puffed to such complete digestibility. No other cereals give such substantial nourishment in such appetizing form.

Tomorrow morning, change your breakfast to the new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. You'll have requests for "second helpings" from the whole family.

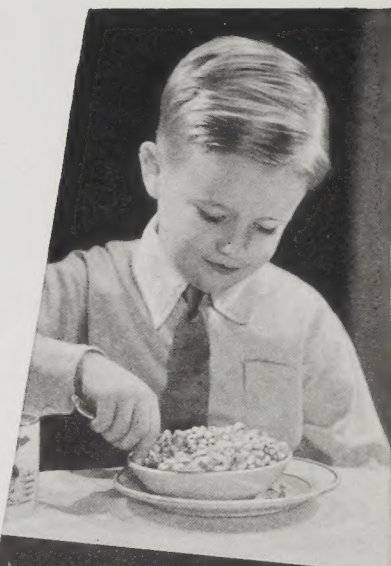
Made in Canada by THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker Puffed Rice *and* Puffed Wheat



Shot from guns

Rich, nourishing grains—sealed in huge guns—kept under fiery temperatures—then—*shot from guns*. That's what explodes every tiny food cell—makes every particle of Puffed Grains so quickly nourishing.



Another Quaker product . . . Quaker Corn Flakes . . . more crisp, more delicious than any other, because wax wrapped and triple-sealed. The only corn flakes with the Sunshine Vitamin D.





This snapshot from the shadow side shows why everyone likes pictures made on Verichrome. Verichrome sees into the shadows. Gets the detail in both sunlight and shade at snapshot speeds. In sun or shade, on dull days or bright, you will get clear, crisp pictures when you use

Kodak VERICHROME Film

The illustration is enlarged from a $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ Verichrome negative. Ask your dealer for Verichrome. Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.

